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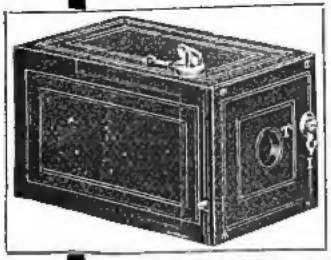

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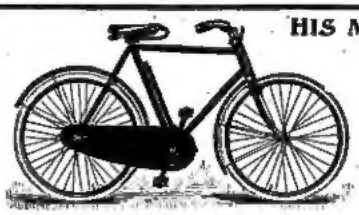

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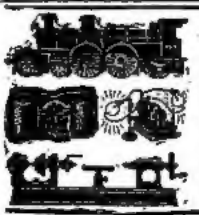

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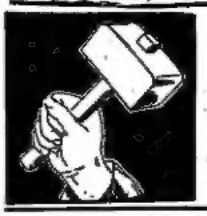

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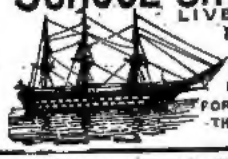

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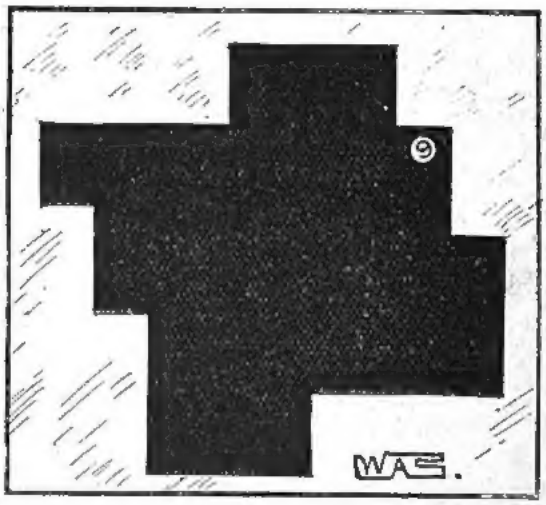

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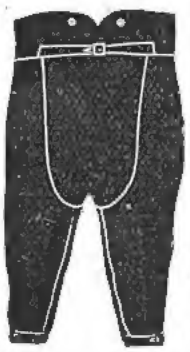

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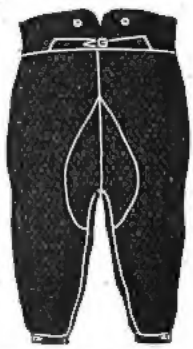

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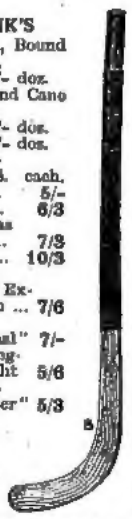

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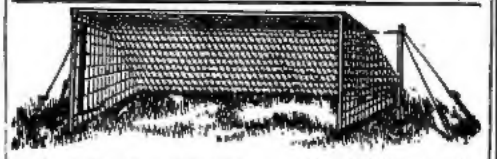

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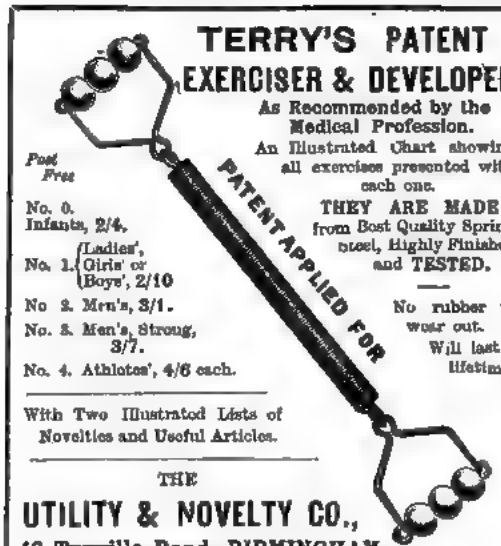

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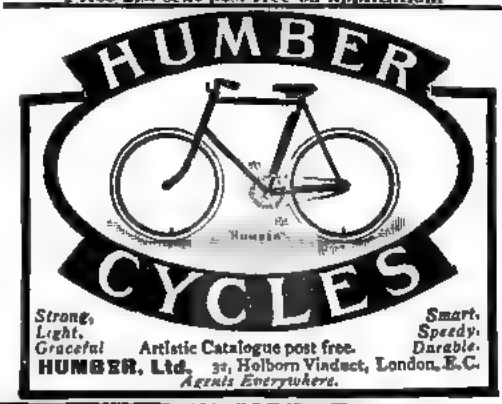

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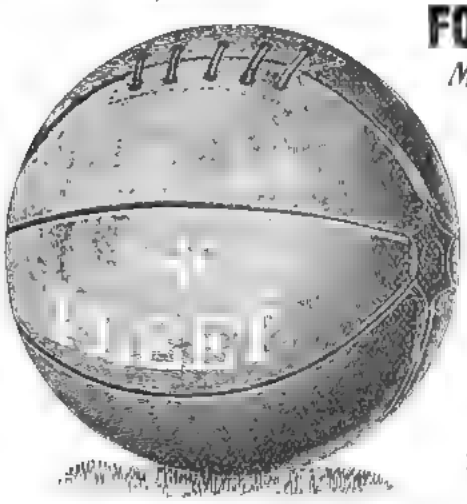

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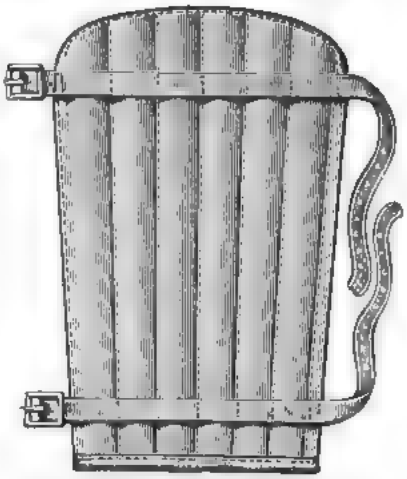

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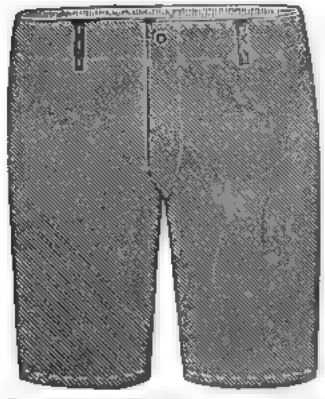

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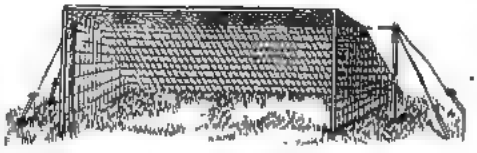

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Mention THE CAPTAIN.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

THE LAY OF A LOUNGER.

Oh, ye energetic striplings,
  Who devote your lives to Sport,
Scarcely giving Mister Kipling's
  Stern rebukes a passing thought;
Oh, ye students, poring lonely
  Over tomes of ancient lore,
Thinking Scholarship the only
  Thing in life worth living for—

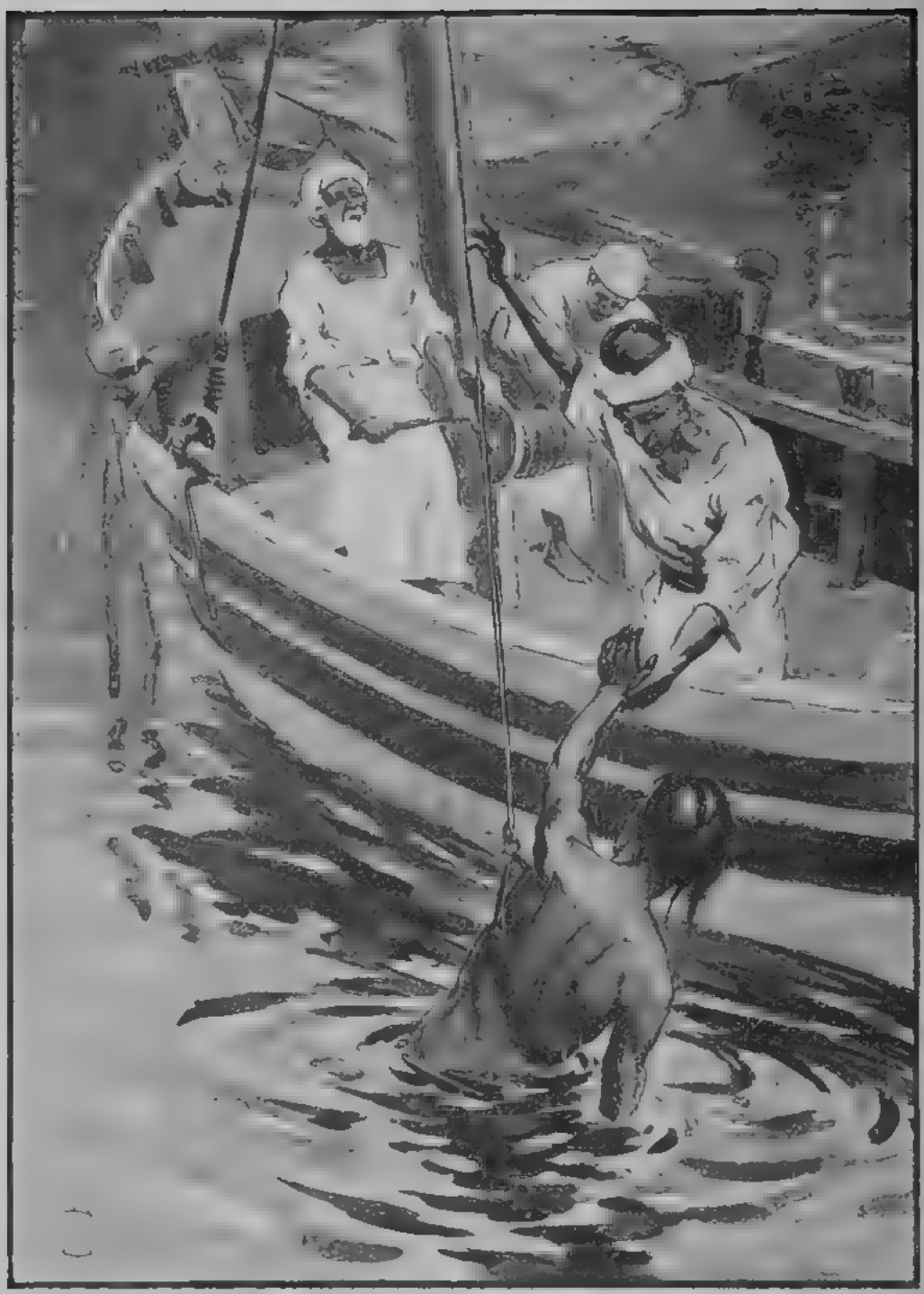
Do you think I'd ever hinder
  You from getting "Firsts" in "Greats,"
You from shining on the cinder
  Path, or in your college eights?
No! Then let me travel my way
  Through the world, as I let you;
Though it may not be the highway
  To a fellowship or "blue."

Who would emulate the deeds of
  Bredin, "W.G.," or Fry,
Sowing thus (who knows?) the seeds of
  Cardiac Hypertrophy?
Who would, aping Stokes or Vassal,
  For the coveted array—
Tawdry cap and dangling tassel—
  Drain his sapling strength away?

"Life is real," sang the poet,
  "Life is earnest"—yes, I fear,
Bitter Fate will let me know it,
  At some stage of my career!
In the meantime, whilst parental
  Funds and patience still endure,
From all physical and mental
  Effort let me live secure!

Let my Uncle's dingy, sober
  Office in St. Helen's Place,
Or a hut in Manitoba
  Daily stare me in the face!
Future troubles, darkly brewing,
  Present pleasures but enhance;
"Let us then be up and doing"
  Nothing—while we have the chance!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



THE SPONGE FISHERS WERE WORKING FOR DEAR LIFE

(*See page 486*)

Stray Destruction

a tale of the Fleet.

By FRANK SAVILE.
Illustrated by George Hawley.

MR. BLEWITT, midshipman of H.M.S. *Imperial*, twirled his cap nervously as he passed the sentry at the Admiral's cabin door. What misdemeanour of his could possibly merit reprimand from anybody more distinguished than the First Lieutenant he could not imagine. Consequently, he was mightily flustered as he entered the Commanding Officer's presence. Sir Richard Flannigan was haranguing in a loud voice his Maltese caterer, Emmanuele Bianchi, who stood opposite him, shrinking and apologetic. On the desk between them stood nothing more important than a plate of boiled cabbage.

"If I hear of so much as a spider in the next consignment of green stuff," concluded the Admiral as Blewitt entered, "you leave my service. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sare. But, sare, it is not my fault —the contractors——"

The Admiral waved him into silence, and turned to the midshipman.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Blewitt. It has been reported to me that you speak a little Arabic."

"Yes, sir. When my people lived in Egypt I——"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted Sir Richard, who wanted to get to business. "So I want you to exercise your knowledge on behalf of the fleet. The last supplies of green stuff from Martino and Co. have been atrocious—simply atrocious—full of caterpillars, slugs, and what not. I am sending the caterer ashore at Arzeila to-morrow to see if he can arrange for consignments from the local Kaid. As he is evidently not to be trusted, judging by the supplies he has passed lately"—here Sir Richard glared at the plate of cabbage, and then at the abashed Maltese—"I shall send you to supervise him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't think the Arabic these Moors speak is quite like the Egyptian."

"I shall leave you there three days," went on the Admiral, ignoring the protest, "and call for you on our return from Malta. I trust you will behave yourself, and bargain to the best of your ability. As you go out tell Mr Carpenter that I want to see him."

Mr. Blewitt, thus summarily dismissed, gave his message to the First Lieutenant, and returned to the gun-room slightly bewildered. It is needless to say that, after his account of his interview with Sir Richard, his messmates tacked "greengrocer" on to his baptismal name with great delight, where, in the Service at any rate, it remains to this day.

In the Admiral's cabin, meanwhile, Carpenter, the First Lieutenant, was receiving his orders about putting the midshipman ashore, but before he left the Admiral introduced a new subject.

"Before the evolutions to-morrow, Carpenter, we might try that new gyroscopic torpedo of yours," he remarked.

The other flushed with delight. The invention was the darling of his professional heart, but so far Sir Richard had not shared his enthusiasm nor offered him a chance to

demonstrate its value. He went back to the ward-room beaming.

So it came to pass the next morning that the same launch which took Blewitt and his Maltese companion ashore, remained at anchor after it had landed them, as a mark boat, to pick up and restore the torpedoes which Carpenter aimed at it most successfully. He proved conclusively that his invention had a longer and a more accurate range than any similar invention extant, and Sir Richard was moved to congratulate him.

Scarcely, however, had he done this, than the lieutenant's swelling pride received a fall. The flag ship stood away from the target, and lengthened the range, and this time there was no answering signal from the mark boat. It hovered around, widening its search fathom by fathom, but without result. Another boat was sent to assist, but after an hour's wait the Admiral's patience gave way. The boats were signalled in, the order for evolutions to commence was given, and Carpenter's cherished invention left to its fate. It was reported that in the privacy of his own cabin the First Lieutenant gave way to tears.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blewitt was most comfortably installed ashore under the awning on the Kaid's terraced roof, sipping green tea, munching sweetmeats, and quite at his ease. He had found, as he expected, that his Egyptian Arabic was no assistance to him, but Bianchi's bastard Spanish did all that was necessary. Daoud bin Farag, Lord of Arzeila, had received his negotiations for green stuff with enthusiasm, assured him that every leek and lettuce within his dominions was absolutely at his service—at a price—and was refreshing him to the best of his ability. In return, Blewitt, through Bianchi's interpreter, endeavoured to explain to his host the evolutions now going on in the bay.

"This we call the grid-iron movement," said he patronisingly, as the great ships closed into a patchy oblong, and then slid by exact degrees into two parallel lines. "You observe, do you not, that they keep so much apart, and no more. That is the whole game—to keep the precise station. Do you see?"

"But if one stopped for any reason," argued the Moor. "Bismillah! what a smash there would be!"

"In *our* Navy," said Blewitt, "we never stop. We go on."

"May Allah never call you a halt," grunted Daoud piously. "What is the little ship that blows off so much steam and flies through the fleet like a shuttle through a loom?"

"We call it a destroyer," interpreted Bianchi. "She goes back to Gibraltar with despatches. She carries a letter, among other things, which will considerably surprise the vegetable contractors there."

"She will return?" asked the Moor indifferently.

"Certainly," said Bianchi. "And with a good cargo, too. She will bring beautiful little boxes of shining gold and silver. The Fleet is paid on Saturday."

The Kaid looked at him eagerly.

"How much?" he demanded.

The caterer had no idea, but wished to be impressive.

"Hundreds and thousands of pounds," he said with vague magnificence, waving abroad his hands.

Daoud grunted like a camel.

"Ah! for the days of sixty years ago!" he cried. "What a prey for a rover—what a prey!"

Bianchi laughed

"Frail she may be," he said. "In fact, her plates are but quarter-inch steel, but her machine guns would blow into splinters the stoutest galley that ever sailed out of Rabat or Sallee. Where is that youth gone?"

Mr. Blewitt, rather bored by a conversation in which he had no part, had risen and strolled away.

"Doubtless to buy pipes or daggers in the bazaar," said the Sheik, and immediately returned to the subject of the green stuff. Mr. Bianchi had been very stiff-necked about the amount of commission he required, and the Moor endeavoured to modify his demands by the use of much Oriental eloquence, but with poor success. Half-an-hour later a vociferous outcry from the direction of the beach roused them from their bargainings. They both stood up and peered across the glare.

A group of gesticulating figures was darkly distinct against the yellow sand. There appeared to be something of a tumult. Bianchi vehemently denounced the midshipman.

"The son of misfortune has got into trouble," said he.

The Kaid nodded as he thrust his feet into his slippers. Then he paused.

"There is nothing of disquiet," he said. "They have found something." Bianchi looked again. A procession had formed up, and Mr. Blewitt's white duck trousers most

peaceably led it. Behind him the bulk of the mob staggered under a heavy load. A few minutes later they came into view in the square before the Kaid's kasbah, chanting triumphantly. They laid their burden reverently upon the ground.

It was a long cigar-shaped object, about fourteen feet from end to end, flanked by four horizontal and four vertical fins, with a brace of fan-like projections in lieu of a tail. The Kaid, in much amazement, asseverated that no such fish had been caught in their waters before.

"I caught it—I—Selim, the sponge fisher," cried a hook-nosed, swarthy individual, wearing a dirty djelab of sack cloth. "It basked on the surface entangled in the strands of my anchor rope. The dog of an unbeliever claims it, saying that it is a machine. Now, anyone can see that it is a fish, though of metal, and perhaps the handiwork of djinns."

"Explain to these idiots that it is a torpedo," said Blewitt to the caterer, "and that it is not to be damaged on any account."

Bianchi stammered and trembled.

"Is—is it loaded, sare?" he inquired, anxiously.

Blewitt rapped carelessly on the nose of the machine.

"No," said he, hearing the hollow ring from within, and the caterer began voluble explanations to the Kaid.

"So you loose it at a ship, and it smites a hole, and the ship sinks!" said the latter, greatly interested. "Does a man sit astride it as on a horse?"

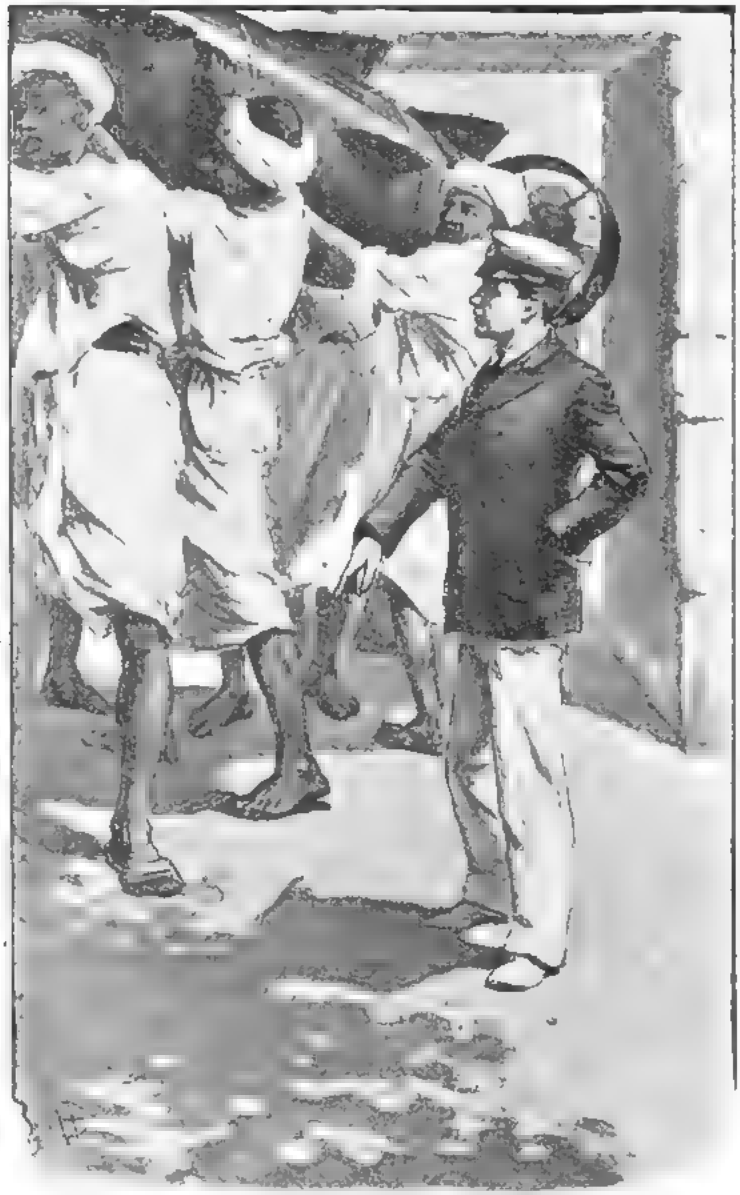
Bianchi laughed and applied to the midshipman for details.

Blewitt explained the gyroscopic fly wheel, and showed how it was wound and released to obtain the required propelling force.

"You can tell him that it is a good job it didn't meet the sponge dredger in full charge," he concluded. "It would have gone through its planks like a scoop through cheese!"

"So great is the force of it!" wondered the Kaid. "It would perhaps pierce even iron?"

"This one would," said Blewitt, and then, under his direction, the cause of all the excitement was bestowed in a stable. That evening, though, at the earnest solicitation of the



THEY LAID THEIR BURDEN REVERENTLY UPON THE GROUND.

Google

Moor, he gave an illustrated performance of the properties of the machine in the inner bay, and having ample labour at his command to wind the gyroscope, sent the torpedo flying hither and thither in a way that provoked terrific enthusiasm from all beholders.

But, in spite of his host's attention, the next two days went by very wearily for the midshipman, and though in duty bound he inspected the vegetable supplies submitted to him, he found little else to occupy his time amid the limited attractions of the bazaar. When on the third morning he awoke to find the destroyer *Nectarine* returned from Gibraltar to await the fleet, he went aboard delighted to resume the society of his fellows.

Bianchi preferred to remain ashore. He had food, flattery, and seemingly considerable funds of conversation in common with the Kaid. The two talked endlessly throughout the live-long day, the Maltese apparently finding protest after protest for arguments lavished on him by his new friend. The sun set that evening to find them still talking. At dusk a blanket-like veil of mist rose about the river swamps. It drifted slowly seaward, enveloping the *Nectarine* and the little flotilla of sponge fishers' ketches that were anchored about thirty fathoms from it. Towards midnight a couple of boats crept out under cover of the smother, noiselessly towing a solid raft.

As they sidled alongside Selim's craft, the excitement of their crews grew terrific. They pointed to the gleaming metal cylinder that lay upon the raft, exchanging ideas in awful whispers. It had to be explained to each in turn, and by dint of vigorous kicks, that no single one of the party was to be allowed to ride the "sea-horse," as they still fondly called the torpedo, against the ship of the gaiours. They were allowed, however, to expend their heated energies in winding the gyroscope.

Mr. Blewitt's instructions of the previous day left little room for error. The fins were adjusted, the rudder fixed, and the cruel snout aimed relentlessly for the sleek hull of the *Nectarine*. With a sigh of satisfaction Selim released it. Three score Arabs watched the phosphorescent track of bubbles that followed it into the fog.

A few moments later the watch aboard the destroyer was galvanized into sudden action by a mighty thud amid-ship. The sentries challenged. The boatswain's mate roared the hands on deck. A couple of stokers bounced through the engine-room manholes to report that a very cascade of ocean water was pouring down upon the bed plates of the propeller. Lieutenant Mears appeared in his pyjamas to take command of a sinking ship.

The boats were ordered out; confusion died down; discipline took its place. Only the cutter was successfully launched before the sea was alive with bobbing heads as the sailors gripped desperately at oars and gratings. Finally, the boat towed a long string of gasping mariners towards the shore, looking very like a lame duck escorting a huge brood of unhappy ducklings. It ran into shoal water just as a flotilla from the shore, guided by the uproar, put out to the rescue. Happily, no single member of the crew was reported missing. All had got on deck in time, and the sea had been without a ripple.

The commanding officer of the *Nectarine* was furious. The ship, it appeared, had been sunk on a calm sea at a well-plumbed anchorage. There could be only one explanation, to his mind. An unknown current must have parted the moorings at bow or stern, and swung the hull upon a concealed reef. He was violently abusive to the watch on deck that could allow such happenings, and be blind to them. Yet with one voice sailors and marines were ready to swear that the hawsers both fore and aft were tight at the moment of shipwreck.

They were not left long to wrangle in. Daoud bin Farag swooped down upon them with profuse offers of assistance, and led them to his kasbah. Before half an hour was over both officers and men were warmed, their clothes dried, and they themselves distributed throughout various simple lodgings in the town. Nothing could be investigated till morning, and they slept the sleep of the weary.

Meanwhile, hidden by the fog, and swinging gently over the very spot where his Majesty's ship had disappeared, the sponge fishers were working for dear life. Not a creak or a rattle was heard—the little hand winches had been drowned in grease and oil, while beneath the calm the divers were groping their way to the cabin, plucking the contents from shelf and locker, and trying confusedly to remember the directions the renegade caterer had given for finding the captain's cabin. Selim, leaning over the gunwale, goaded with frantic whispers each dripping head that burst its way to the surface for air—whispers that grew more and more vehement as the hours lengthened without bringing the reward of their toil. Yet at last it came.

A woolly head bounced out of the calm, gripped a windlass chain, and disappeared again with an inarticulate gurgle. A moment later the greasy winches were bringing iron-clamped boxes up out of the oily sea in quick succession, dumping them into the ketch's hold, where they were immediately covered with seaweed, and returning for more. Well before dawn the treasure trove was won, and along the beach a score of patient donkeys were being loaded for a trip into the interior. Daoud was already calling himself a millionaire.

And then Fate closed her relentless fist upon the Moor. With the breaking of the day Lieutenant Mears came forth, sleepless with anxiety, to view the scene of his disaster and to probe for an explanation. With him came Mr. Blewitt.

Even then all might have gone well for the Kaid. Twenty donkeys, all bearing sand—and the panniers were apparently loaded with this alone—is a sight common enough on any North African foreshore. Mears hardly gave them a glance. But at the sound of an astonished yell that burst from the midshipman's lips he turned sharply in his tracks.

A donkey had stumbled at Blewitt's feet. The sand, rolling this way and that, had discovered to the amazed youth the real burden hidden in the pannier's bottom. The sight of the iron-clamped boxes had awakened his native intelligence. He was clutching the donkey boy by the throat, roaring vehemently for the aid of every British seaman that Arzella entertained.

And they came. From door and from window they came, and from wynd and from alley—seventy furious mariners were abroad and doing before sixty seconds had been added to the day,

ONLY THE CUTTER WAS SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED BEFORE THE SEA WAS ALIVE WITH BOBBING HEADS.

and Daoud bin Farag saw his new-made fortune being snatched from beneath his very eyes. He, on his part, did not hesitate to rally his followers to resist the recapture of what he already deemed his own.

It was an intermittent, scrambling sort of warfare, for it took the bewildered sailors some few minutes to understand in what cause their officers were herding donkeys out of the hands of their rightful owners, though they did not allow this fact to stultify their zeal in the chase. They hunted the panniered asses from group to group, thumping lustily, while by now the whole population had waked to join the fray. The confusion had all the spice of real warfare, tinged by the humours of a Hampstead Bank Holiday.

In vain Mears hustled in between the opposing armies and endeavoured to gain a hearing. The Moor was deaf to his warnings. The gold he had gleaned from the sea was being torn from him, and all considerations of prudence were scattered to the winds. Musket shots began to punctuate the din The sailors mustered but the cutlasses worn by the watch on deck, while Baynes, the sub-lieutenant, had his revolver. Seeing the disparity of weapons, Mears cast about him for some place easier of defence than the open wharf. A storehouse beside the water's edge caught his eye.

He roared his commands to his men. Hustling, thumping, and sprawling, the sailors managed to shepherd the animals into a solid convoy, and rush them towards the building. They were thrust in pell-mell, while after one more useless attempt to open negotiations, Mears ordered his men to follow them, and the door slammed in the pursuers' faces as the bullets began to thud upon it.

For half an hour afterwards the tide of battle waxed and waned. The Moors flung themselves upon the crumbling walls with frail ladders. The sailors, mounting through the roof, tore the bricks from the parapet, and rained them on their enemies' heads. The ladders were flung to earth before a foot could be placed upon them. Cutlasses were flashed from half a dozen loopholes, and seldom returned unblooded. A couple of bullets from Baynes' revolver saved the door from being stove in with an extemporised battering ram.

But in spite of the gallantry of the defence, it cannot be doubted that the defenders must in time have been overcome. Stones and fists, however deftly used, cannot contend, even behind fortifications, against bullets backed by overwhelming numbers. Daoud, flourishing his sword, was just leading his followers to a new and impetuous attack, when from the fringe of the combat came cries of warning. At the same moment, the sailors, crouched behind the roof parapet, turned to see their rescue imminent.

Vomiting black smoke from a score of funnels the fleet was rounding the headland and steaming in stately procession up the bay. A cheer rose from the bluejackets, followed by a mighty laugh. It was answered by a furious scream of rage from the Kaid.

"The dogs of unbelievers laugh in our beards!" he yelled. "Fall upon them; slay every one before their fellows come ashore!" He led an onslaught with a reckless vehemence that made matters for the moment look very serious.

And then Mears did a brave thing. Leaping to his full height upon the crumbling roof of the storehouse, for two perilous minutes he stood erect, waving his arms in semaphore signals that spelled out the story of their plight. He fell at last, with a bullet through his shoulder, but the tale had been told. Instant bustle was observable on the flagship.

A great gout of smoke burst from her sides, followed by a long-drawn clatter as the shell screamed across the interval. There followed a mighty crash. The Kaid's kasbah dissolved into a flying cloud of dust and splintered stones. Then with one consent each Arab dropped his weapons and fled to the cover of the gardens. The war was over.

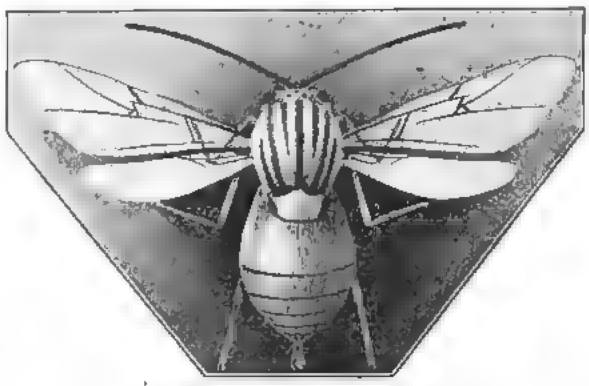
A lamentable voice guided the search party to the ruins of the kasbah, and it was a ragged tatterdemalion that was extracted from it in lieu of the dapper caterer. He vehemently denounced his late host, but when no sign of the torpedo was to be found in the stable, Mr. Blewitt had suspicions which became certainties when the divers descended to examine the destroyer's hull. Lieutenant Carpenter received back his cherished invention with joy, thinking, so it was said, the loss of the *Nectarine* a small price to pay for its recovery. But though nothing could be proved against the Maltese as an accomplice, there was ample evidence to justify Sir Richard in dismissing him, which he immediately did. The only people who gained by the adventure were Martino and Co., vegetable salesmen, who gloated with great satisfaction over the Admiral's disastrous attempt to obtain vegetables elsewhere, and put an extra penny a dozen on cabbages to celebrate their triumph.

Some Remarkable Flies.

NO. 1.—SIDE VIEW OF THE GALL FLY (SHOWN IN NO. 2), WHICH PIERCES THE OAK AND CAUSES THEM BALLS TO FORM. Notice the excessively long piercers.

Written and Illustrated from Nature by James Scott

FLIES play a wonderfully important part in connection with the welfare and economy of mankind. Their position in the affairs of man, and the complex effects which they are capable of producing, are not generally considered in the minds of men, unless those men are directly concerned, either pecuniarily or scientifically, with them. If, in one instant, all the flies and their offspring could be eliminated from the face of the earth, startling consequences would be quickly developed; but whether the new condition would bear an influence for good or for evil it would be a difficult matter to predict. If a consensus of opinions was, however, sought from those authorities most capable of advancing it, I am inclined to think that the verdict would result in favour of the retention of flies, and not for their abolition.



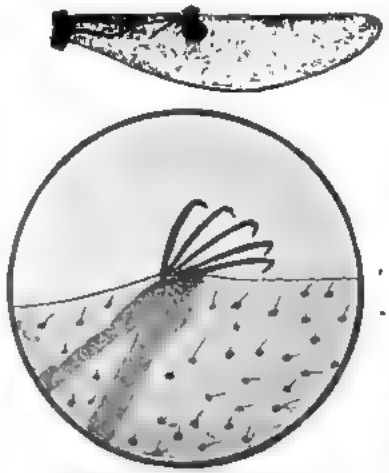
NO. 2.—TOP VIEW OF THE GALL FLY (SHOWN IN NO. 1).

Practically speaking, all flies, before they become winged and mature, have to undergo a transformation from a nasty maggot, or grub state, in which form they are hatched as minute beings from the eggs deposited by the parent flies. To this rule there exist some peculiar exceptions, as in the case of winged aphides. The maggots, or grubs of flies, are to be found feeding on refuse, clothing, cheese, vegetables, and other edible commodities, leaves of trees, and the insides of their trunks, in water, and, in fact, are usually, especially during warm weather, abundantly busy at their various avocations all over everywhere.

I have taken for illustration some of the most diverse samples from among the many varied families which live among and about us, and

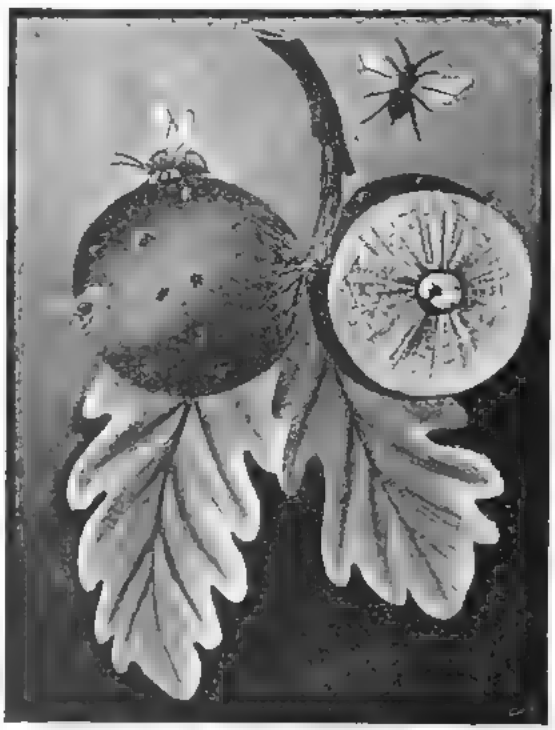
these will furnish us with a very vivid demonstration as to the deeds for which flies are responsible.

In the summer-time you may observe with wonderment a great number of curiously shaped lumps, or even symmetrically formed protuberances or extensions, on many of the trees and plants in forests, gardens, and fields. The majority of these freaks have been coaxed into existence by the intimidation of *flies*, and their grubs live and thrive into exceedingly truculent creatures within these strangely formed homes.



NO. 3.—HOOKS ON THE EDGES OF THE HIND WINGS OF THE GALL FLY, AS SHOWN IN NOS. 1 AND 2.

A fully bloomed oak will often expose a dozen or so varieties of these excrescences, which are identified as galls; and from each particular set of galls, a special kind of fly (different from those produced out of others) will ultimately issue. Some are minute specks with wings, while others are of fairly large dimensions, proportionately considered. Those spherical, brown, "woodeny" balls, which hang from oak twigs like a number of marbles, and which everyone must surely have observed, are actually brought into being through the agency of one species of fly, shown considerably magnified in Nos. 1 and 2. This creature, which is light brown in colour and highly polished on the armour-plated hind half of its body, possesses a curious tube that fits into a cleft which extends completely along beneath its abdomen, from near the chest to the back extremity. It has the power to protrude this tube, or withdraw it to concealment. Along and from it passes an excessively long double piercer, with which it bores and irritates the chosen part of the plant into which it desires to insert one of its eggs. Just as picking your teeth with a needle or pin will often cause a gumboil to develop, so the respondent tissues of the oak become inflamed, as a direct consequence of the work of the gall fly; and the affected parts continue to swell and change in character until a nicely rounded wooden ball has grown into prominent existence. In the interior of each of these queer galls you will find, snugly enclosed, a very fat and greasy white grub. This obnoxious looking creature is favoured in two conspicuous ways far more beneficially than are the grubs of most flies. It has not the necessity entailed upon it of hunting for food, inasmuch that within its own immediate proximity the substance of the gall affords it due nourishment. As it grows, its own consumption of the substance around it provides a space for its enlarged condition. It will always be found to tightly fit a central spot. Then from the point of view of safety it is very fortunate in the fact that its prison protects it from the attacks of birds and various other denizens of the field and forest. In the internal cavity it undergoes a metamorphosis, eventually bursting forth as a *four-winged* fly. Sometimes the grub will, at a time preceding its change into the matured form, bite its way through the nut and fall to the ground, with the instinctive intention of burying itself in the earth and there undergoing its alteration in form. When I have kept these nuts for the purpose of hatching out the insects, the flies themselves have bitten their way



NO. 4. FLIES EMERGING FROM OAK GALLS, ALSO ONE OF THEIR GRUBS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE OF A GALL.

No. 5.—TOP VIEW OF FEMALE GNAT. THE TRUNK PROJECTS FROM THE FRONT OF THE HEAD.

from out of the galls, having preferred for some doubtlessly acute reason (perhaps a curiously ascertained knowledge that no earth was reachable from the glass jar containing the galls) to pass their change inside the nuts. The tunnel made by each of these flies for its egress is beautifully neat and cylindrical, and I am sure that the exterior hole, which can be seen in untenanted galls, could not be drilled cleaner by any mechanical means furnished by man.

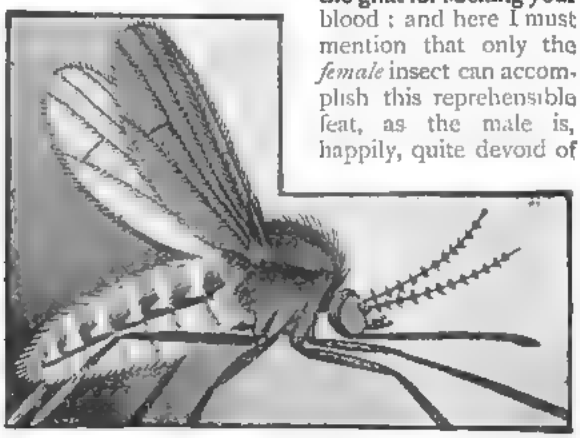
As before said, a gall-fly has a long boring apparatus, shown extending upwards in the illustration No. 1. This tool can be completely retracted within the insect's body, where it assumes a flat spiral form, almost like a coil of rope. The insect has four wings, and it is a remarkable fact that when it so desires the convenience, it can fasten these pinions together in order to form *two* large wings. This attachment is effected by means of a few incredibly minute hooks which project from the front edge of each small, or hind wing, and catch into a prepared portion of the corresponding edge of each foremost wing. One set of hooks is shown magnified in No. 3, and their exact position can be comprehended by referring to the illustration of the detached wing, where the large dot indicates them.

Bees and wasps also have this peculiar facility; but in their cases the hooks are in rows—not in bundles.

It may here be said that the veins or ribs of flies' wings are not formed in the haphazard way that some people think they are, of being differently disposed of in the same kinds of insects. However grotesque the formation of the pattern made by the veins may be, it is strictly the same among the members of any one species, although that of one species may differ from that of another.

In most cases the wings are covered and edged with tiny hairs, whilst in others they are partially or completely overlaid with scales or feathery-like particles.

Among the uncountably numerous tormenting pests by which poor man is severely afflicted must be included the apparently insignificant yet really very formidable gnat. Just a few words are necessary for making clear what a gnat is. Nearly every small and slender long-legged fly that hovers about the window-panes, or is encountered during a country ramble, is called a gnat, whereas it might actually be something totally different. Gnats average nearly ¼in. in length, always have a somewhat long and slender body, have *two* wings and a humped back, with depressed head. If you are sufficiently inquisitive and interested in the matter you may generally detect a gnat from other flies by the use of a lens such as forms the eye-nose of a camera. You must, of course, in such a case risk the opportunity you will afford the gnat for sucking your blood; and here I must mention that only the *female* insect can accomplish this reprehensible feat, as the male is, happily, quite devoid of



No. 6.—SIDE VIEW OF THE FEMALE GNAT. THE TRUNK CONTAINING ITS PIERCERS PROJECTS IN FRONT OF ITS HEAD.

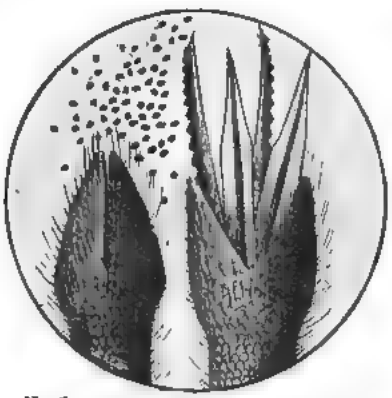
the necessary weapons, although it has a similarly shaped trunk.

The statement has often been printed before, but repetition is now excusable, that gnats and mosquitoes are practically identical creatures. There is about as much difference between the homely gnat and a foreign mosquito as exists between a Frenchman and an Englishman. Just as both the latter are white and civilised men, with head, hands, feet, and everything alike, yet possessing slight differences of appearance, temperament, and so on, so are gnats and mosquitoes similarly different—if I may so quizzically express it. Both dig for blood with the same kind of tools, which I will now describe.

From the female gnat's head projects a very slender and comparatively long trunk, which is usually held straight out in front, as if ready for making a sudden attack, although when in use it is bent downwards, in the same way that an elephant's trunk is carried. This proboscis is a very noticeable object, and is conspicuously displayed in the illustrations. You can see it, if you look very closely, like a fine hair, with the naked eye. Unless an insect, even though in nearly every other respect resembling the fly here being treated with, owns this extraordinary trunk it does not come under the description of true gnats, and beyond irritating human skin in a tickling manner, cannot suck blood.

Along the top surface of this trunk is a slit extending its whole length, and the insect can withdraw therefrom six minute lancets, with which it pierces the skin. Until lately, investigators asserted that the six lancets were contained within the tube; but the contention is now universally supported that one of them serves as a kind of lid, which fits into the slit just mentioned.

As the piercers are driven down into the flesh the trunk bends a little, retaining its lips over the wound being made. For the purpose of conveying an adequate idea of the almost inconceivable fineness of these lancets, I add to the drawing No. 9 the pointed portion of an ordinary 1½in. sewing needle, as when seen magnified proportionately with the tools of the insect.

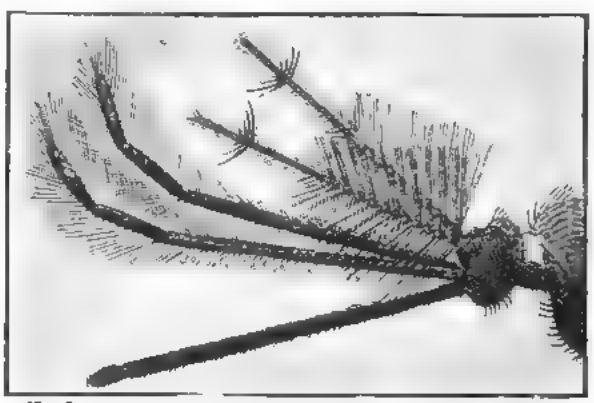


No. 7.—ENORMOUSLY MAGNIFIED END OF GNAT'S TRUNK, WITH FOUR OF ITS SIX WEAPONS PROTRUDING.

Around these points are shown some sketches of human blood corpuscles for the sake of comparison.

In No. 7 I provide a still more greatly magnified view of the *extremities* of four of the lancets or piercers. You can clearly observe that they are notched like saws, or sharpened like swords. When a person is "bitten" (*i.e.*, literally *sawn*) by a true gnat or mosquito, it seems incredible to him that so tiny a creature should be possessed of the power to inflict so potent a degree of pain. In face of the emphatic effects which insects can and do produce in the human body, many people still deride all references to the pests. But microscopists are able to prove neatly the reasons why such disproportional results are possible; and No. 7, with the particulars I am now about to add, will furnish a clue in this direction.

The heap of "cobble-stones" in that drawing are magnified blood corpuscles of the human body. Nearly everyone has, I suppose, been taught at school that our blood consists of a gummy-like fluid called serum, crammed full of red and white corpuscles, which career through our veins and arteries like underground springs and rivulets do through the earth. Of course, gnats, fleas, bugs, and other unpleasant invaders feed on this serum and the blood corpuscles. Hence, to give you some idea of what the truth is, I direct you to examine No. 7, all parts of which are drawn in as strict proportions as possible with relative parts. From this it will be understood that the meal of a gnat, although to us apparently

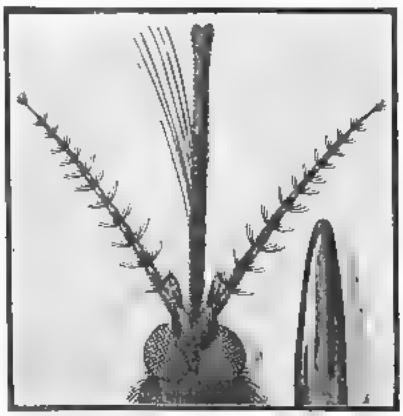


No. 8.—HEAD OF MALE GNAT DISPLAYING ITS EXTRAORDINARY HAIRY ATTACHMENTS.

a mere drink of fluid blood, really consists of the consumption of liquid (serum) and "eatables," like miniature nuts, in the form of blood corpuscles. In these matters man is little more than a huge productive world for avaricious insects, which probe for wealth in our bodies as disdainfully as we dig for gold or water in the bowels of the earth.

I wish to particularly request the reader to notice the curious tree-like form of the female gnat's horns or feelers. They consist of several segments, from each of which sprouts a circlet of hairs in a quite symmetrical manner. The feelers of the male gnat (which, as has already been remarked, is unprovided with the necessary implements for sucking blood) consist of beautiful bunches of these hairs, stretching from the head in a triangular form. In addition, it owns a pair of jointed finger-like attachments and a plain trunk.

Gnats lay their eggs in boat-shaped masses on top of the water, and from them hatch out grubs, which will pass their lives in the water, and undergo, before the winged state is reached, somewhat *similar*, yet certainly different stages, corresponding to the caterpillar and chrysalis conditions of butterflies. Most people are only acquainted with them in the atmospheric portion of the world.



No. 9.—THE FLESH PIERCERS OF THE GNAT COMPARED WITH A MAGNIFIED PINE NEEDLE POINT.

You may have heard much about the supposition—now an actual certainty—that certain foreign gnats, which pass by the awful name of mosquitoes, are responsible for the widespread infliction of that terrible disease, malarial fever. The manner in which they effect this dreadful plague may be briefly given. As wriggling grubs in the water, they consume as food vast hosts of the malarial microbes, many of which remain within them during their change into the fly form. When, thus, one of these smitten matured gnats "bites" (*i.e.*, pierces) the flesh of a victim, some of the wretched microbes pass down the tube, which thus forms a direct channel of communication with the "stomach" of the gnat and the blood of the person attacked. If you still wonder why, while the gnat is sucking *up* blood, the microbes may pass *down* its proboscis, I must ask you to bear in mind that when you yourself eat or bite anything, a saliva passes into or over it. A similar condition of things naturally takes place when the gnat "bites" a substance. Undoubtedly the fever is also spread through the agency of flies that have already imbibed the horrid blood of stricken men.

Fishing flies must be regarded as almost unique curiosities of the insect world, and are very well entitled to our present consideration. You cannot meet with such creatures in so disagreeable an abundance as you may the poor abused house-flies or the pestiferous gnats, but if you are sitting quietly by the side of a rural pond in the summer-time, and will display a somewhat tiresome patience, a number of them will probably perform before you in a most astonishing manner. I picture a *male* specimen, and desire to specially direct your attention to the extraordinary curvature of the hinder portion of the body which characterises this particular insect. It will be seen that the abdomen is bent forwards underneath, and terminates in a hairy, brush-like appurtenance. This particular feature clearly distinguishes the male from the female fly of this species.

These creatures are individually ¼in. long (or thereabouts), and have a hard, armour-plated look, their bodies sparkling with a metallic brilliancy which is very noticeable. My selected fellow had a black body, which shone with a greenish, shot-silk kind of colour, and eyes of a most vivid bronze green, forming altogether a very picturesque and exquisite model of insect beauty.

These flies walk with facility upon the surface of a pond, without losing gracefulness of movement in so doing. They are as alert as kingfishers, and their vigilance is used for a somewhat analogous purpose with that of the magnificent bird just mentioned. They search in this way for living food in the water beneath them, and will pounce on any unfortunate inhabitant of the pond which ventures near the surface. Although you might suppose, if you base your judgment on the appearance of the fly in No. 10, that these insects have beaks resembling those of birds, the fact really is that each one is provided with an elephantine sort of trunk, which is furnished inside with one or more sword-shaped piercers. As a rule they do not roam far from what may be termed *their* shore of the pond; when, should they be in

search of food, they will, immediately upon detecting a living thing dart within reach beneath them, seize it, and, after having thrust their piercers into it, suck its life-juices out. They seldom attack man or his companion animals, as do the gnats, but prefer, for a reason sufficiently good according to their own views, to prey upon fellow insects, or similarly small forms of life.

There is one important part of insect life so conspicuously revealed in these flies that I have taken No. 10 as being capable of serving very efficiently to illustrate it. All flies (as well as other true insects) breathe by means of rows of holes placed along the sides of their bodies, instead of with what must, for description's sake, be called their mouths or trunks. I hope you will believe me, and not try the experiment, when I say that you can suffocate a fly by varnishing, or otherwise clogging, these holes, just as a man would be choked if his mouth were sealed up. If you examine No. 10 closely, you will see one of the fishing fly's series of breathing apertures along the lower part of its side. All the other flies portrayed here possess similar necessary features; but they are not so sharply defined in them.

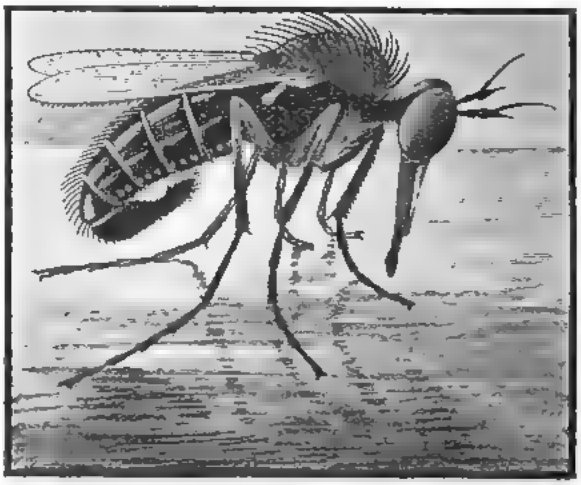
It is strange to reflect on the peculiar facts I have here paraded, that the weapons belonging to some insects are attached to their heads, whilst those possessed by others are placed on their hinder portions.

I earnestly hope that in giving you the following particulars concerning the production of a very valuable and highly appreciated commodity of the household, I shall not raise a distaste for a really good thing. If the whole truth were known of the unavoidable connection, in various ways, between insects and food, fastidious people would be compelled to starve, if they supported their inclinations.

The brilliant crimson cochineal with which our cooks so beauteously tint the quivering jellies of the dinner-table, is really the essence of tiny insects, just as wine is the essence of the grape. It is the female who is so strangely adapted to man's use; and in connection with her habits I have some very strange truths to narrate. The two bulbous-looking objects in illustration No. 11 are females, whilst the sprightly, winged creature is the male. Could you imagine a greater dissemblance between a mother and a father of any kind of animal than exists between those belonging to this section of life? Such excessive contrasts, although to be found in nature, are very rare.

The females, which may be likened to tiny balls, each provided with six legs and a piercing snout, are throughout the whole of their lives very sluggish and lazy (so far as pedestrianism and physical movement are concerned), and at a very early period of their existence drive their snouts into the substance of some plant, usually one of the cacti, and remain in that position for the remainder of their lives, even laying their eggs, and shrivelling up to mere skins over them when their life's work is done. Two sad circumstances result from this voluntary bodily indolence, and from them might be pictured a moral for the guidance of those folk who prefer to lounge about and feed continually, without adding any other labour to their curtailed exertions.

They become outrageously fat, even to grossness and pure ugliness, as may be understood by referring to the illustration, whereas their partners continue to retain a certain amount of beauty, which the possession of two very long hind bristles does not spoil. In addition to this undesirable *acquisition* the females sustain a loss—of their legs! This result is gained gradually, of course.

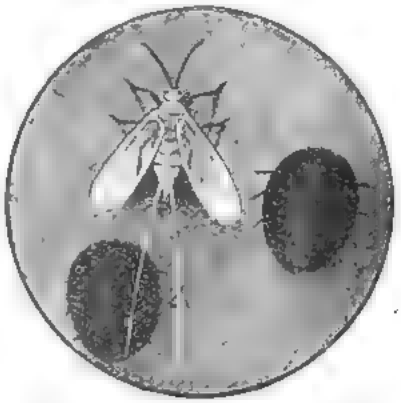


No. 10.—A FLY THAT WALKS ON TOP OF POND WATER AND FISHES FOR FOOD.

Alas, for the gluttonous capacity of these curious insects! Along come the giants, who claim their bodies, and induce them to fall into sheets and pans by certain processes of fumigation, they being thenceforth destined to forfeit their essential substance for the adornment of jellies, and for other purposes. Actually, their essence is quite as unobjectionable as honey. In both cases the product is practically made from the vegetation on which the insects feed.

It is only among insects that practices of the

after-mentioned kind are discovered; and it is as well, perhaps, that our own sense of pity is not exposed to outrage in this direction. What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over, we have been told. Certainly, only an entomologist encounters the full effects of the tragedy I am about to describe. I studied it recently in its various stages, but it is, nevertheless, equally well known to all students of insect life.



No. 11.—ONE MALE AND TWO FEMALE INSECTS WHICH PRODUCE THE COCHINEAL DYE WITH WHICH JELLIES ARE COLOURED.

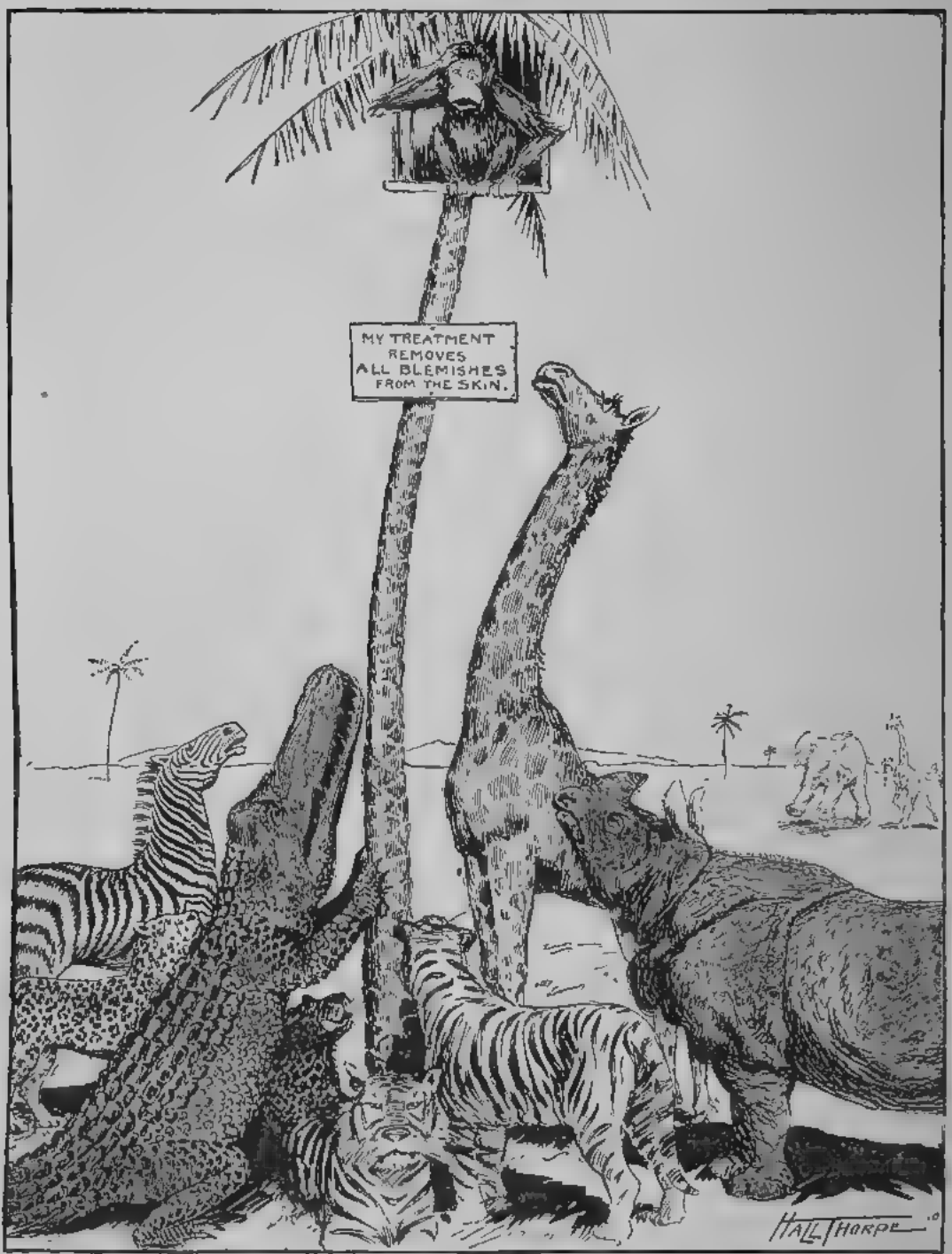
There is a group of flies, of which that illustrated in No. 12 is one species, whose grubs inherit the instinct of feeding on living caterpillars and similar creatures. A brief description of my fly is necessary. It is, in size, not dissimilar to a house-fly, but it has a characteristic way of carrying its wings wide apart (as shown), as though it were anxious to fully display the real beauty which it possesses. To bright red eyes and a glistening silver forehead is added a body bearing a quaint design of very dark brown and brilliant gold. The lighter patches in the drawing represent the latter.

One of these flies had laid some eggs upon a plant, and from them had hatched some maggotty grubs, which concealed themselves for the purpose of awaiting their prey. Along came a juicy caterpillar, and was pounced upon by one of the small grubs, which bit its way right into it. Determinedly carnivorous, the fly-grub continued to lodge within the body of the caterpillar, feeding meanwhile on its tender, and evidently delicious living flesh, fattening itself as a consequence. No mortal injury having been suffered by the caterpillar, it underwent its change into the chrysalis state (as you see it illustrated), from which—but for the tragedy being narrated—it would have emerged as a large moth. But the pernicious grub within it continued to consume the soft parts of its now mummified victim, until only a hard, and practically empty chrysalis shell, or case, remained.

Subsequently, having no more food left, as a direct result of its own gluttony, it chewed its way through the shell of the dead chrysalis, laid itself down quietly in an adjacent spot, and underwent on its own behalf a similar transformation—that is to say, it became in turn a chrysalis, with a hard, dark brown shell, different, however, in shape to that of the moth, for it was merely a cylindrical lump with no definite exterior marks, whereas moth chrysalides bear distinct indications of forthcoming eyes, wings, feelers, etc. Inside this cylindrical shell the grub matter shrivelled away from the outer skin, and developed into a fly, whose portrait is given magnified in No. 12, along with the remains of its victim, and its own self as both a grub and an emptied chrysalis shell. Most flies, in hatching out from their cases, push off a lid or cap. When they have expanded their previously folded wings and stretched out their legs, you would hardly credit that they had burst from such apparently unaccommodating quarters.

No. 12.—THE GRUB, EMERGING FROM THE MOTH CHRYSALIS ON WHICH IT HAS FED, BECOMES TRANSFORMED INTO THE FLY SHOWN ABOVE.

THE WRONG CLASS OF CUSTOMER.



"Great Scott! What an ass I was to put up that advertisement! It won't be safe to leave this tree for the next six months!"

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

An Incident of the Cuban Rebellion.

By Ernest Richards.

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow.

I.

I HAD been ashore for some few months in New York City, and, having spent the dollars, was on the look-out for another ship. In taking my customary walk round the water-front, I came across a little Yankee schooner that wanted a supercargo,* as she was about to trade—so the skipper said—with her general freight in the ports of San Domingo.

"Yes," said the old man in answer to my question, "when we've traded away the cargo, why, we'll just load logwood for this city."

This seemed all right enough, and, considering that I should be able to trade a little on my own account, I arranged there and then with the skipper, agreeing to join the ship and bring my gear aboard next day, the vessel being already loaded.

When I arrived aboard next morning, the mate showed me my room, which was rather dark on account of the deck load blocking the dead lights. However, I stowed my things away as well as possible under the circumstances, and went ashore for a last stroll round.

We left New York early that afternoon, and before evening dropped our pilot, and proceeded with a fair wind under our own canvas.

The crew consisted of seven hands—captain, mate, cook, three seamen and myself. I had little to do on the passage down, except listen to the skipper's proposals with regard to disposing of the freight to the best advantage.

We had a nice fresh breeze from the north-east, and the old schooner, though by no means a clipper, soon picked up the fine weather latitudes; and during the fine days in the semi-tropics I turned my attention to the bills of lading and cargo manifest.

I found our freight was general, but consisted chiefly of goods packed in cases, and described in detail on the bills of lading according to their various contents. One curious feature attracted my attention with regard to the various entries in the vessel's cargo books, and that was a peculiar sign opposite every third line, somewhat like a shorthand word. Occasionally this sign was varied; in fact, I found the variation to be uniform, two signs only being used throughout. I endeavoured to puzzle out what these could mean. They could not be the receiving clerk's ticks in checking the freight, for the orthodox ticks were duly placed opposite each item, and in addition the curious signs occurring respectively opposite every third and sixth line.

I resolved to call the skipper's attention to the matter as soon as a favourable opportunity occurred. In the meantime I made a general survey of the vessel. Her papers told me she was 120 tons register, and launched in Machias, Maine. She was very strongly built, and on her cabin deck were several hatches like trap doors.

Acting on my resolution of the previous day, I broached the subject of the curious signs to the skipper at breakfast. He only smiled and said, "The marks were placed against packages which were to be stowed in certain parts of the hold for convenience."

This seemed feasible enough at the time, but on further reflection I decided that it could not be the true explanation; for the final list of cargo would be copied from scrap-books, after the freight had been stowed.

We had been, perhaps, fourteen days at sea, and having carried our fair wind with us the whole time, I naturally expected to see the land. During the afternoon I strolled about the after deck, and, knowing something of navigation, I took a casual glance at the compass and found the man steering S. by W.

Considering our position I thought this was a peculiar course for San Domingo, as under ordinary circumstances it would put us right on one of the coral reefs to north of the island.

I mentioned the fact to the mate, but he simply informed me in a dry Yankee fashion that he "reckoned the old man was navigating the ship." I noticed, too, that a good look-out was kept,

* The duties of a supercargo were to keep an exact account of the shipment and unloading of all cargo on behalf of the merchants. Nowadays this is all attended to by the chief officer.

even in the day time, for passing ships. A man was stationed in the fore cross-trees—a most unusual thing for small vessels—with orders to report any sign of approaching craft, particularly steam.

It was impossible now to settle down quietly to the ordinary routine of ship's life. My duties at sea were practically nil, and though I was a sailor by calling, I had nothing to do with the navigation of the ship except to give a voluntary pull on the halliards in setting sail, or lend a hand on some similar job

I was puzzled to discover what could be the real meaning of the strange incidents above related. I sought the skipper for a proper explanation. He asked me down to the cabin, and, before opening the conversation, unrolled on the table before me a large scale chart of the West Indies. Then he slowly filled his pipe, and, having lit up, proceeded in a leisurely manner to question me as to whether I had any sympathy with the Cuban rebels.

I informed him that I had not thought much about the matter from this standpoint, but on the whole I was inclined to favour the struggle for liberty from the Spanish yoke in Cuba.

"Very well, then," he continued, "would you be willing for a consideration to give them practical assistance?"

"That is another matter," I said. "But why question me on this point?"

"Because," continued he, and at the same time pointing with his finger to the chart, "to be brief, we are bound for a small bay on the southern coast of Cuba, and the peculiar marks you saw in the cargo books are simply to indicate certain packages which contain rifles and ammunition. If you see your way clear to fall in with the scheme, I can offer you a fair remuneration. I was particular when shipping you to be quite sure you were a sailor, and not merely a ship's clerk, because I knew that you would then be useful in assisting to land the goods. If you refuse there is nothing to be done but to put you ashore at some out of the way place in San Domingo, where it would be impossible for you to get in communication with the authorities in time to stop our project. Well, now, sonny, what do you think?"

I replied that I had thought a great deal whilst he was speaking. I also suggested at once that he might have mentioned the scheme to me in New York before I signed the ship's articles.

"And have you give the show away?" was his ready reply. "No, sir," he continued, "I have thought this matter out, and judge the course I have taken to be the best."

I was clearly in a trap. If I refused I should probably give myself a lot of trouble, and even if I got into communication with the authorities it would be difficult for me to prove that the schooner had carried contraband of war after she had landed this portion of the freight. Besides, there was a spice of adventure about the trip, to be well rewarded if successful, and that was perhaps what appealed to me.

"Well, sir," I said, "under the circumstances, suppose I agree?"

"Then if you agree," said the skipper, "and we succeed, you will have a matter of five hundred dollars for your share. Of course, if we are taken prisoners, 'caught in the act,' as it were, we'll just have to take the consequences.

"We have to arrange to arrive off this bay at night, when a private signal will be exchanged between us and the shore. If all is clear, the cases will be taken ashore in our own boat. We can arrange that I will take charge of the boat one trip, you the second, the mate the third, and so on till the whole is landed. The 'dibs' will be paid us in San Domingo, where we shall go and trade with the remainder of our cargo, as if nothing untoward had occurred."

This was to my mind a workable scheme. Now I understood why a look-out was kept from the cross-trees. A Spanish cruiser might heave in sight at any moment. I was relieved to have the mysteries cleared up, and having thoroughly made up my mind to bear a hand in the business, I began to speculate what I could do with the five hundred dollars, to say nothing of my other pay.

I was so full of these thoughts that I seemed actually to have the money in my possession, and was already filling in the details of a good time ashore, when the cook sang out, "Tea, sir!"

At the tea-table the conversation chiefly related to our enterprise. I learned further from the skipper that the place we intended to land our goods at was a small bight called "St. Anna Bay," and was protected from the surf by a coral reef running across its northern side.

On looking closely at the chart, I noticed that the reef was called "Banana Key," and was the very same spot on which I had been wrecked in a small vessel some two years before. We managed to get ashore on that occasion in the ship's boat, and after camping on the beach for the night, were entertained by a Spanish planter, who took us to his estate some thirty miles inland.

The planter had a lovely daughter. She had been educated in Europe and spoke good English, and undertook to teach me Spanish, with the result that we became very fond of each other.

My attachment for Señorita Dolores grew and intensified as we became more intimately acquainted with each other. During the whole

course of my wanderings I had not met one who fascinated me in such a manner.

It seemed to suggest to my mind the utter selfishness of life without a purpose, and I resolved that by some means or other I would find a way in which I could honourably marry Dolores and give up my aimless wanderings.

We parted on the morning of my departure for St. Anna, and as I left her, she murmured, "Yo siempre sera su amigo" ("I will always be your friend").

A seafaring life is not calculated to produce the deepest impressions with regard to friendship, but for Dolores I entertained feelings which were independent of climate or surroundings—feelings which I had treasured up within my breast for the two years since our parting, and which, because of my inability to realise my ideal, had tinged my life with a gentle melancholy.

As I paced the deck of the little vessel on this particular night, alone with my thoughts, the words of Dolores came back to me and revived and intensified the old flame. Subdued into a somewhat latent passion by constant effort to keep these desires and impulses in check, until some practical scheme should formulate in my brain, the inspiration which the skipper's plans gave to my thoughts awoke to new life and energy my desire to marry Dolores.

At frequent intervals the skipper and I conversed together as to the best means of readily putting our dangerous freight ashore. I learned from him that it was proposed by the party acting for the Cuban rebels, who were to receive the goods, that we should, in the event of arriving in the vicinity at night, look out for a red light on a small hill overlooking the bay. We were to answer by lifting our port sidelight and carrying it up the starboard rigging immediately above our green light. Both lights were then to be taken inboard. This would create the impression, to anyone not otherwise informed, that we were simply beating out of the bay and had just tacked ship. A bright light was then to be exhibited for a brief interval on the beach itself, if the coast was clear.

I have hitherto said little concerning the mate of the vessel. He was, so I learned, born in Nova Scotia, but had sailed for some years in American coasting craft. He was a taciturn man of about thirty-five years of age, tall, and, though fairly active, giving one the impression of having a preoccupied mind.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this apparently inoffensive fellow was a peculiar flush which tinged his cheek when any delinquency on the part of the crew roused his temper, and a whisper went round the ship that he had Indian blood in his veins.

However, I paid little attention to this rumour at the time, for a ship is nothing if not the home of gossip. The monotony of a voyage in a sailing ship is somewhat compensated for by the discussion of each other's personality and history. There is generally someone or other of a ship's crew who quite unconsciously suggests to the others—ever on the look-out for a new topic of conversation—that he is somewhat different from the general type. Hence, the quiet, taciturn demeanour of the mate, his absent-minded appearance, and the dark flush on his cheek when roused, was interpreted by the men as a sign of blood relationship to the red aborigines of North America.

I gave little heed to this myself, but was grieved to find that I could not engage the mate in conversation. In a small vessel, with a crew consisting of seven hands all told, to discover that your brother officer is not only a bad talker, but a very indifferent listener, is a disappointment which cannot be remedied.

Nothing compensates one for the pleasure of an interesting yarn, and therefore, when the only other man—always excepting the skipper—belonging to the "afterguard" surrounds himself with a barrier of reserve, one cannot be surprised at the growing dislike with which I regarded the mate.

We were now a matter of fifteen days out from New York, and continued to hold a good lead with the steady trade wind blowing in one direction. The bow of our staunch packet frequently ploughed through islands of gulf weed. Occasionally a squall came up a few points ahead of the wind, and these were more frequent and lasted longer as we neared the land.

By this time the skipper found that I was qualified by my experience and knowledge to take charge of a watch. We had no second mate, and it was at the skipper's suggestion that I now assumed that position, and relieved him of the necessity of keeping the deck every four hours alternately with the mate.

The change was welcome; I was tired of having no definite duties, and was so interested in navigation and seamanship that I derived no pleasure from being a supernumerary. The weather was now less settled, and we rarely spent a watch without taking in the gaff topsails and flying jib, and sometimes we put a double reef in our mainsail.

I had been some few days in my new rating and was in charge of the vessel in the first watch, when an incident occurred which looked like proving fatal to our enterprise.

II.

It was about four bells (10 p.m.). The wheel had just been relieved, and the look-out was for'ard on the deck load. I had settled down to smoke after the temporary excitement of a squall, and was leaning over the weather rail enjoying my pipe and watching the brilliant phosphorescence of the water, when my eye, almost from force of habit, travelled to the horizon in search of a possible light. Right abeam I saw the faintest glimmer of a steamer's mast-head light. I watched it closely for a time, thinking it might be a rising star. But no! It climbed too quickly above the water-line for a rising star, then stopped its upward movement and approached the schooner. The look-out man reported "Light abeam, sir." I made the usual reply and took my binoculars from the companion. With the aid of the glasses I could see her side lights, and noted also she was heading directly for us.

In a few minutes, flickering rays of light travelled upward from the stranger to the sky and across the squally clouds, then down to the water like a radiating arm. It was at once evident that she was a cruiser using her search-light.

Gradually the scintillating rays ceased. A steady piercing glare of light crept cautiously round the arc of water which included the schooner. It approached us almost stealthily, and paused as the glare fell upon the black outline of our vessel, and turned the water between us and herself into molten silver.

Every object would be distinctly visible to her officer in the conning tower. As she approached nearer to us the brilliant, penetrating power of the light was intensified, and but for the binnacle top she might have seen the very course we were steering.

EVERY OBJECT WOULD BE DISTINCTLY VISIBLE TO HER OFFICER IN THE CONNING TOWER

I called the skipper. He came up in his pyjamas, took a look at the approaching vessel, and having satisfied himself that she was a man-of-war, probably a Spaniard, went below to get our papers ready. Fortunately we had "cleared" from the port of New York in the orthodox way.

In the meantime the cruiser reduced the distance between us, and, when within a mile, fired

a blank charge as a signal for us to heave to. Escape was clearly impossible. Her speed was so superior to ours, even had we had a good lead with a strong fair wind, that we should only have excited suspicion in the minds of her officers without standing the remotest chance of getting away. Under the present circumstances, to show the slightest hesitancy in heaving to was only to court disaster. Her steam power, coupled with the splendid steering gear of the modern cruiser, was a perfect barrier against any attempt to out-manœuvre her, to say nothing of her quick-firing guns, and though the seaman-gunner of the Spanish navy is not a perfect shot, we were sufficiently near to make very indifferent shooting effective.

It did not require much professional experience to arrive at these conclusions, and, almost anticipating the event, I told the helmsman to put the wheel down a few spokes and bring the ship to wind; at the same time I sang out to the men for'ard to "flatten" in the head-sheets. This done, we soon lost our way and "lay to," rolling on the swell.

The light continued to glare down on us. The cruiser had reduced to half-speed, and was so close to us that I heard the ting of the engine room telegraph as it registered from half-speed to slow. Her propellers throbbing under her stern were quite distinct, though less rapid, and the pulse beats of her pistons were slower, but more marked as the engineer shut off the steam. She was now within two hundred yards. It seemed as if she must run us down. I had the two men standing by forward to slack away the sheets, and myself ready to put the wheel hard up, so that the schooner might pay off before the wind and avoid a collision, if necessary. But the officer in charge of the steamer knew his business. Just as it seemed she was towering above us and must put her bow through our bulwarks at the next few revolutions of her screw, "Hard a-starboard," she went and passed under our stern; then "Hard a-port, steady," and almost simultaneously "Stop!" rang down her engine-room telegraph. Then she ranged up to leeward, almost alongside.

The mate was by this time on deck with his watch. He stood by the after-companion, and regarded the armed leviathan with some amazement. There was little real concern manifested in his face, and I thought a smile was on his features as he turned his eyes away from the blinding rays of the searchlight. I could not quite see where the laugh came in, but I concluded, or rather persuaded myself to conclude, that he was chuckling at the way we should bluff the Espanolo when they overhauled our papers.

I was, however, not really assured that this was the case, but it served to allay my anxiety just then.

The skipper, having arranged the papers so as not to waste time, and concealing all documents having the faintest smack of contraband, came on deck just as the stranger hailed us in English.

"Schooner, ahoy."

"Hallo!"

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

"This is the *W. T. James*, of Machias, Maine, from New York to Monte Christe, San Domingo," replied the skipper.

"You are out of your course for Monte Christe. I will send a boat with an officer to examine your papers."

A few moments later we heard the creak of the davit falls as they lowered the boat. In the meantime we got our Jacob's ladder over the side, and before we had well finished the job the boat was alongside, and a lieutenant stepped on to the ladder and came up over our gangway.

"Buenos noche," said the lieutenant, as the skipper extended his hand. "Hablean Vd. Española?" ("Do you speak Spanish?")

"I guess not, Señor," answered the old man with the brevity common to the after end of small trading ships.

"Well, Señor Capitan, I speak English." This was said with a decided Latin accent, but his pronunciation was intelligible.

The skipper motioned him below. I followed in their wake, thinking that my knowledge of Spanish might prove useful, and for some reason or other I intended to keep the mate from having a chance to speak to him. In fact, though I did not care to admit it to myself, I was beginning to distrust the man.

The ship's papers were on the cabin table, and also the chart of the West Indies. There was no necessity to show a detailed statement of our cargo, and our copy of bills of lading contained no indication of the ammunition. These cases had been described as containing hardware, hence the ticks which had attracted my attention would not be seen on those papers which are signed by the customs' authorities when the ship is cleared, and which would be examined by the lieutenant.

The officer seemed quite satisfied with the documents, but was puzzled to know why we should be steering such a course, or why we should be in such latitude or longitude if bound for Monte Christe.

The question was perfectly natural to anyone well acquainted with navigation, and it was difficult to explain it away. I thought we should surely be trapped by this incongruity. The chart

with pencil marks showing our mean course was open on the table, and our position to noon of that day was indicated by a dot. I felt, during the very brief interval that elapsed before the skipper replied, that we were now cornered, for, simple as it may seem to the landsman, our position, with the courses traced on the chart, was an eloquent testimony to the fact that we could not be bound for Monte Christe.

I had, however, underrated the inventive genius of the skipper. He was quite prepared for this eventuality, and, turning round from the chart to face the officer, said, "Well, you see, sir, we were cleared from New York to Monte Christe, but in Lat. 20° 50′ N. and Long. 70° 10′ W., we spoke a Ward Line steamer from Monte Christe. She had been told by the agent to keep a look out for us, and we learned from her that we were to proceed to San Domingo city direct, as the new railroad near Monte Christe was not sufficiently in progress to require the material which forms a portion of our cargo, the other portion being 'Yankee notions,' which we shall trade in San Domingo when we get the necessary permit from the authorities of that city. As soon as it suits the engineers of the line, we shall proceed to Monte Christe with the material for the railroad, or transfer it to a native coasting vessel."

It required some self-control on my part not to display any surprise, as the old man explained the matter just as if he had read it from a book. But I managed to say in Spanish that we had experienced favourable winds, and therefore were going through the Windward Passage instead of round the western end of Hayti. Finding I spoke tolerable Spanish the lieutenant exchanged a few commonplace remarks with me.

He was apparently satisfied with the explanation, and, expressing his concern at having delayed us, was in the act of turning round to ascend the companion when his foot caught one of the ring bolts of the hatches on the cabin floor. His nautical eye immediately noticed several hatches.

"A rather strange way," he said, "of flooring a cabin."

"Yes," said the old man, "but perhaps if I lift them you will understand."

Suiting the action to the word, he raised two or three of the hatches, and there, right below us, were several tanks filled with petroleum. I felt very relieved when the officer went on deck, which he did promptly, no doubt because he knew the danger of ignition. In a few minutes he was over the side. We cast the boat's painter off. He wished us adieu. The boat went back to the cruiser, and we resumed our course.

The companion clock indicated that it wanted an hour before I should be relieved. The skipper and mate went below, and, as they descended the ladder, I could hear them boasting of the way we had disposed of the cruiser.

I had been somewhat alarmed myself lest the officer should not be satisfied with the appearance of things, and prosecute a more rigorous search, though I am doubtful if it was quite legal for them to detain an American vessel on the high seas before war was declared; but, in any case, had they discovered our intentions, we should undoubtedly have suffered. We were too anxious to escape observation to take any pains to press matters with regard to the possible unlawful act of the cruiser.

As I resumed my usual walk along the weather quarter the revelation of the petroleum in the tanks beneath the cabin deck was uppermost in my mind. It almost startled me as I thought of the probability of an explosion. For some weeks I had now lived constantly over what might prove through the slightest carelessness a floating volcano.

Next day I mentioned the matter to Captain Peters.

"Well, you see, Mr. Rhodas," he said, "it's very handy to pump it from tanks into barrels, and much better than carrying it in cases for our purpose. The danger of explosion is much overdone. If you dropped a lighted match into the oil in bulk, as it is in the tanks, the chances are that the watery nature of the kerosene would put the light out. A fire, of course, would cause an explosion if it reached the lazarette, but so it would if we carried case oil."

I had to confess there was a certain rough logic in his reasoning, but I should have felt decidedly more at ease if the oil had been stowed in tin-lined cases

We were now approaching the bay. If the wind held we should arrive in a matter of thirty-six hours. The anchors were put over the bow, and on the starboard cable a fender was placed to buoy the chain in case we should have to slip.

On the deck load we carried a fine whale-boat, very suitable for running through the surf. We fitted her with masts and sails, and also brass rowlocks for pulling where necessary. In the davits aft was a large gig of the type carried by all West Indian traders. The men, including the cook, were divided into boat crews, and we were to take charge as previously arranged.

The next evening we saw the breakers which roll over the Key at the entrance to the bay, and, fortunately, there were no other craft in sight. The skipper, knowing that I had been in the neighbourhood before, asked me to act as pilot. Seating myself on the skylight, I gave the courses necessary to avoid the reefs. Just after sundown we were reducing our canvas, and

by the time it was well dark we saw the red light on the hill which was to be a signal for us to anchor.

One of the men forward replied with our side-lights, and then took them inboard. The mate stood by the anchor with a maul, and as soon as the lights were on deck he knocked away the stopper. Down went the anchor with a splash. The cable payed out furiously for a few seconds, then stopped and jerked spasmodically round the windlass until the vessel brought up.

We lowered away the remaining canvas as noiselessly as possible, but did not furl the sails, so that we should be ready to get under weigh at any minute.

Our anchorage was about a mile from the shore, and, though we might have gone closer, the distance gave us a good offing if we should be compelled to slip our cable.

A small bright light now flickered on the beach for a few moments. This was the signal for us to commence handling the cases.

We got our whale-boat over the side, and, using our fore-throat halliards for a purchase, hauled out of the fore-hatch a few cases of ammunition, sufficient to load the whale-boat in good trim. The skipper, with two men, took charge the first trip, and, having a nice breeze, set the sail, and away they went for the beach.

The night was dark. There was no moon, but as I watched the boat I could trace her white sail as she neared the surf. The sail was lowered within a few fathoms of the combers, and then I lost view of their proceedings.

In about an hour the skipper returned. He had been met by an educated young Cuban, who called himself a lieutenant. The officer was in charge of a score of men, who opened the cases and took out the packages of ammunition. In this manner it was possible for them to carry the stuff to a larger party of men some few miles inland.

I took charge of the boat the second trip. I sailed over the unbroken water, but, before reaching the surf, got out the oars. We ran the boat as high as possible on the beach, and in this I had little difficulty, for I had been accustomed to boating on the surf-beaten shores of the Southern Pacific. Nevertheless, the slightest mistake might have proved disastrous, if not to ourselves, at least to our freight.

The party on the beach wore no uniform, but the young lieutenant carried a sword, whilst the others were armed with the most cruel of all weapons, the machete.

I was too anxious to get back to the ship to spend time in talking to the young officer. Immediately the cases were ashore, we launched our boat and waded through the surf until the water was above our waists, and then one good push and we scrambled in as best we could, losing no time in shipping the oars and pulling into deep water.

We made no more trips that night. During the day we kept anchor watch in the usual fashion, keeping at the same time a bright look-out for any craft or any sign from the beach which would necessitate an alteration in our plans.

With the exception of the solitary anchor watch, we spent most of the day in very welcome and refreshing sleep. In the evening, after a hearty meal, we hoisted all the remaining cases on deck. It was doubtful if we should succeed in putting the whole of these ashore that night, but in the event of a surprise we could "dump" them overboard "as easy as rolling off a log."

The old man ran the first consignment, the mate taking the second turn, and I the third.

The work proceeded for some time with but little variation. We were absent on each trip about three-quarters of an hour, and before midnight had landed several hundredweight of ammunition and three or four hundred rifles. At twelve o'clock we made a break in favour of refreshments. There was little conversation during the midnight meal. Our minds were too occupied with our business to find much room for other considerations. We ate with the rapidity of men who had a task that could scarcely tolerate the necessary intrusion of a meal.

Hitherto no incident had occurred during the progress of running the boat to and from the beach worth mentioning, and as I sat at the tiller on my first trip after supper I thought we should manage to finish the business without interruption.

My fear of our being surprised now sensibly diminished. We had made a matter of a dozen trips all told. I congratulated myself that I should not have to take more than another turn in charge of the boat. The night was clear, and a steady breeze was blowing from the point which terminated one side of the bay. The crescent moon had already set. A struggling line of fleecy clouds drifted lazily across the sky. The boat scudded along under her large mainsail with lovely effect, her stern gracefully carving its way through the swell with a heaving motion that was almost mathematically correct in its constant proportion. Her lines were so well shaped that she responded to the slightest pressure on the tiller

It seemed almost sacrilege to be bent on any enterprise connected with slaughter, yet there was a sense of pleasure and of strange excitement which seemed to spur me on as I watched the steering mark which I had chosen on the

beach. We were now within twenty fathoms of the surf, when, for the purpose of looking at the wake that was traced over the dark water in milky whiteness and brilliant contrasts of phosphorescent hue, I turned my head.

Right astern lay the schooner. She had no light visible, but I noticed that a dark column of smoke ascended from near the companion way.

"We are in the breakers, sir," shouted one of the men in the bow. There was no time to think of the schooner.

"Down sail and out oars," I sang out.

We were just in time, and before the boat had lost her way the men were pulling a good stroke.

"Back port, pull starboard," I cried.

Round she came, and we put her on the beach, stern first.

The first few minutes of my time were occupied in placing the boat in a suitable position for discharging her freight. This finished, and the work proceeding satisfactorily, I turned my attention to the schooner.

The smoke had given way to a huge blaze of fire that shot upward, and which appeared to rise through the cabin skylight.

The flames lit up the sky with a vivid glare. It was quite easy to watch the movements of the men left on the schooner. I saw them lower the gig and haul her alongside. This relieved my anxiety somewhat, for I now realised the probability of their escape.

It may sound rather strange, but, at the moment, so astonished was I at the suddenness of the whole thing, that I did not think of the petroleum in the after tanks.

I saw the fellows take to the boat and pull away from the burning vessel a matter of half-a-mile.

Presently, with a loud report, the old "wagon" separated in two parts, and her after end suddenly disappeared below the surface; the forward portion tottered and reeled on the boiling cauldron of waters which the explosion had created, and finally rolled over in a shapeless mass of wreckage.

We had relieved our boat of her load. I was sitting some little distance from the men. The Cuban lieutenant and his sergeant were discussing our plight, when my mind reflected very naturally on the incident of my being on that beach, a shipwrecked mariner, some two years before.

It seemed hopeless to expect help from Señor G——, as he was a loyalist. I was occupied between these thoughts and endeavouring to catch fragments of the officer's conversation, when my attention was attracted by a rustling noise in a mangrove swamp close by. At first I thought it might be a water snake, but presently the murmur of voices reached my ear, and almost in a moment a voice challenged us in Spanish.

We were stupefied by this sudden intrusion, and before we could reply a party of fifty Spanish infantry emerged from a thicket, and, with rifles at the "ready," warned us not to attempt to escape.

It was clearly a case of surprise and capture. The Cubans had foolishly neglected the most elementary rules of warfare. No proper sentries were posted, and most of them were without firearms. In fact, the only reliable weapons were the revolvers which we ourselves carried.

The Spanish troops were reconnoitring in the neighbourhood, and had been attracted by the blaze in the bay.

Scenting that something was amiss, they ascended the hill, and, aided by the light from the burning vessel, had watched our operations.

It was no use to attempt an explanation. The ammunition on the beach was what a Yankee would call "a dead give-away."

At daybreak we marched under escort to their camp, and, after an interview with the senior officer, it was decided to separate me from the Cubans and the other portion of our crew.

Next day I went westward with my escort to the small town of Santa Barbara, in the occupation of the Spaniards; and here I was tried by the General commanding the district.

My crime was found to be too serious for his jurisdiction, and I learned that I was to be sent to Havanna.

I was pretty closely confined in a temporary jail, and well guarded by armed warders, during my detention in Santa Barbara. My stay in their unwholesome quarters was likely to be prolonged, as the route to Havanna led through a country in which the rebels were numerous.

At last, tired of waiting for an opportunity to send me for trial to Havanna, and the news having been spread abroad in St. Barbara of the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and the United States, it was decided that I should be detained for a week longer, and, in the event of my not being able to prove to the contrary, that I should be shot as a filibuster and a spy.

It was beyond all reason to expect me to disprove the charge of being a spy. The mysterious disappearance of the gig and its occupants, and my separation from my Cuban and American confederates, left all my statements without support. The ammunition, and the incident leading to my capture, were more than enough to prove that I certainly was a filibuster, if not a spy.

In vain did I plead with the General that I was a British subject, and only employed in an American vessel. It was impossible to move him to reconsider his decision, and, though it may

have been legally wrong for him to have condemned me in this summary manner to death, yet, since war was now declared, it was not likely he would stop at trifles. The hours of my confinement passed wearily enough.

I was closely watched night and day by a sentry from the guard. At night the soldier would frequently look in to see if I was safe, and sometimes these nocturnal visits scared me very much. Often in a wakeful condition I used to start up, and there, right in the door of my cell, was the figure of a soldier, his long bayonet gleaming at the end of his rifle, ready to pierce me if I attempted to escape.

On one side, near the top of my cell, was a grating which looked on to an ill-paved street. In the daytime I could hear the feet of pedestrians as they hurried past to the town. It was not difficult to distinguish the dark, thick, unshod foot of the negroes from the booted foot of the more aristocratic population. As with varied gait the different people filed past the bars, I often thought, as some light feminine foot came for one brief instant in view, that it might be Dolores on her way to the church.

I had been in my solitary confinement for two days, the thought of my approaching end acting on me like a spell, when I began to think of sending some note to Dolores, whose residence could not be more than about a dozen miles away, asking her to help me.

Every day at noon the captain of the guard—a fair Castilian—paid me a visit, to see that the regulations with regard to my confinement were properly carried out.

I thought I had detected beneath his military and formal exterior a certain kindliness of manner, which might not ill-dispose him to assist me in my desire to communicate with my friend. On the occasion of his next visit, I determined to risk asking him to send a message to Dolores.

Fortunately he came that evening. By way of opening the conversation, I spoke to him about the Moorish conquest in Spain. Finding that my sympathy was with the Castilians, he stayed to talk with me for a few minutes.

IT WAS CLEARLY A CASE OF SURPRISE AND CAPTURE.

He expressed very genuine surprise at my being acquainted with the early history of Spain before the Moorish invasion, and I diplomatically referred to his being a Castilian. His vanity was flattered, and as the colour rose to his cheek in the enthusiastic and inspiriting conversation which followed, I fancied I noticed a strange likeness to a face, a photograph of which I still possessed in the pocket of my flannel shirt, and which by a providential fate had escaped the observation of my captors.

Next day we resumed our conversation. He expressed his sorrow at my condition, and spoke with some feeling in reference to my sentence.

"Ah, Señor! If you knew all you would indeed be sorry," I said, at the same time producing the portrait from my pocket.

He took the photograph and gazed steadfastly

at it. Then he turned to me and abruptly demanded:

"How came you by this lady's portrait?"

I told him frankly, although, at the time, my heart sank. This man seemed to be unusually interested in the picture. Could it be that he, too, knew and loved Dolores?

At this moment a flood of thought surged through my brain. For a moment I hesitated to put my thought into action. Then it seemed to me that to be shot as a criminal could serve no purpose. To die for one's country would be noble, but to be condemned for being the accomplice of a Yankee skipper, and the dupe of a half-bred mate (for I had no doubt but that he fired the schooner), was simply folly.

"Do you love Dolores?" I asked, now perfectly desperate to put my newly-formed plan into action.

"Si, Señor," he replied with perfect frankness.

"Then will you do something to win her? For," I continued, "I too am in love with Dolores. But should she learn that I have been shot without a fair trial, and you could have prevented it, your efforts to win her would be fruitless. If, after all, she should prefer you, then for her sake I will, hard as it must be to me, return to the sea and leave you to the prize."

He extended his hand and said, "You are good, very good, Señor; I will do my best."

He handed me a leaf from his note-book, and I scribbled:—

"My Dear Señorita Dolores,

"I am a prisoner in Santa Barbara military jail (Calaboose). I was caught on the beach assisting to land contraband of war. In four days, unless respited, I shall be shot, as the General believes I am a spy also. Lose no time in pressing your father to use his influence.

"J. T. Rhodas."

"*Yo siempre sera su amigo.*"

He took the note from me, and promised to do his best to forward it to the house in which Dolores still lived.

The events above related now gave a new turn to my thoughts. My mind was somewhat relieved, a ray of hope seemed to break through the dark cloud of my fate, and I felt that the officer who had command of the military guard was inclined to befriend me.

The hours now seemed to pass rapidly. My doom was fast approaching.

In the evening the captain came to visit me as usual, and brought me information relative to the boat which had left the schooner.

It appeared that a boat's crew had been picked up by a Boston steamer and landed at the Bermudas. They informed the authorities of the port that their vessel had foundered in a gale, though I subsequently learned that the mate had fired the schooner, as he was in the pay of a Spanish secret society in New York. This conversation served to while away a pleasant time, but, when I asked him for news about Dolores, he shook his head and said:

"I have to be careful, Señor; my position—in fact, my life, would be at stake, if I was found guilty of conveying secret messages on behalf of a prisoner."

When his footsteps had died away in the distant courtyard, I wondered if he was indeed befriending me, or was this merely a ruse to satisfy me for the time, and allay any anxiety or scruples Dolores might have on learning of my fate? For I thought, since he loved her, he would be certain to assure her of my death, and at the same time emphasise the fact that he had tried to help me, and thus find a surer way to the girl's heart.

Wearied with these thoughts, I spent some time in prayer to God, but towards morning, my limbs aching with malaria and my teeth chattering with ague, I fell asleep.

The sentry called me at sunrise. I dressed, feeling sure that it was now impossible to escape my doom. I repented, as was natural, my connection with the whole affair. My head burned with fever, and I left my breakfast untouched. I heard the bugle blow for parade, and a priest came in to administer the last sacrament, but, finding I was a Protestant, the good padre spoke to me in a suitable manner.

An escort of four men led me out to the courtyard. At this point the firing party closed up, and between the flanks I marched a matter of a mile beyond the town to the parade ground.

The sun was shining very brilliantly overhead on this eventful morning. In the little thicket which skirted the road, birds of gay plumage flitted, their pretty hues twinkling in the morning sun. Overhead a flock of turkey buzzards hovered in ominous circles round and round. It seemed an awful thing to be led out to be shot on such a day as this.

The men lined up about twenty paces ahead of me, their pieces already loaded, some with ball and others with blank cartridge, as is usual at military executions.

The officer asked me if I would like to turn my head. It was a great temptation. It seemed hard, almost impossible, to stand facing the gleaming barrels, some of which so soon would discharge their message of death. But with a tremendous mental effort I pulled myself together, and, although the words seemed to stick in my throat, I said, "I will face front."

My temples now throbbed with excitement. I could dimly see the officer, as he stood ready to give the word. Then a glaze came over my sight; the blood surged through my brain; my heart seemed to cease beating; my tongue clove

to the roof of my mouth. It was a moment of awful suspense; I heard, almost as if in a dream, the click of the rifles, as they pushed the "cut off" over the magazine. My senses were numbed; the fear of death was no longer upon me. I awaited the final command indifferently, with closed eyes.

But no command came. I opened my eyes and gazed upon the firing party—the officer and men were looking round at a horseman who was just dismounting.

This I saw, and then swooned.

* * * * *

When I came to, Dolores was bending over me. I was in her father's house, and she briefly related to me how Señor Gascon had ridden up, just in time to save me from being shot, with an order for my release from the Consul at Havanna, signed by the Spanish General.

The same lustrous eyes which had looked at me two years before, and that same expressive face! Yes, it was still Dolores, and I almost wished, when I thought of Captain Murillo, that I had been shot. Dolores would be sure to marry him after his noble effort to save me, risking, as he had done, his commission, if not his life. In a few days I was convalescent, and a note

IT WAS A MOMENT OF AWFUL SUSPENSE.

was placed in my hand by a Cuban servant of Dolores'.

"My congratulations, Señor Rhodes, on your safety! True, I do love Dolores, for she is my sister. During hostilities I go by my mother's name. Again, a thousand congratulations!

"MASCASO MURILLO
"(*Capitana*)."

And so, when the end of the war came, and I was appointed Harbour-Master at Santa Barbara under the American Government, I married Dolores.

"I'LL STAND LIKE THIS FOR A WEEK IF YOU LIKE"

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company

HOW SMOKING HURTS YOU.

By ALFRED T. STORY. *Sketches by E. F. SKINNER.*

SINCE James I. of happy memory wrote his "screed" against tobacco, many things have happened, not the least noteworthy of which is the fact that nowadays, when we venture to oppose a given practice or habit, we do not gather together all the strongest, bitterest, and most vitriolic terms we can lay hands on or tongue to, and hurl them against the thing we dislike; but we rather take reason as our guide, and see how far that will help us towards our end, feeling sure that if we cannot win by its aid, there is not much hope of success. In taking up the cudgels against tobacco smoking, therefore, I begin by invoking "sweet reasonableness," and asking those who read the arguments I shall set forth to believe that I have been exceedingly careful not in any way to overstate my case, that I have resorted to the best authorities on the subject of tobacco, and that my only desire is to benefit those on whose behalf I write. And, in the first place, I may premise that I was myself, for ten or twelve years, a fairly constant, though not an excessive, smoker. I smoked chiefly cigarettes, although when time allowed I preferred a cigar. I never touched a pipe. I should say that I did not begin to smoke until I was upwards of twenty-five years of age. The result of my indulgence in tobacco was that I began to suffer, in the course of a few years, very seriously from dyspepsia.

NOTHING DID IT ANY GOOD UNTIL I LEFT OFF SMOKING.

Then in a few weeks' time the symptoms disappeared. When I was quite well I resumed my cigarette habit, and in a very short time was suffering from dyspepsia as badly as ever. I again left off smoking—with the same result as before. This process I went through several times, until at last I came to the conclusion that not to give the habit up, once and for all, would be to convict myself of utter folly. As I did not desire to be included in that category, I became a confirmed non-smoker, with the result that I both slept and enjoyed my food very much better than I had previously done.

I did not, of course, arrive at my final decision without consulting medical authorities and looking generally into the scientific aspects of the matter. In brief, I made a thorough study of the subject, and what I then learned I propose now to set forth in as succinct a form as possible, backing up my conclusions with the opinions of the best and most recent authorities on the subject.

There is hardly any one of the vital organs which the abuse of tobacco does not more or less injuriously affect; and in speaking of the "abuse" of tobacco, I hold that it is almost invariably abused when the smoking habit is formed before the body has attained its full growth and development. Medical men are not generally opposed to a moderate use of tobacco, holding that within reasonable limits it exerts a gentle and even a genial stimulating effect upon the brain and the intellectual powers, and that in other ways it at times has a beneficial influence; but nearly all are agreed that upon growing, and as yet undeveloped, youth, its effects are so deleterious, that to such wisdom would say: "Leave it alone!"

One of the effects that almost every doctor observes as one of the most general concomitants of the smoking habit is its depressing influence upon the heart's action; and when it is understood that the depression of the heart's action means the malnutrition of the body, some idea may be gained of the seriousness of the interference. To this matter I shall have to return presently, when I have given a few particulars of the way in which the effect of tobacco is shown upon the heart and circulation. Dr. Chas. D. F. Phillips says that in persons fully under the tobacco influence, the blood corpuscles are less aggregated and more irregular in shape than usual, and he adds that palpitation and other diseases of the circulatory system, very prevalent in the army,

ESPECIALLY AMONG YOUNG SOLDIERS,

are largely caused by the smoking habit. The symptoms invariably cease when the habit is left off. Diseases of the circulatory system, it should be said, rank second in causing invaliding and death in the army.

Sir Lauder Brunton, physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, after speaking of some of the more recondite effects of tobacco on the system, says that it stimulates and then paralyses the motor nerves of involuntary muscles and the secreting nerves of glands. "In consequence of this action of tobacco on the intestine," he continues, "there is in poisoning by it, nausea and vomiting, with intense prostration and wretchedness; while the effect of the drug on the heart and the nerves connected with it is," he says, "to cause paleness of face, cold sweats, feebleness of circulation, dizziness, and fainting."

Dr. Jolly, of Berlin, and Dr. Krafft-Ebing, of Vienna, both of them authorities of the first rank in Prussia and Austria, go even further than our English physicians in attributing the most deleterious effects to the prevalent habit of tobacco smoking, especially in the case of young people. In Germany they go deeper into these matters, as into others, than we do in this country, and too much weight can hardly be given to the opinions of the physiologists just named, who attribute to the abuse of tobacco many of the diseases which afflict society, including general paralysis and other ailments of the brain, together with vertigo and loss of memory.

These are but a few of the more general, and, for the most part, physical evils which arise from the abuse of the pleasant narcotic. In these forms (except, perhaps, in nausea and similar disagreeable sensations) the tobacco habit is not so likely to show itself injuriously—at first sight—in the young. In their case the effects are much more insidious, and—in some senses at least—more serious. "By depressing the heart's action," said to me a well-known authority on the subject,

"TOBACCO INTERFERES WITH THE NUTRITION AND GROWTH OF THE BODY,

and not only of the body generally, but especially of the nervous system. For if the heart acts weakly in consequence of the use of tobacco, the brain is of necessity insufficiently nourished, and, as the result, the 'centres' cannot attain full development."

The sentences I have quoted embody the opinion of one of our leading authorities, a lecturer in one of the chief medical schools in London. What he meant by the "centres," are those portions of brain that have to do with special functions, as, for instance, the functions of sight, of hearing, of taste, or that control certain muscles, like those that move the tongue, the arms, and so forth. These "centres," in short, are intimately connected with the life and activity of the brain, and it is mainly through their instrumentality, not only that the different parts of the body are actuated and controlled, but that the mind does its thinking, its willing, and so forth. Hence the necessity that nothing should interfere with their full and complete working, especially during the period of growth and development.

But observers and investigators have found, especially in France and America, where the subject has been given more attention than with us, that tobacco smoking prevents the proper development of these brain centres. These observations have been made chiefly among students in colleges and universities, where it has been found that the smokers are, as a rule, never capable of competing on equal terms with the non-smokers. They cannot learn so well or so quickly, and they do not manifest so much retentiveness of memory as those who do not use tobacco. It is one of the commonest of the observed

THE BOY WHO SMOKES.

At 14.

24.

40.

Doubtful whether he gets any older.

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effects of smoking, by nearly all medical men, that

SOONER OR LATER IT GREATLY IMPAIRS THE MEMORY;

but it is much more likely to do this if the habit be formed in early life. Not only does it affect the memory, however, but it weakens also the attention, that is, the power of fixing the mind on a given thing in an effective manner; moreover, by causing amaurosis, it greatly deteriorates the power of sight, and thus weakens perception.

Nor are these various effects upon the brain the worst part of the evils of tobacco upon young and still undeveloped persons. Dr. Phillips (above quoted) says significantly that "there can be no doubt of the evil effect of smoking in early youth. It hinders the growth and development of the higher nervous centres, and may seriously damage both intellect and character by its depressing agency continuously exerted during the development period." This is very cautiously put; but it agrees in substance with both French and American authorities, who affirm that the constant use of tobacco deteriorates the moral character. In other words, it interferes with the growth of that part of the brain—the "higher centres"—which have to do with the development of the loftier attributes of our nature. So convinced have those become who are best able to judge both in France and America, that in some colleges and universities they absolutely forbid smoking, and eject any student who breaks the rule.

Before completing these notes, I put the question to a friend, perhaps the one who, among London physicians, has given the most attention to the brain in its normal, as well as its abnormal, relations, whether he thought such prohibition of smoking in schools and colleges was justified by the physiological effects of tobacco. His reply was very emphatic. "Most assuredly!" said he.

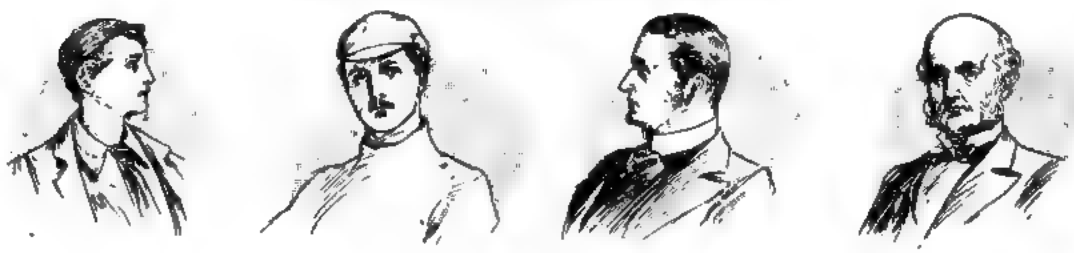
"NO YOUNG FELLOW WHO VALUES HIS HEALTH AND HIS FUTURE PROSPECTS SHOULD SMOKE BEFORE HE IS TWENTY-FIVE.

He will be wise, perhaps, if he refrains then. But no one can smoke before that age without injury in one form or another. The brain is a very delicate instrument, and, during the period of growth and development, the smoking of tobacco, especially in excess, is almost sure to injure it."

I have put these few facts together in the hope that they may have their effect on thoughtful boys. They know what their aim is in life—how high they wish to mount, how much they wish to do. If their only desire is to drag through life in some happy-go-lucky way, it does not perhaps matter much if they impair the body and brain with which they have to do their work. But if they want to be effective men and do effective work, then it is very much worth the while to take the facts here set forth into consideration, and, by the use of a bit of will and good sense, refrain from an indulgence, during their youth at least, that may do them much harm and stand very considerably in the way of their success.

[I may supplement Mr. Story's wise and temperate remarks by reminding readers of THE CAPTAIN that Mr. C. B. Fry has on several occasions in this magazine condemned smoking among boys and young men. Even when a man is fully developed smoking should only be very moderately indulged in. I hope that Mr. Story's article will be the means of showing a very large number of young smokers what mental and physical harm they will suffer if they persist in the practice. Editors of school magazines are at liberty to reproduce the whole or portions of this article in the periodicals under their control.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

THE BOY WHO DOESN'T SMOKE.



At 14. 24. 40. 70.

By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

IX.

MOSSOO'S LECTURE.

I BELIEVE his right name was Emile Alphonse Auguste Camille Favart de Jalaguier, but we boys used to call him "Mossoo." I must add, however, that if we called him "Mossoo" by way of first greeting, we did so at our peril. For Jalaguier had a great sense of his own dignity, and was wont to insist on being addressed as Monsieur *de* Jalaguier before he permitted any shortened form. Woe to the unhappy lad who, on first meeting the Frenchman, ventured to greet him with a polite "Morning, Mossoo." Jalaguier would acknowledge the courtesy by the imposition of two hundred and fifty lines. In fact, his mania for distributing punishments was proverbial. I recollect that on one occasion when the Junior Classic was going on a fishing expedition, and discovered that he had mislaid his tackle, a general chorus went up from the class:—"Oh, sir, go and ask Mossoo. He has always plenty of lines." But there was one consolation with regard to the many impositions which Jalaguier hurled at our unoffending heads. We very seldom did them.

Yet the manner in which Jalaguier most impressed himself on my memory is in connection with a certain lecture which he once insisted upon delivering at the school. It was in the early days of University extension, when England was beginning to ring with the cry of "culture." And in due course the infection spread to that village which, as we fondly believed, took its name from our school. And so it came to pass that a deputation, consisting of the Rector and a few of the principal townsmen, waited upon the Doctor, and asked him if he could arrange to deliver a lecture in the schoolroom. And the dear old Head said:—

"Lecture? Ah! yes, yes, to be sure. I cannot undertake to deliver it myself, you know. You see, my time is so very much occupied with the dear boys. (*We* could have given him a holiday). But I have no doubt one of my colleagues would be pleased to do so."

Whereupon the deputation bowed and withdrew.

But when it came to the point it seemed that the compliance of the colleagues had been rather too hastily assumed. First one and then another hesitated and found some excuse.

The Senior Classic (old Slowcoach) said he would be delighted to do it, but he should like a little time for preparation. If it could stand over for a month or two, or till the next term, or say the next year—but here the Head interrupted him, and declined to say anything of the kind. Next the English master remarked that he really didn't know. He thought he could manage a class well enough, but when it came to a lecture, he didn't know. A lecture was rather different to a class, was it not? He didn't know—and here again the Head interrupted with a polite intimation that he should prefer some one who did know. Then the Junior Classic was appealed to. I blush to record the answer of that young man. Thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he opined that all that sort of thing was rather rot, don't you think? But just as the Head was beginning to wax wrath with indignation and despair, Jalaguier came forward with a beaming smile. Expanding his arms, he exclaimed:—

"Ah! do not be troubled, my dear Doctor Goodenough—*I* will give the lecture."

And the Doctor gazed blankly at the Frenchman, and said:—

"Oh! H'm! Ah! Er—yes, we shall be *very* pleased. And what will be your subject, M. de Jalaguier?"

And Jalaguier rolled his eyes and said:—"Ah! but I will lecture on Rômanticism."

Whereat the Doctor looked, if possible, a shade more doubtful than ever.

But from that time forward our form had a very jolly time in Jalaguier's class. He used to read to us little bits from the masterpiece he was preparing, whilst we sought amusement in sundry diversions. The whole hour was generally consumed in this manner. Did the Frenchman show signs of pausing, a general cry went up of: "Oh, Mossoo! That *is* good, Mossoo! *Do* read that little bit again, Mossoo." And with a gratified smile Jalaguier proceeded with his task. But if flattery failed, a little adverse criticism was even a surer draw.

"I should cut that bit out, Mossoo," Carter would say, judicially, "I really cannot see the joke there, you know."

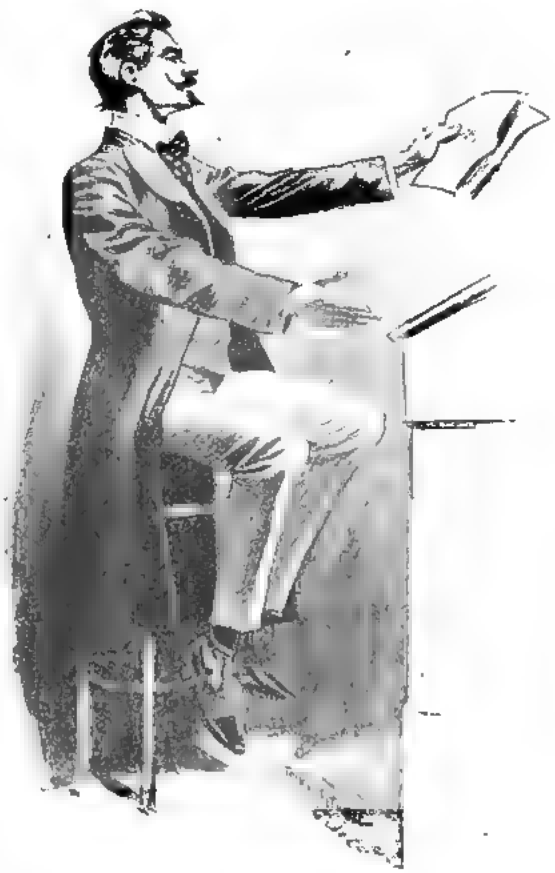
Then in a state of extreme agitation Jalaguier would set to work to explain the joke, and so between us we managed to keep the ball rolling.

But if, as far as appearances went, the boys were never tired of listening to the lecture, the masters were not so complacent. Buttonholed by the indefatigable Frenchman on every possible occasion, they had to resort to every kind of stratagem to avoid him. But though these might succeed in the daytime, there was no suppressing him at the masters' supper table in the evening. Taking advantage of their all being together, Jalaguier would recite to them what the Junior Classic plaintively described as "simply reams." At last they could stand it no longer and conspired with the matron to have supper laid half-an-hour earlier, without advising Jalaguier of the alteration. That evening the Frenchman arrived, brimful of fresh inspiration, only to find that his prey had fled, and that the fragmentary remains of the feast alone awaited his oratory. Then it began to dawn upon him that he was not altogether appreciated.

"Hélas!" exclaimed he, "I do perceive! Whenever I do long for the solitude I have only to produce my lecture."

Everything comes to him who waits, and at last the fateful evening on which the lecture was to be delivered, arrived. All the village notabilities were there—and so were we. The chair was taken by Major Williams, a little man of no very martial appearance, deriving his title from the auxiliary forces. And a very nervous orator he proved. He said:—

"Ladies and—er—gentlemen. We are here, h'm—er—we are here—er—um—ah—we are here (hear, hear!) to listen to a lecture from our esteemed friend, M. Emile Alphonse Auguste Camille Favart de Jalaguier (immense bow from Jalaguier, loud yells from the boys—'Good old Jal-a-gee-ay!') whose—er—abilities, and—er—talents, and—er—capacity, and—h'm—er—ah—*abilities* are, I—er—dare to say, not only—er—universally known, but are also, I—er—would venture to add, *known to all*. In these circumstances I—er—need hardly say, we are very pleased, h'm—er—we are very pleased, in fact—er—in short—er—we are *very* pleased."



HE USED TO READ TO US LITTLE BITS FROM THE MASTERPIECE HE WAS PREPARING

And, mopping his fevered brow, the Major gulped down a glass of water, and amidst loud cheers resumed his seat, in which he promptly went to sleep. Then, amidst the applause of the audience, and a tempest of shouting from the boys, Jalaguier came forward, and, with a magnificent bow, commenced his address.

"Ladies and gentilhommes. The subject of the lecture for the night is Rômanticism. (Great enthusiasm.) Now I did meet to-day one fellow townsman of yours in the street and he did say to me: 'What is the meaning of this word what you call Rômanticism?' ('No!' 'Did he now?' 'What ignorance!') But I did say to him, as I do say to you, that before you can understand the meaning of the word Rômanticism, it is necessaire that you do also comprehend the meaning of the cognate words, Rôme, Rôman, Rômance, Rômancist, Rômanesque, Rômantique—('Go it, Jal-a-gee-ay!')—all which words will duly appear in my lecture. ('Draw it mild, Mossoo.') And I shall illustrate the subject of Rômanticism with episodes the most pathetic, the most dramatique, taken from the language of language, that is (with deprecating bow) the French, and also (contemptuously) from the German, the English, and the Chinese."

And so Jalaguier continued for the space of about half-an-hour, when he at last arrived at the episodes which were to illustrate his lecture. And at this point he informed his audience:—

"When he do come to the episode, the true artist, he do not simply *say* the episode; he do not even *act* the episode. Ladies and gentilhommes, the true artist, he *is* the episode."

And so Jalaguier commenced to be the episode. And amidst

"VA-T-EN. EN ROUTE, AH!"

the laughter of the townsfolk and the loud yells of the boys, he turned up his coat collar, he rumpled his hair, he produced a pair of blue spectacles, and otherwise proceeded to disguise himself, until at last the cheers and laughter of the audience penetrated even the slumbers of the chairman and—he woke up!

And seeing Jalaguier bowing and scraping on the platform, and the audience applauding and laughing, he not unnaturally concluded

that the lecture had come to an end. So he came forward to say the inevitable last few words. Whereat the boys, who at once grasped the situation, greeted him with an almost frantic demonstration. At this the Major, pleased with his new-found popularity, commenced to bow—a jerky little bob of the neck which Englishmen call a bow. And the boys yelled louder than ever. Then Jalaguier, thinking the renewed cheering was called forth by his efforts, also began to bow—a most elaborate, dignified, and sweeping bow, recalling the graces of the days of chivalry. So the Major bowed, and the Frenchman bowed; then the Frenchman bowed, and the Major bowed; and so they went on, until, at last, they caught sight of each other. And a look of disgust crept over the Major's face.

"What conceited asses these Frenchmen are! Why does he want to block up the platform when any one can see that the audience are cheering me!"

So he bowed. And the Frenchman looked, if possible, even more disgusted than the Major.

"Ah! cochon anglais! Quel maladroit! Why for he come when the audience they do give the cheer for me! Conspuez!"

So he bowed. And I believe they might have gone on bowing, each after his own fashion, until this day, had it not suddenly occurred to Jalaguier to be the episode. So he darted across the platform in the direction of the Major, shouting at the top of his voice: "Va-t-en. En route, ah!"

And when the little Major saw the long, lean Frenchman rushing straight towards him and uttering unintelligible words, he quite lost his nerve, and turning, simply skedaddled back to his chair, leaving Jalaguier in undisputed possession of the field.

And when it was all over we crowded round the Frenchman, laughing and cheering, and even patting him on the back in our enthusiasm, whilst Jalaguier, suffering these familiarities for once, beamed benignantly upon all, and, shrugging his shoulders deprecatingly, enquired:—

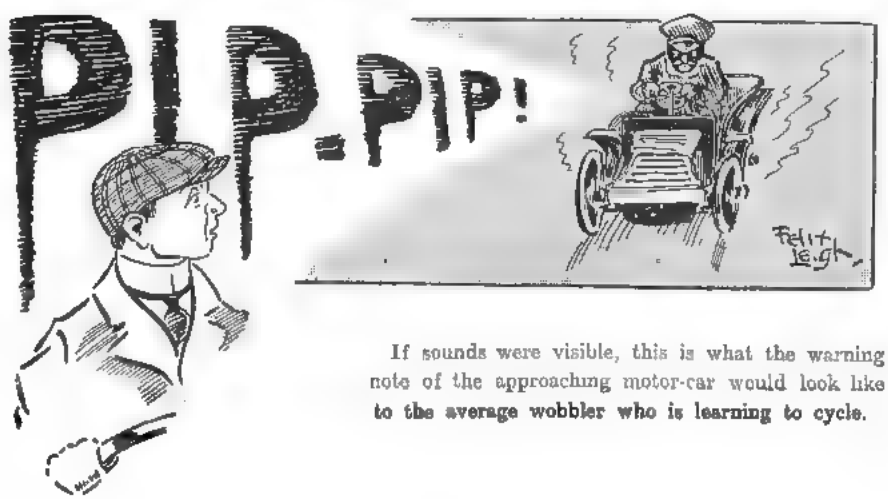
"How went it! Pretty well! Hein!"

And we all promptly responded in our best French:—"Il va off tout bien, Mossoo!"

And Jalaguier smiled a sweet, self-satisfied, complacent smile, and said:—

"Ah! I thought so. There are some fellow-countrymen of mine they do say the English they are so cold, so phlegmatique. But I do say to you that never—in the whole course of my personal existence—never have I come across an audience so congratulatif, so enthusiastique as that which did appear at my lecture."

THE SIZE OF A SOUND.



If sounds were visible, this is what the warning note of the approaching motor-car would look like to the average wobbler who is learning to cycle.

"WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

By Two Canadian Girls.

A GOOD DEAL OF PORK.

Well, first we *don't* live on buffalo and bear meat, with a little venison thrown in—in fact, we get precious little of the latter; and next, we do eat food very much like your own. We breakfast on good Scotch oatmeal—not like our American cousins, on pie—and our bread, made from the lovely Canadian flour, with our own good butter and cheese, cannot be excelled. But I must confess that our farmers' diet is, like that of David Harum's boyhood, rather primitive and unvaried, as it consists of little else but *pork*—roast, boiled, fried—day in and day out. You see, they raise little stock, putting their money and land into grain; so, when the crop fails, having nothing to fall back upon, they must perforce live on the easily raised pork.

We grow no large fruit in Manitoba, getting ours from Ontario and California, but berries grow wild and are also easily cultivated—raspberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, high-bush cranberries, saskatoons, cherries, and the delicious blueberries—the Indian's harvest. We import bananas, pine apples, and the festive water melon also. But we seldom taste the beautiful Nova Scotia apples; they all go to you in the Old Land, and we must take just what we can get and be thankful.

Plenty of fish comes to us, mostly fresh-water, though—Fraser River salmon, white fish, etc., and the dear little brook trout. We get oysters from the Atlantic coast. In Rat Portage, Ontario, caviare is made, and it is said to excel that sent to you from Russia.

In autumn and winter we feast on wild geese, ducks, and rabbits, which are all plentiful—not like our much-to-be-lamented prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, which are becoming so scarce that the season is made very short, and the birds are forbidden to be sold, under a very heavy fine, lest they, like the buffalo, should "vanish away, and never be heard of again," though we still have a *few* buffalo.

The quantity of ice cream consumed in summer is appalling, but we thrive on it. We grow our own vegetables, and raise plenty of good mutton, veal, lamb, and the roast beef of Old England, with, last but not least, *pork*.

Eleanour M. Davidson.

WHY CANADIANS AREN'T DYSPEPTIC.

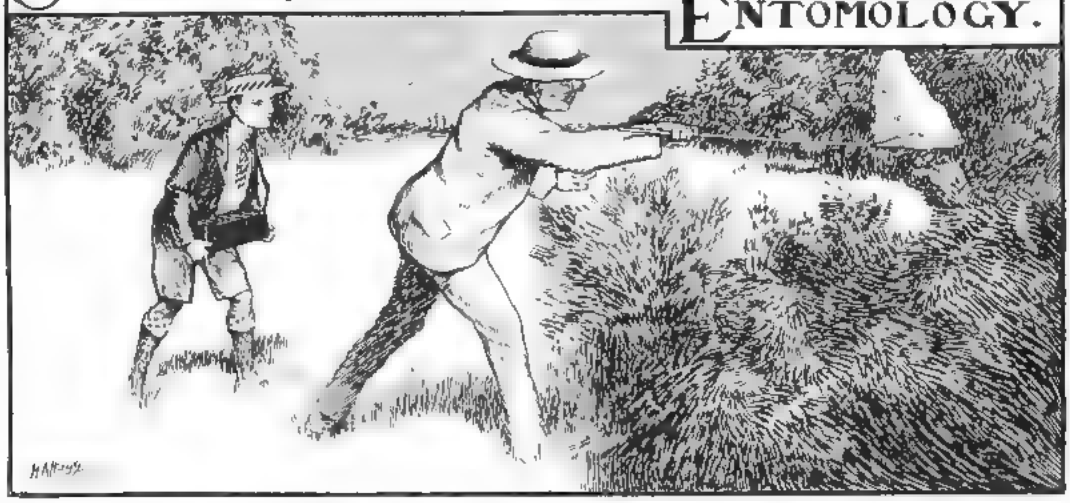
If by we is understood all Canadians, my subject is indeed a comprehensive one, for it includes the blubber of the Esquimo, the half-roasted fish and meat of the Indian, the "sauerkraut" and "pigs' feet" of the descendants of the German settlers, and many other dishes that do not appeal to a British palate. No one need suffer from a lack of the good things of the earth, however, for "Our Lady of the Snows" is a bountiful provider for her children, of whatever race they may be. The average Canadian does not, as many suppose, depend entirely upon the victims of his gun and rod for his sustenance, nor yet, unless he lives in the large cities, is he able to obtain every delicacy in season or out. In the spring he buys his maple sugar and maple syrup, the former of which is often made into *sucre à la crême*—the national sweet of Canada, and a jolly good one it is, consisting of maple sugar, cream, and walnuts.

Canada is a great fruit-growing country, and peaches, plums, pears, cherries, grapes, greengages, and many other kinds, are to be had in abundance in their various seasons, while good apples—there are none better than those of the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, or Ottawa Valley in Ontario—can be obtained all the year round. Strawberries come in in June, and are followed by raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries. Shooting commences in September, and woodcock, teal, partridges, pheasants, blue-winged duck, and many other wild fowl furnish very good sport, not to mention moose and cariboo hunting. On the whole, I think Canadians fare well and sensibly. They are not much given to hot bread, pies, and strong coffee, as are their neighbours over the line, and, consequently, are not dyspeptic. Canada is without doubt destined to be one of the great food-supplying countries of the world. The wheat harvests in the great North-west are enormous, and are yearly increasing. Before long Great Britain will be dependent on no foreign country for her provisions, but will be able to get all she needs from "her own shop"—a state of affairs eminently satisfactory to Canadians, who, beyond all else, have the welfare of the empire at heart.

Une Canadienne.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON ENTOMOLOGY.

by J. A. Oldaker, M.A.



THESE hints are meant chiefly for beginners, and that is why I have confined my remarks almost entirely to butterflies. But most of what I say applies equally well to moths, and I hope that all fellows who go in for entomology will find something useful here.

In the first place, I suppose I need hardly say that, for butterfly and moth collecting to be at all interesting, it must be taken up thoroughly, with a genuine wish to find out all about the subject, not merely for the sake of killing a few unfortunate insects and putting them haphazard in a cigar-box. So there is the keynote of all my remarks—thoroughness.

First and foremost, you will want a net. Do not buy any of the flimsy things that are sold at the fancy shops, for they will not last. If you can afford it, buy a net complete at a proper naturalist's shop, such as Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster's. Should your finances be limited, however, it is possible to make one for yourself. Get a brass Y from the above firm, and two canes, one for the ring and the other for the handle. Let the ring be a good large one—say, 18ins. in circumference—and the handle from 4ft. to 5ft. long. Any draper will supply you with green gauze for the net bag at 4d. a yard, and those who are fortunate enough to possess a good-sized sister will find no difficulty in getting the net bag made.

Most people when starting entomology get a wooden or zinc cork-lined collecting box for the pocket, but my advice to you is—don't. Get, instead, a few dozen nested willow chip boxes, or, better still, some glass-bottomed boxes, varying in size from 1in. to 2in., and carry these on your expeditions in a satchel containing two compartments, one for empty boxes, the other for those with inmates. The advantages of these over a single collecting box are many, and, to my mind, far outweigh the inconvenience caused by the small addition to the bulk of what you have to carry. In the first place, you will not have to take any pins out with you, and will thus save time when you find yourself in the midst of a colony of insects, as well as avoid damaging the wings by hasty pinning.

Another advantage is that you bring your specimens home alive, and can thus kill and set them at your leisure, instead of being compelled to set a great many directly you arrive home for fear of their becoming dry and stiff. But perhaps the greatest advantage of all is that, especially in the case of moths, by keeping the females alive you are likely to find some eggs in the box when you come to open it, and if you go in for breeding your gain is obvious. Perhaps at first you will find some difficulty in getting the insect into your pill-box inside the net, but after a little practice you will be able to do it in a moment.

With regard to killing, I am an advocate for cyanide of potassium, though great care must be taken of such a poison, and the insect must be left in long enough not merely to stupefy it, but to kill it. Chloroform is used by many people, but I always find it liable to stiffen the wings,

and I believe it has a bad effect on some colours. Nipping the butterfly under the wings is far from satisfactory, because sometimes you will nip off a leg, and often you will not succeed in killing it.

Well, having killed your butterfly, the next question arises about the pins to be used. Personally, I prefer black ones, and the smallest possible, for they are less conspicuous. It is very important to pin your insect exactly in the middle of the thorax, and to get all your pins exactly at the same angle, so that they may look symmetrical when arranged in the store box or cabinet. And, in setting, care must be taken to fix the wings at exactly the same angle, as well as the antennæ, and at least one pair of legs, in all but the smallest insects, should be set to show. Many books tell you to fix the wings with small strips of card pinned to the board, but I prefer to set them with tracing paper, because it flattens out any little creases there may be. It is a little more trouble to do, but no entomologist who is at all keen will mind that. When your insect is set, don't take it from the board too soon, or perhaps on a damp day it will "spring." I myself never in any weather take an insect off in less than a week, though in dry weather they are always ready sooner than in damp.

I expect many of my readers have experienced, as I have often done myself, the annoyance of having to pack up the setting boards at the end of a holiday, for instance, before the insects on them are fit to remove. Here is a simple remedy for anyone who is at all handy with a tenon-saw. Get a wine case, or any old box made of wood ½in. thick, and cut two pieces 14½ins. long by 5ins. wide, and two pieces 10ins. by 5ins. In the two shorter pieces, cut out four parallel grooves, each ½in. wide, at intervals of 2½ins., beginning from the top, or if you use small pins for setting you may make five grooves at intervals of 1¾ins. (see Fig. 1). Then nail the four pieces of wood together, so that they occupy the positions seen in Fig. 2. The inside measurement of this framework will be 13½ins. by 10ins.

Fig 1

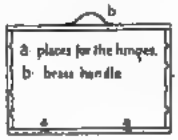


Fig 2.

Now get two pieces of perforated zinc large enough to fill up the spaces back and front, and fix one of these by means of tin tacks at the back of the framework. Fix the other to a thin frame made of wood ½in. square to fit on the other side as a door. This door should measure 14½ins. by 10½ins., and should be attached by small hinges to the *upper* edge of the bottom of our frame, so that when the zinc door is let down it may fall flat on the table and allow the setting boards on the bottom row to slide out over it. The door may be fastened at the top of the frame by means of a hook and eye. A brass handle on the top of the frame will complete this very useful article—a setting and drying house. Of course, the measurements here given can be modified, as far as the height goes, for any number of grooves can be made; but the width will always be the same; as setting boards are all made 14ins. long. All that is necessary now is to cut off ½in. of the cork from each end of all your setting boards, and the wood left will fit into the grooves made for them. And by so arranging your boards that the whole space of 5ins. is filled up in each row (*e.g.*, a 4in. and a 1in. board on one row, a 3in. and a 2in. board on another), you will be able to carry the setting-house about without in any way injuring the insects set within.

A little further ingenuity will enable you to combine a store-box with this setting-house, in which case a cork-lined box, 2ins. deep, and the same length and breadth as the frame, will take the place of your zinc door.

Talking of store-boxes, those fellows who are not too much overburdened with spare cash should remember that they can often get store-boxes second-hand, and these are quite as good as new ones for all practical purposes. A very good size to have is 14ins. by 10ins., and you can often get one at about two-thirds of the original price from Messrs. J. & W. Davis, 31-33, Hythe Street, Dartford, or elsewhere.

Cabinets are expensive things, and most entomologists prefer to wait till they have a good collection before they buy one. It is no good getting a cheap one or a small one. For one reason, you will soon fill it, and want to exchange it for a large one; and, for the sake of your insects, it is best to have a good one, well seasoned, and properly fitted with glass top and camphor cells.

It may be useful if I append here the prices of a few things which I have mentioned in this short paper. They are all (except where mentioned) taken from the catalogue of Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

Brass Y, 8d.; large ditto, 1s. 6d.; cane for ring and handle, 1d. each. The gauze for the net bag can be got at any draper's for 4d. a yard; setting boards from 5d. to 1s. 10d. each, according to width. Useful sizes to start with are: 1in., 6d.; 2ins., 10d.; 3ins., 1s. 2d.; and 4ins., 1s. 6d. New store boxes from 2s. to 6s., or at about two-thirds these prices second-hand; nested willow chip boxes in four sizes, four dozen for 7d.; glass bottom boxes, 1in. to 2ins., nested, 2s. 2d. per dozen. Killing bottle and cyanide of potassium you can get at any chemist's.

FOG'S MISTLETOE

HE SAID THESE WEE PLANTS WERE WORTH £30.

By MARTIA.

Illustrated by Anthony Helmer.

I.

THIS tale begins with a visit to my godfather, who lived in the far north, on the banks of the Coquet.

My godfather's house was a big one and stood in an immense garden sloping down to the river. The orchid houses were very low and all of glass; the flowers were of lovely colours, and shaped like long jugs, some of them. My godfather showed me one flat pot of tiny seedlings; each had two leaves, about half an inch high, and he said these wee plants were worth £30. It was March, so there was no fruit in the gardens, but bulbs and spring flowers were peeping up everywhere—snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and, in sheltered places, primroses. I learnt how to grow and take care of them all. One special thing my godfather had, which I had never seen before, was mistletoe, and in this I got greatly interested.

"How is it that it grows here, and in nobody else's garden?" I asked.

"Because I have grafted, or, rather, inoculated it."

"Will it not grow like the other seeds?"

"No, it is called a parasite, which is, I think, from a Greek word, and means a *fellow who lives at the expense of another*. That describes the mistletoe well, as it lives on the life juice of the tree, when it once takes firm hold, and as the mistletoe increases the tree it is on ceases to grow; indeed, it often dies, after many years, because of this greedy parasite."

"Oh, do tell me how you grow it. What do you do first?"

"I take a ripe berry, such as this," and my godfather picked one of the pretty white berries, "then I squeeze it firm to the young soft bark of a tree, and leave it to harden on, which it soon will do, as the inside is sticky, like thick glue."

I picked a berry and burst it with my fingers. Yes, it was just like glue.

"Will you do one now," I begged; "put it on the tree, I mean—'inoculate,' is that the word?"

"Yes." So we picked some half-dozen of the biggest berries, and wandered about, choosing from many young apple trees a tender branch such as he had described.

"Now," said my godfather, "the berries

are barely ripe until April, but will do now, I think. I have chosen an apple tree, as I generally find them best, but, as you see, I have mistletoe growing on thorn, peach and pear. Now, see—this bark is of two years' growth. I press the berry on under the branch so that birds shall not pick it off, and I put several berries on, as some of them are sure to fail."

I watched intently, and then, much excited, I was allowed to do the last one myself.

"Will it only grow on fruit trees?" I asked.

"No, it grows wild in some parts of England on poplar, crab, lime and sycamore. Many hundreds of years ago it was considered a magic growth when found on oak."

"Does it grow on oak now?"

"I have never seen it on oak," said my godfather, as we walked slowly from the orchard. "It is just occasionally found, but is very rare."

My pleasant holiday came to an end all too soon. April was nearly over, and I had to go to school the first of May.

When I left High Beeches I was quite laden with presents: a set of gardening tools, a sovereign, a book on plants, seeds of many kinds, and, above all, a small box of mistletoe berries, now in the finest stage of ripeness.

I was going to Hawker's School—endowed by one John Hawker some three hundred years ago—a school famous in the land, in fact, one of the great "nine."

Some fifty years earlier, a rich townsman (an old Hawker boy) named Grand, left a large piece of ground for the use of Hawker's School, also a sum of money to endow it. His will ordered that the ground should be planted with shrubs, trees, and "beautified to be a joy for ever." Also in and about it were to be separate gardens, divided off, so that any "Hawkerite" might claim one such plot during his time at school, subject to certain rules, the principal one being that the said garden should be "diligently tilled and cared for." A certain part of the money was to be set apart for prizes each year, all the young gardeners having a chance. There were prizes for the prettiest garden; for the best vegetables; the best dish of fruit (or fruits); and for the best collection of flowers. Besides these there was a special prize of £2 given for the greatest curiosity grown in the gardens, a cause of great emulation and secrecy to all the school.

A few days before the reassembling of the school my mother took me to see the headmaster. He said very little; told me I had taken a good place in the entrance exam., said he had known my father, Geoffrey Rayne, well, and was glad to have his son, who, he hoped, would be worthy of such a father. Then he wished us good-bye, saying he was so busy; but I screwed up my courage: "Please, sir, can I have a garden?"

Dr. Hales took a book from a drawer, passed his finger down a list, and then said:

"Yes, I think so. I will give you an order on the lodge-keeper to show you them."

So my mother and I passed out of the big iron gates, and walked down to the garden-keeper's lodge, and gave him the precious sheet of paper. While he read it I looked round. He had quite a shop there, seeds and bulbs, and matting and labels, and all things used in gardens, which he sold to the boys at cost price.

Then the garden-keeper, whose name was Brown, came with us into the gardens. We passed through groves of trees, and lovely shrubs and gravel walks, for several gardeners worked there always, and Brown pointed out the various gardens. They were not all together in patches, but in unexpected places here and there. No one was allowed to meddle with any of the boys' gardens; he had to dig, and prune, and plant, and weed himself. Each garden had its number, and each also a green post with the owner's name painted white upon it. I was interested to see what fine rock work Neason had, and that Scott had a forcing frame made of old photograph plates. Brown said Scott had cucumbers last year.

Ferrand's garden had fruit trees, and a border of bulbs round. Somehow I thought I should like Ferrand.

Three of the gardens had no names on them. Brown said I could have my choice of these, as the owners had left. I could not decide at first. All were very untidy. The boys who had them had been boarders, so nothing had been done during the holidays. I walked from one to the other.

"Choose quickly, dear," said my mother.

"It is so difficult," I sighed.

"Why?"

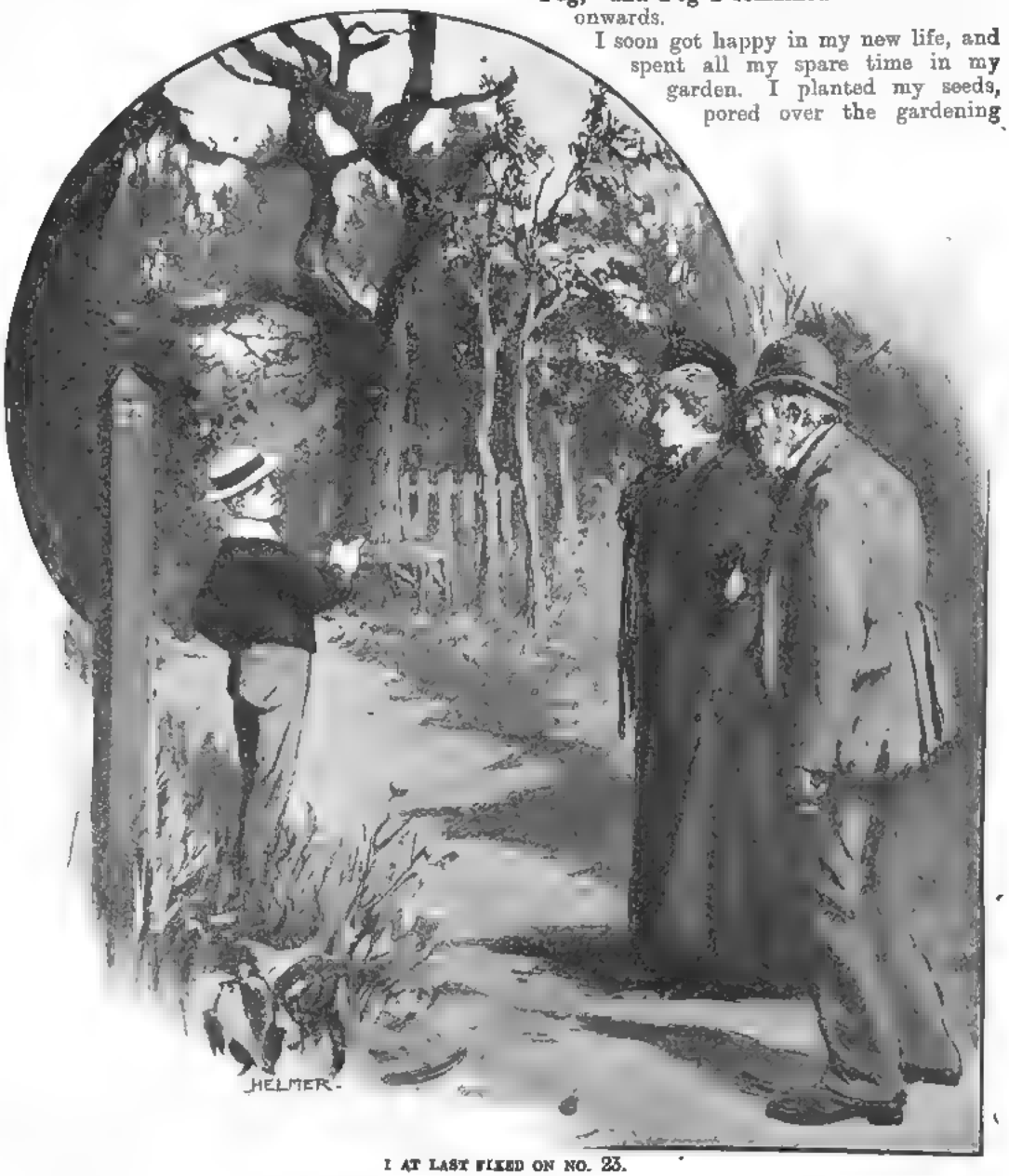
"Oh! because I want a place for flowers, and lettuces, and radishes, and things, and I want some trees, too."

I had not much time, but at last I fixed on No. 23. The ground for seeds was small, but there were apple, pear, and other trees in it, and, at the top, a young oak tree, whose branches shadowed a garden seat, which the last boy had made and left. I tried it at once, and looked proudly over my new property,

thinking how well "Geoffrey Rayne" would look on the green post at the entrance.

On May 1st school began. I found my good form place counted for little among the boys; I was not good at games, which they seemed to think much more important. My unlucky name had to endure all kinds of alterations. I was shouted to as "Snow," "Hail," and, finally, "Thunderstorm" (when I got vexed). After some egregious blunders at cricket, however, the bowler hit upon the happy sobriquet of "Fog," and Fog I remained from that time onwards.

I soon got happy in my new life, and spent all my spare time in my garden. I planted my seeds, pored over the gardening book, pruned my trees so heavily that I cut off the fruit buds, made many mistakes, and in a year's time began to really understand a little of the hard work, beauty, and science



I AT LAST FIXED ON NO. 23.

of gardening. The first thing I did was to "inoculate" with the mistletoe berries. I stuck them on the young branches of apple trees, pear, and thorn. I had six berries left when my eye fell on the oak tree. I would try them on that—a forlorn hope, of course. I climbed the tree, but there seemed no soft bark, so I chose the softest in several places, and scraped it with my knife, as my godfather had told me could be done, and then stuck on the berries. I felt sure I should remember all the parts of the tree that I had put it on, so I tied no marks round, and that was my great mistake.

II.

I NEED not go into particulars of my life at school, but will take up my story at Diamond Jubilee summer, when I had been three years at Hawker's.

I had worked hard and had been fortunate enough to get one of the minor scholarships. I was so glad to be able to help my mother thus. I was still poor at games and sports, but had many good friends, in spite of this failing. I spent much of my spare time in my garden; my second year I had even taken a prize for fruit. I had had one great disappointment—my mistletoe had been a failure. True, the berries had dried on, and had even shown a tiny green stem for a year on several of the apple branches; then all had fallen; not one thin root had penetrated the bark. On the oak tree the scraped places on the bark was all that I could find, and even of these I could only discover four. However, I had felt sure that these would fail, so I did not hunt again.

Diamond Jubilee was to be celebrated by an extra festive Gardens Day: prizes doubled, and many more of them, for collections of young plants, wild flowers (classed and named), etc. It was to be a whole holiday, and held on July 20th. Sports also in the afternoon, so there was something to interest every boy. Influenza had broken out in the school in June; the sanatorium had been full, but by the end of the month all had nearly recovered. Then, alas! I began with it. I was very miserable, as my garden was at its best, and I had hoped to enter for many classes. However, the only thing was to bear it like a man, and try to get well as fast as I could. When I was able to go out, I was ordered at once to the sea for a few days, as all the boys had been, so my mother took me to Cromer for a week. The sun and sea, and almost living on the sands, soon made me strong and brisk again.

We only got home the evening before Gardens Day. I first reported myself at the school, and then ran to the Gardens.

"Be quick," called the lodge-keeper, "gates close in a quarter of an hour." I flew along the paths, and then my heart went down and down, for *my* garden was a wilderness. My two currant trees had been stripped by the birds; my peas ditto, and hanging in limp, ripped pods; my scarlet runners had fallen from their supports and were trailing on the ground! I turned sadly from my wrecked paradise.

Gardens Day rose bright and beautiful. An hour's "preparation," and then work was over for the day and books huddled into lockers.

After call-over, the boys all remained in their places, and the prefects handed each an envelope containing entry tickets for every class of gardening produce. Then the intending competitors walked in groups to the scene of action, discussing the probabilities.

"Well, old Fog, what are you going in for? you look very sober about it," said a fellow.

"Oh, I say, Trevor, don't chaff. If you only saw my garden, you'd know."

"Well, I have, as a matter of fact, and it's beastly hard luck, and I couldn't do anything, of course. I say, let's come and look about it, and see if we can't ferret out something for you to show. I'm going in for prettiest garden and young plants, so I've nothing to pick and arrange."

"Will there be a good show?" I asked.

"Oh, prime," answered my friend, and his head went back with a shout of laughter. "The 'rare plants' are a joke; there's Forbes major has a melon, a weird little beggar about as big as an orange; and Jameson has a pink water lily; you know, his pond, don't you? Oh, yes, and Hartley's got a barrel with holes in it, and soil inside, and strawberries growing out of the holes; and Weeks has an Alpine anemone with fur on, and——"

But here we reached my garden, and Trevor's flow of language was stopped as we gazed aghast at the forest of weeds. Hunting about we found a few fine gooseberries, the only things worthy of entry. Trevor fetched me a plate from the big garden-house, where all exhibits were arranged on tables, and I picked my gooseberries (a poor show, as I felt), and then carried and placed them in the division set apart for smaller, separate kinds of fruit, put my card for that class (filled in with name and number) into the proper box, and

then walked back in anything but an amiable mood to do a little tidying among my plants.

I could hear merry voices near and far. Certainly weeding was very uninteresting on such a day. As the fellows passed now and then they ragged me in the usual fashion. "Going in for tidiest garden class, Fog, eh? Better make haste"; or "Fog is bad for gardens in July; don't try it," and such chaff, which I was not quite in the humour for. It was very hot, and I seemed to be the only one working. I took a rest on my rustic seat; then, to be out of sight, climbed the oak tree, higher and higher, until I was quite hidden, like Charles II., among the leafy branches. A quiet spot, and I tried to get over my sad thoughts, listening to the songs of the birds and hum of insects in the sultry heat. From the oak branch where I was sitting smaller branches forked off into still smaller ones. On one of these I idly watched a green caterpillar creeping slowly by, arching and lowering its back, towards the end of the branch. Now the caterpillar curved downwards, and I bent to see how it would crawl on the under side. Some slight obstacle barred its progress, and then I cried out in my excitement, for it was a tiny sprig of mistletoe—*growing*

Only an inch or so of pale green stem and some small fleshy leaves, but not to be mistaken for any other growth. I gazed and gazed in rapt admiration, only thinking of

IT WAS A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE—*growing*.

my success. Then the thought flashed across my mind. This is "rare," certainly. I will try it for the "rare plant class."

The entries closed at 12 o'clock, when the boys left the gardens, and the judges began their work. There was no time to fetch a mark, and without it who could find the tiny growth. My handkerchief. Alas! my pocket proved to be empty. Hurrah! my necktie would do. So I hastily divested myself of my school colours, and bound the tie conspicuously round the branch close to the mistletoe. Anyone under the tree could see it. Then I ran to the garden-house, filled in my ticket and description, "Mistletoe grown on oak," slipped it into the "box for rare plant" entries, and had just time to help

a gardener lift a ladder into my enclosure, when the bell rang for the boys to leave the gardens.

The mid-day dinner was a big affair at "Hawker's" on the 20th July Parents and many friends were there, and the big hall full. Much discussion went on as to sports and gardens, and the prizes. My mother was not there, and I felt that I could speak of my mistletoe to no one.

Sports were going on after lunch. Interested though I was in my friends' performances, I eagerly longed for three o'clock, when the gardens would be opened again, and the results of the judging made known. There was a great rush and crowd to the garden-house, and the various entries were much commented on and admired. Then part of the crowd passed out to examine the various prize gardens and growths in them, outside. At last I was able to make my way round. I passed my poor gooseberries, eclipsed by some half-a-dozen better entries; saw, further on, that Trevor's garden had taken a first prize, and then I heard my name shouted by someone in great astonishment. With that I pushed my way on to the "rare growth" prize list, and there, with my entry ticket fastened to it, in the most important place, *was the red ticket of the first prize.*

Yes, I had won the big prize of the day, a "double first," as Dr. Hales called it, given in honour of Jubilee year.

I need not go into the delights of the prize presentation in the Pavilion, when I was called up first, and had to answer many enquiries about my "interesting parasite" from judges, masters, and boys. "Fog's Mistletoe" still remains the pride of Hawker's Gardens.

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

ARE ATHLETICS OVERDONE?

THIS question is, in its recent prominence, a by-product of the war in South Africa. It was asked sometimes before the war, but neither as often nor as seriously. Why did the war excite the question? Briefly, thus. First, at the time when things were not going well with the campaign the critics at home and abroad were very much down upon the average officer in the Army; he was incompetent, they said, because he had not studied his profession, and the reason he had not studied his profession was that his interest was entirely absorbed in games and sport. Secondly, when Volunteer forces of various kinds began to be collected and sent out from England it was discovered that the average home-bred and home-reared Englishman could not ride and could not shoot, and therefore compared badly for warlike purposes with the average Boer and the average Colonial; and it was suggested as a reason of this defect in the average Englishman that he devoted his leisure to mere games such as cricket and football, instead of to military exercises. Summing the two aspects of the case together, a certain class of critic plumped volubly for the opinion that England had gone to the dogs *via* cricket and football, and, in general, an excessive devotion to athletics.

Now, with regard to the inability of the average Englishman to ride and shoot, it does not appear that devotion to athletics had anything to do with the matter. The England of to-day is a country of towns, and the normal pursuits of the average Englishman do not put riding and rifle shooting in his way. Even if you take English country life, the average man has very little to do with horses, and nothing whatever to do with rifles. In the colonies it is entirely different. The colonies have towns, but they are not town-countries; the main life in them is such that almost all Colonials have experience of riding and of roughing it, and a considerable number of them are familiar with the use of the rifle. And if all games and athletics, commonly so-called, were swept away from English life, English life would still remain as unlike Colonial life as before. It is difficult to see how, even if no games were played in England at all for the next ten years, the average youth from amongst us would be any better qualified then for immediate campaigning than he is under existing conditions.

Whether or not the average English officer neglects his professional studies in favour of athletic pursuits, most of us are very much inclined to doubt. One thing is quite certain, to wit, that many of the officers who have proved themselves extremely competent in South Africa have been men devoted to various forms of athletics; consequently there is no doubt that an officer can be addicted to athletics without prejudicing his professional competence. My own opinion is that the English love of athletics has nothing whatever to do with the shortcomings of the English Army officer, if they exist, and whatever they may be. It is all very well to point to the German officer, and extol him at the expense of the English, and to say that the former reads military history and plays Kriegsspiel, while the latter reads the *Sportsman* and plays cricket. To begin with, it has yet to be shown whether the average German officer is a better man at his profession than the average English officer. And then it is doubtful whether the German officer does not devote as much of his leisure to pastimes of some sort which do not catch the eye as the English officer does to games which do catch the eye.

Then, Mr. Kipling wrote a bitter and trenchant phrase or two about cricket and

football, and all other games, both great and small.

When, however, one comes to look into the matter, it is rather difficult to see how games and athletics can do much harm to a nation like ours. By far the greater number, infinitely so, of people are prevented by the undeniable necessity of earning their daily bread from indulging in athletic pursuits beyond a little, and a very little. And, inasmuch as it is absurd to maintain that games and athletics are in themselves bad, or that unless indulged in to excess they can do anything but good, the whole recent outcry against them appears exaggerated.

It seems probable that there is some misconception about so-called first-class cricket and football. It is impossible to deny that anyone who plays county cricket all the summer is, for the time being, entirely devoted to the game, and has scarcely any opportunity of doing any work. But the number of people who play county cricket is very small indeed in comparison with the total population of England. If you give 500 as the total number you are well outside the limit. And of these there are some who only play in their holidays.

As for football, a few hundred young men devote their time completely to the game, but the majority of those who play spend at most a couple of hours a week on the game.

It would, at first sight, appear from the great crowds which go to see first-class cricket and football, that the general public wastes a deal of time, if it is wasted, upon watching games. Yet is it so? Ninety per cent. at least of the cricket and football crowds belong to the poorer classes; necessarily these only spend their actual leisure in attending games. It is a mistake to suppose that because some thousands of people watch a cricket match for three days that the crowd is all the while made up of the same people; they go and come; the greater number only put in a few hours at the ground and then go away, and others take their places. And as for football, it is almost impossible for any spectator to spend more than three hours a week in watching it.

The truth about county cricket and league and cup-tie football is that these games are popular entertainments: and the justification of the lines on which they are organised and played is the amount of amusement they afford to the public.

It may be said that the space and attention devoted to games in newspapers is out of all proportion to the importance of games as compared with other events. But the reporting of cricket and football is merely a means of providing those who cannot see the games with, so to speak, second-hand entertainment. And no one with his head screwed on at a fairly proper angle can be so stupid as to suppose that because a newspaper devotes a column to a cricket match and only a paragraph to a political crisis, the game is regarded by the editor as the more important event. The fact is, a game is very easy to report and to make interesting: it happens always fairly early in the day, and can easily be got into print. But important political events often turn up by brief telegram late at night, and as often do not afford any opportunity for elaboration.

In general, it is difficult to see how the nation at large can be said to sacrifice upon games and athletics time and energy which should be devoted to more important matters. Nearly everyone has work to do; and the penalty for not doing it is in nearly every case too heavy to encourage any excessive indulgence in athletic pursuits. When one remembers that nowadays the majority of Englishmen live in towns, and follow more or less sedentary pursuits, it is surely no bad thing that there is a tendency among us to spend what little leisure we have in outdoor games. To put the merits of athletics on the lowest basis, there are so many much worse ways of spending leisure than in enjoying cricket and football, whether at second-hand as a spectator or at first-hand as a player.

There is one place, and one only, where the average individual can go for games for more than they are worth, and that is at school. Do we spend too much of our school time in athletic pursuits? That is a question worth looking into.

First of all, it must not be forgotten that a large number of schools in England are actually short of games and athletics. It is only in the schools of the well-to-do classes, the public schools, so called, and kindred educational establishments, that there is any possibility of too much time and attention being given to games. Under no system whatever is it possible, even if it were desirable, for boys to be at work the whole day: boys must have leisure, and they must spend their leisure somehow: and no better way of spending it has yet been discovered than indulgence in field games.

If you take, as an example, schools like Charterhouse and Repton, where games are

given the fullest prominence and attention, and where as much time is devoted to them as at any schools, you will find that the number of hours per week devoted to work is ample. No boy can fruitfully spend more than six hours a day at book work, and that is about the average at the greatest game-playing schools. There can be no doubt that sufficient time is given to work. Indeed, a well-known authority on education has maintained that the public school boy spends too much time in the class-room: the same result should be obtained, he says, with shorter hours, if those hours were properly spent.

On the other hand, it is quite true that athletic success is too highly esteemed among boys at public schools. It is not that boys do not admire intellectual proficiency: they do: but athletic proficiency comes home to them more closely. The average boy is more likely to make a hero of W. G. Grace than of Huxley, for the simple reason that he understands cricket, but does not understand philosophy: he knows what W. G. has done, but Huxley is a mere name to him, if that.

It is clear enough that a boy can achieve all that is possible at school in the athletic line, and yet achieve all that is possible for him in the intellectual line. But athletic pursuits may be prejudicial in two ways. It is, of course, granted that intellectual proficiency, unless achieved at the expense of health, is infinitely more valuable than anything in the shape of athletic success. But a boy who is successful in athletics often expends all his energy and purpose upon his games, and leaves none for his work: he need not do so, but he does sometimes. Clearly he is making a great mistake. Again, a boy who is successful in games often finds his ambition thereby satisfied: his athletic success carries him to the front for the time being, and he has no spur to prick him forward in work.

It must, I think, be admitted that the perspective of the average boy is incorrect: he sees games too big and work too small. But he need not: he ought to divide his mind into two departments, one for games and one for work, and keep both departments perfectly efficient. It is not time that fails him: he has ample time for both departments. But if he gives full attention to the games department, and only a half-hearted attention to the other, it is fair to say he is spoiled by his games. The exaggerated importance sometimes attached to athletic success at school is, of course, absurd enough. But it is not correct, I think, to say that games are overdone. Work is often underdone: which is a different matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. Houston.—I am sorry to say I am not able to give you the name of any school where it is the custom to reward proficiency in studies by adding a gold button to the cap. Perhaps some of the readers of THE CAPTAIN can oblige with the information.

W. B. Welsh.—You can get a good bat from any of the makers who advertise in THE CAPTAIN. Write to one of them, mentioning your height and age.

St. Stephen's C.C.—If a batsman refuses to go on with his innings after a stoppage for rain when the umpires and captains agree that play is to commence again, he, of course, loses his innings, and is out. He would be entered in the score book as absent, but would be credited with any runs he had made before the stoppage.

B.B.—(1) I have no doubt that you would benefit by following a system of physical culture. I certainly do not think that the American system you mention has any superiority over the English system you compare it with; certainly not enough to justify the difference in price. (2) The batsman is not out if the wicket-keeper catches the ball with one hand, and puts down the wicket with the other; the wicket must be broken with the hand that contains the ball. (3) If you write, giving full particulars of what you require in the way of a bat, to Messrs. Shaw and Shrewsbury, of Nottingham, they will, no doubt, send you exactly the right sort. (4) The Badminton volume on "Cricket" costs, I think, 6s. It does not treat of the purely technical part of cricket as fully as does Ranjitsinhji's book, but is very good. (5) It is difficult to say what are the best books to recommend to your French friend; it depends what his age is. I should say Sir Walter Scott's novels might suit him.

Smiler.—If there is a very feeble chap in an XI., and you want a good long-stop, where ought you to put him? Obviously, not long-stop. Perhaps mid-on is the best place for a bad catcher But catches follow a bad fielder wherever you put him.

Half-Back.—With the amount of walking you do you ought to be in good enough condition. You might do a little sprinting twice or three times a week in the evening. You ought to try to get three or four easy practice matches before playing in a hard match. You do not need to be very highly trained for football.

M. R. Murray.—The fact of the bowler's umpire having given the man not out for an appeal for a catch at the wicket, does not make the ball dead. If the wicket-keeper then stumps the man, the square-leg umpire can give him out.

L. E. C. Clark.—I should say that J. R. Mason was the better all-round man of the two you mention. But what about F. S. Jackson and Hirst?

V. W. D.—If the wicket-keeper simply returned the ball to the bowler, for the latter to bowl again, the ball was dead, and the batsman not out. If, on the other hand, the wicket-keeper threw the ball back, with the obvious intention of running the batsman out, the ball was not dead, and the batsman was out. It was a matter for the umpire to decide.

E. H. Farrand.—A batsman is not out for knocking his wicket down, unless he does so actually in playing a stroke. From your description of the incident, I take it that the batsman knocked his wicket down, not in making a stroke, but in running, in which case he was not out.

J. S. Clark.—I should say the most difficult ball to play on a good wicket is a yorker. Mr. C. B. Fry is 5ft. 10½in. in height. "Hippopotamice" is quite a new plural of Hippopotamus.

G. H. Escott.—The match that you describe was a tie. If a batsman is away, so that he cannot take his innings, he is reckoned to have been in, and, of course, to have made no runs. There is no doubt about this whatever. Time cannot be called in the middle of an over. If begun the over must be completed. Umpires, as a rule, do not allow an over to begin if time is likely to be up in the middle of it.

H. M. W.—A proper system of gymnastic exercises ought to develop the muscles uniformly all over the body. And it ought also to develop the chest expansion. It is a great mistake only to develop the muscles of the arms. As a matter of fact, nothing is more important than to have a good chest, which usually means good lungs and a good heart. Of course, it is a bad thing to walk with the head poked forward. Lawn tennis is an admirable game. But there are two ways of playing it; one is hard, fast hitting, the other is commonly known as pat ball. I believe that grip machines are very good for the purpose for which they are intended. I expect you will see one advertised somewhere in THE CAPTAIN. I have not the least objection to being snapshotted.

R. B. Firth.—The fact of the bowler breaking the wicket his own end in the act of bowling does not make the ball a no-ball. So, if the ball in question happens to bowl the batsman, the latter is, of course, out.

J. M. Thatcher.—If you have the opportunity, fives and rackets are the best games to play in winter, with a view to keeping in training for cricket. But any outdoor game, of course, helps to keep you in condition. You can keep actually fit for cricket only by playing cricket: because the game calls upon special combinations of muscles. But general good condition you can maintain by almost any form of regular exercise

K. R. C. C.—How you managed to tip a swift ball so that it went round the wicket, and hit it at the back and knocked the bails off, I do not understand. Did the ball rebound from the wicket-keeper's pads? If so, you were not out. If the ball went directly from bat to wicket, you were out. As to the catch, it is a proper catch if the man's hand is between the ball and the ground, so that no part of the ball is touching the ground. The hand itself may rest on the ground under the ball. Neither of the batsmen was run out in the case you mention. When the bails were first knocked off one or both men were inside the crease that end, and then the one who ran back was inside the crease when the ball arrived at the other end. Bats should be oiled twice a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter.

K. Truelove.—I have complied with your request.

De Wet.—Sorry to say I can give you no useful advice on the first point. Thinness is, I believe, sometimes constitutional. The best way to learn to swim is, I think, to try by yourself. When you know the proper action of arms and legs, nothing is required but confidence. I do not think the fishing-rod and rope dodge is much good, except to teach the action.

H.D.—The best oil for cricket bats is a mixture of olive and linseed oils. See answer to K.R.C.C.

N.—Your hand-writing does not seem, to me, very bad. You might try a softer pen, and write rather larger. I should not think your hand is particularly unsteady. If it is, I am afraid I know of no remedy.

D.C.L.—If the ball fell out of the fielder's hands into her dress, without touching the ground, the batsman was out. *Vide* the rules of cricket touching the ball being caught in any part of the fielder's dress or person.

An Admirer.—It would take a page to describe the correct position for starting. But I described it in THE CAPTAIN in an article on athletics not very long ago. You might try the American method, with both hands on the starting line and the feet about a foot apart behind it. You can get a small book (price 1s., "Athletics," in the All-England Series), which describes the method.

F.E.R.—For l.b.w. the ball must pitch in the narrow rectangle formed by parallel lines drawn from the outside edges of one wicket to the outside edges of the other, and must also, in the opinion of the umpire, be going to hit the wicket. A bowler bowling round the wicket cannot get a man l.b.w. unless the ball breaks a good deal or is very much pitched up I do not think the loss of a toe will impede you much. If it were a big toe it would matter more.

A. H. Matthews.—I know of no means whereby you can increase your height. But you do not say how old you are. People grow, you know. The more outdoor exercise you take, the better. Thank you for your good wishes.

H. Suhr.—You might write to the Secretary of the North Surrey Golf Club, Norbury, asking him for particulars. I do not see why you should not be eligible for election to a golf club on account of your age. I do not know the subscription, but the Secretary would, no doubt, tell you. You might start with four clubs, which would cost about 5s. each Golf would be a very good game for you. It is a pity about your eyesight, and about your inability to play games like cricket and football. But you are quite young, and may easily out-grow your weakness.

Proteus.—Please go on writing. As long as you are amusing yourself, I am only too delighted, but I find it rather difficult to answer so many different questions.

Sussexite.—(1) Ordinary pipeclay or Blanco does for cricket boots. (2) Lockwood, on his day, is the fastest bowler. (3) Hirst, when in form. (4) Tate is a very good bowler. (5) G. L. Jessop is the best field. (6) V. Trumper.

H. F. Smith.—(1) In order to run a batsman out, the man who puts the wicket down must do so with the hand which contains the ball. In the case you mention the batsman was not out, as the wicket-keeper broke the wicket not with his hand but with his knee. (2) The only cure for bruised hands is rest. Fives is rather hard on the hands. You ought to get your hands hard gradually.

H. Crosley.—Your writing seems all right, but you might make it more free. It looks rather too much like print.

C. B. Fry

IN THE RED MAN'S LAND.

By JOHN MACKIE.

BLOOD INDIAN SQUAWS, PAPOOSES AND TRAVOIS, READY FOR A LONG JOURNEY OVER THE PRAIRIE.
Photo, Steele and Co., Winnipeg.

[In view of Mr. Mackie's approaching serial, "THE RISING OF THE RED MEN," the author has supplied us with the following introductory facts.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ONE of the most refreshing and picturesque fields for a novelist is to be found in the Canadian North-West Territories among the Red Indians and the British and French half-breeds, or *metis*, as they are called. Only one or two who have had practical knowledge of their subject have succeeded in conveying anything like an idea of the spirit-broadening, free life, so full of danger, yet so full of attraction, that the trapper, the voyageur, the North-West Mounted Policeman, and the adventurer lead in that Great Lone Land. It is all very well to write from a purely artistic point of view about its romantic past, the conquest of great rivers and plains, of sanguinary encounters with tribes of hostile Indians, and of the volatile and excitable race of half-breeds who have twice rebelled, and who bear grand old historical French names—their forbears belonged to the company of "gentlemen adventurers" who hailed from France, and hardy Anglo-Celts—but unless one has been a sojourner in the land and lived the life of the people it is impossible to impress the reader with the spirit and the picturesqueness that constitute its real charm.

It is unlike any other land or life. Here Nature has worked on a grand scale. Compared with the mighty Saskatchewan, the rivers of Europe are but tiny streams. The great fresh-water lakes are like seas on which one might drift about for days and never see land; and the vast plains or prairies are so interminable that day after day as one travels across them earth and sky meet all round, and convey the idea of limitless space. Perhaps the predominant feature of these prairies is the absence of all sound—the absolute stillness that haunts one like a living presence. Now and again in summer one may hear the rustle of the prairie grasses as the winds stray through them, or in winter the hiss of the deadly blizzard as the dry and drifting snow scours the frozen earth, but always there is that sense of man's insignificance in those vast solitudes. As for the swift, roaring rapids, and the great gloomy pine woods where the bear, the musk ox, and the wood buffalo still roam without fear or hindrance, one has only to visit them to understand how it is that the red man has peopled whirlpool and forest aisle with weird and beautiful creatures of his fancy, and boasts such a wealth of fairy-lore and legend. Small wonder he hears strange voices in the ever-murmuring forces of Nature, and detects ghostly human semblances in the fashioning of rocks and trees. When at night, away to the north, over the vast frozen plains of snow, he sees the Aurora Borealis with its shafts of pearly, silvery, and rosy light, radiating fan-like from the throne of the great Ice-king, crossing and re-crossing one another transversely, it seems very natural indeed that he should call it "The Dance of the

A TYPICAL RED MAN AT DOOR OF TEPEE.
Photo, E. W. Snider.

Spirits." Hence the poetical form of expression and the love of imagery in the Indian language.

Here and there over this great land are little communities of half-breeds. On the site of Winnipeg, now a great city, there stood in the year 1870 a Hudson Bay post called Fort Garry. On the banks of the Red River hard by was the principal settlement of half-breeds in the country. This was the scene of the first rebellion under that dangerous religious fanatic and malcontent, Louis Riel. With his moccasined "generals" he seized the Fort, murdered and pillaged, and necessitated the famous Red River Expedition under Lord Wolseley, then plain Colonel Wolseley. But Riel and his hirelings fled to American soil on the approach of the redcoats. The half-breeds and their Red River carts, their ponies and their cattle, moved on to the Saskatchewan River some few hundred miles to the north-west, and there, where the cold was not quite so intense, where herds of buffalo blackened the plains as far as the eye could reach, and it was a man's own fault if he did not profit by the abundance of Nature's gifts, they settled down, and for many years were contented and happy.

In the meantime the Canadian Pacific Railway was projected through the country, and land began to have a marketable value. White settlers came; happy and prosperous homes sprang up on the prairie, and the beautiful and richly-grassed meadows in the bluff country, in the neighbourhood of Qu'Appelle Valley and the Saskatchewan, were stocked with herds of cattle and mobs of horses. It was, as it is still, a pleasant land for the strong and self-reliant in which to live. There was abundance of all kinds of game everywhere; there were fish in the lakes and rivers, all manner of wild fruits in the bluffs and creek bottoms, and you could count on your fingers the few days in the year on which the sun did not shine. The half-breeds diversified their spells of freighting, hay-cutting, and hunting with dancing and merry-making, at the same time living on good terms with their white neighbours. The Indians, notably the once warlike Blackfeet nation under their great ruler "Crowfoot," who was influenced by the wise counsels of the great missionary, Père Lacombe, with a certain section of the Crees under long-headed old Piapot, had settled down peacefully, abandoning many of their wild, barbaric ways in deference to what they realised was the superior power and just legislation of Great Britain. The North-West Mounted Police, a splendid body of picked men who wore the uniform of the dragoon, and then only some five or six hundred strong, kept order in a tract of country larger than Europe with comparatively little difficulty. These men relied not so much on a display of physical prowess, as on the moral effect of their presence. Where in the United States, just across the international boundary line, they would have sent a squadron of cavalry to effect a capture, two Mounted Policemen would go into a large camp of Indians and take away their man without the slightest fear. It was a black day for the trooper who allowed himself to be "stood off," or a prisoner to escape. The annals of the North-West Mounted Police read like a romance, so high has been their ideal and standard of duty,

and their conscientious carrying out of the same.

Amongst the hundreds of stories which I could tell to exemplify this, here is the first that comes to my mind.

A member of the force rode out one day into the wilderness after a man who was badly wanted. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, but that trooper did not come back, nor was he or his prospective prisoner heard of. The Police patrols from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, were warned to look out for them; but neither the Mounted Police, the Indians, nor the half-breeds could find any clue regarding their whereabouts. In due course the trooper's name was struck off the strength of the force, and his fate remained a mystery.

But one day, as the division to which he belonged was drawn up for inspection in the barrack square, two ragged and footsore men were seen approaching. They were two of the sorriest tramps it were possible to imagine, and the troopers on parade wondered and were moved to pity. Then one of the two men, whose face bore traces of starvation and want of sleep, went up to the orderly officer and saluted.

He was the missing trooper, who had returned, a scarecrow of his former self, but with him he had brought his prisoner!

This is only one of many *true* stories I could tell regarding the North-West Mounted Police. Sir Gilbert Parker, in his "Pierre and his People," gives some very graphic sketches of the Riders of the Plains, as the Police are called in the territories; and when it is said that Strathcona's Horse and the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa were largely officered by and composed of members of the North-West Mounted Police, they need no further commendation from me.

These then were the men whose good influence for years kept the half-breeds and Indians peaceful subjects of the Queen in the far North-West. Unfortunately, however, Louis David Riel, and his "General" Gabriel Dumont, by mistaken magnanimity of the Government, had been allowed to return, and after the manner of all ingrates, and with the help of other unscrupulous harpies such as Maxime, Lepine, Jackson, and Garnot, began once more to insidiously stir up the ignorant and excitable half-breeds and Indians to rebellion. The Government had not given them their rights, they were told. What of the promises of land and money that had been made? They would be swamped and driven out by the Whites. Riel told them that St. Peter himself had appeared to him in a vision and said that he was to be the saviour of the *metis*, or half-breeds. With such talk and with the help of his emissaries, he succeeded in working upon the ignorant and excitable half-breeds and Indians, who came to believe that when once they had got rid of their white neighbours, the millennium of unlimited food, fire-water, tobacco, and freedom from toil would begin.

And all this time the Police had been warning the Government, and chafing under the red-tape that kept them looking on impotently while the fuse that they might easily have plucked from the mine of fiery horrors was sputtering down to the lurid finish.

The end came quickly. On the 16th of March, 1885, Louis David Riel, the originator of two rebellions, knave and visionary, had convened a great meeting of the half-breeds and Indians near Batoche to decide on some definite line of action. He had chosen this day because an almanac had told him there was to be an eclipse of the sun, and he intended to turn it to account. Of course his ignorant followers knew nothing about that.

With the exception of Riel, who stood on a Red River cart, the red, white and grey blanketed crowd sat all round on the snow that, be-

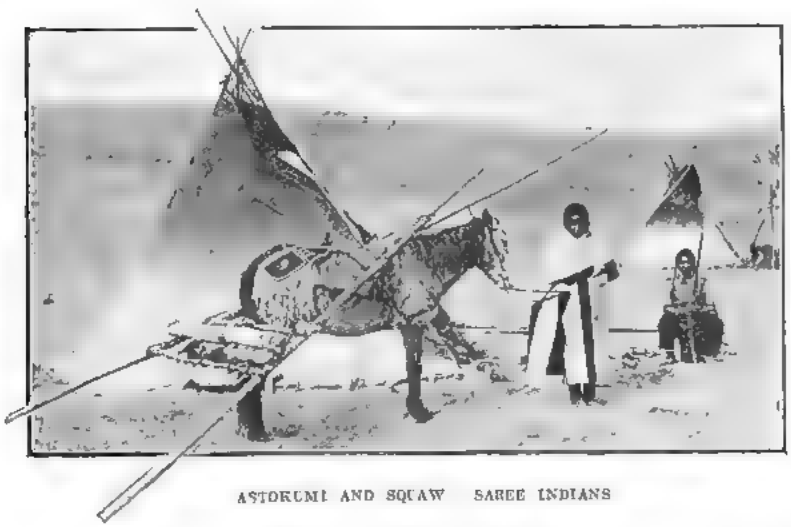
TWO SQUAWS.

Photo, E. W. Sulder.

fore many days, was to disappear before the sudden spring thaw.

Two o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun shone brightly down. Riel, who was haranguing the crowd, knew exactly how long it would continue to shine, and timed himself accordingly. The arch rebel realised how strongly dramatic effect appealed to his audience, and having been brought up for the priesthood, and being an educated man, there was much method in his fanaticism.

The red-bearded, self-constituted prophet of the *metis* spoke of Père André and his fulminations against him. What did they want, he asked, with the Church of Rome! He, Louis David Riel, was going to start a church of his own! Yes, St. Peter had appeared to him in a vision and told him that the popes had been on the wrong tack long enough, and that he, Riel, was to be the head of all things spiritual and temporal. He promised them all a good time when that came about, as it most assuredly would very soon.



ASTORUMI AND SQUAW SAREE INDIANS

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked anxiously at the sun. What if, after all, the compilers of the almanac, or he himself, had made a mistake and called this meeting on the wrong day? Such a contingency was horrible to contemplate. But no, his keen eyes detected a dark line on the outer edge of the great orb. His opportunity had come. He stretched out his hands, and dramatically asked—

"But oh, my people, tell me, shall I beg of the Manitou, the Great Spirit, to give you a sign that He approves of the words His servant speaketh?"

From the great crowd of half-breeds and Indians there went up a hoarse, guttural cry for confirmation.

Riel bowed his head and shot a quick glance at the sun. He would have to hurry up. Those almanac people were wonderfully accurate. In a loud voice he cried—

"You have asked for a sign, and it shall be given unto you, but woe unto those to whom a sign is given and who shall pay no heed to the same. They shall be cut off from the land of the living, and their bodies shall be burned in everlasting fire. The Great Spirit will darken the face of the sun for a token, and a shadow, that of the finger of the Manitou Himself, shall sweep the land."

The fanatical trickster closed his eyes and raised his face heavenwards. There was a rapturous look on it, and his lips moved. His hands made nervous passes in front of him, as if imitating the preliminary antics of a conjurer. As for the half-breeds and Indians, incredulity and awe showed alternately upon their faces. It was something new in their experience for the Manitou to be interesting Himself personally in their affairs. A great silence fell upon them, and the prophet proceeded with his hanky-panky.

Then a great murmur and chorus of wondering "Oughs! Oughs!" arose from the Indians, while many of the half-breeds crossed themselves. Incredulity changed to belief and fear. The simple ones raised their voices in wondering accents to testify to the potency of the "big medicine," or magic, being wrought before their eyes. The hand of the Manitou was slowly but surely passing over the face of the sun and darkening it. The shadow of that same hand was already creeping up from the east. The rapt prophet never once looked himself—he knew from the hoarse roar that the almanac had not erred.

And then the clamour subsided as the ominous shadow fell like a chill over them ere passing westward. The Indians shivered in their blankets, and were thrilled by this gratuitous and wonderful proof of their new leader's intimacy with the Great Spirit. But what if the Great Spirit should take it into His head to darken the face of the light-giver for ever? It was a

most alarming prospect. They cried to Riel, who opened his eyes, glanced heavenward, and cried—

"The Manitou will remove His hand and give us light again."

Then, as it seemed, more quickly than the blackness had come, it was removed from the sun's face, and the shadow passed.

The wondering cries and exclamations that went up from the now convinced throng must have been music in the ears of the arch fraud. He looked down upon the deluded ones in triumph and with a new sense of power.

"The Great Spirit has spoken!" he exclaimed with commendable dramatic brevity.

"Big is the medicine of Riel!" cried the people. "We are ready to do his bidding when the time comes."

"The time has come!" said Riel.

Never perhaps in the history of impostors, not even in the case of the Mahdi, had an almanac proved so useful.

And then the mine was exploded and all the horrors of rebellion were rampant in the land. There was a riot on the Saskatchewan and the telegraph wires were cut. Colonel Irvine, commanding the Mounted Police, evacuated Fort Carlton, which was badly situated, after destroying the stores and setting fire to the buildings. Poundmaker and Big Bear, with their cruel Stony Indians, went on the war-path and murdered the luckless whites indiscriminately. They captured and looted the town of Battleford. Many settlers, among them tender women and children, fled by night over the snow-clad prairies and managed to take shelter in the barracks, which a handful of Police still held. With the exception of the Blackfeet nation and a few others, the whole country for hundreds of miles was ablaze with rebellion, and the primitive, excitable natures of the rebels were in a frenzy to "blood" themselves. The Police made heroic efforts to stem the fierce tide, and spilt some of its best blood in doing so, but all it could successfully effect was the formation of laagers for the white refugees. How some of the brave settlers defended their homes, enduring suffering and hardships almost unparalleled, would make spirit-stirring reading. At Frog Lake, eight whites were killed in church, and two brave priests beaten to death. At Prince Albert the town was in a state of siege. The news flashed through the civilised world, and Canada hurried up troops to the front. At Fish Creek, General Middleton had his first fight with the rebels, losing twelve men killed and forty-seven wounded. On May the 7th, after a seven hours' fight, Colonel Otter routed Poundmaker's Indians at Cut-Knife. In this action the Indians charged the guns and gatlings on horseback, and it is reported that many of them had their horses smeared with clay so as to avoid being easily seen.

Middleton took Batoche, which the rebels had held against the British troops for four days, and rescued several prisoners. In this fight the rebels lost fifty-one killed and one hundred and seventy-three wounded. Owing to the ingeniously constructed rifle-pits of the enemy it had been found impossible to shell them, so they were carried in a general charge with fixed bayonets. Gabriel Dumont escaped to Montana, but Louis Riel was found wandering in the woods by two scouts, and captured. The back of the rebellion was broken.

The last scene of all was when Riel stood on the scaffold in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina on that grey November morning only some seventeen years ago. A year or two later, while I was a member of the Mounted Police, Jack Henderson, who hanged him, told me many interesting facts regarding the arch-rebel. Henderson had been a prisoner of Riel's in 1869, and was under sentence of death when he escaped. How he crawled for miles on his hands and knees on that occasion, with frozen feet, was worth hearing. I also spoke with some of the Indians who were implicated in the Frog Lake massacres.

Such is part of the lurid and picturesque history of the Great Lone Land, and should, perhaps, the statesman of the future, who is a boy to-day, read this article, I hope it may serve to influence him, if ever so little, in his attitude to those hardy colonists who have helped to build up the British Empire, and who have never hesitated to give of their best blood for the Mother Country when the days were dark.

THIS IS A SNAPSHOT OF THE LAST HERD OF AMERICAN BISON IN CANADA. THESE ANIMALS HAVE BEEN PRESERVED IN SIR DONALD A. SMITH'S FARM AT SILVER HEIGHTS, NEAR WINNIPEG, MAN.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperate some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie. Baron failing to finish the lines in time, Jones plays in his stead, and, by means of a brilliant run, wins the match for Adderman's. That night he receives an ovation from the boys in Hall, and seizes the opportunity to make a short speech, in which he urges the fellows to "pull the school up a bit" in other ways than on the football field. Mr. Samuels overhears the speech, and, in consequence of the garbled report of it which he supplies to the Head, the latter orders Jones to leave the school at once. He is about to write out a cheque for Jones, when he falls insensible across his desk. Subsequently he desires J. O. to remain on till the end of the term. The headmaster being too ill to conduct his affairs, Harper becomes his secretary. Passing the study windows one day, Harper observes Mr Samuels peering over Mr. Adderman's shoulder at a letter which lies before the Head, who is dozing. Later in the day Mr. Samuels requests Harper to give him a list of all the parents' addresses, as he wishes to write to them for funds for a new pavilion. Harper promptly complies with this request.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEAD'S BOMBSHELL.

ON Monday morning—four days before term-end—all the masters were gathered together in the Common Room during the interval between breakfast and school.

Mr. Huntingdon was puffing vigorously at a brand new pipe which an affectionate sister had sent him as a birthday present, for Mr. Huntingdon was six-and-twenty to-day. Another sister had sent him a prettily decorated tobacco pouch, and another a smoking-cap of black velvet embroidered with yellow silk and finished off with a flowing tassel.

Although Mr. Huntingdon was, as has been explained, an exceedingly moderate smoker, he made such a display of the occasional whiff he indulged in, and had such an array of pipes in his room at home, that his aunts and grandmother were certain that he was killing himself by an excessive indulgence in the weed. When they remonstrated with him he would laughingly reassure them in the tone of a man who knows he is going the pace and is reckless as to the consequences. His sisters always associated "dear Bill" with tobacco, and generally recognised his natal day with nicotian presents in quite an embarrassing number. The pipe he was now smoking had cost his eldest sister—a Girton girl, who was a mistress in a High School—seven-and-sixpence, but as she had chosen it for its bright colour and lavish silver plating (being, of course, entirely ignorant of the points which constitute a really good pipe), she

had sent dear Bill a most inferior article which was already beginning to crackle and burn (owing to the vigour with which he pulled at it) and fill his mouth with a taste of burnt wood as well as of the strong mixture he affected.

However, he stuck manfully to his task, although evidences of interior discomfort were already showing on his face. As he told the others, he was "breaking it in."

Jones quietly suggested that he should run a little whisky through it, "to mellow it," and then put a small plug from an old pipe into the bowl, but Huntingdon heroically declined to avail himself of these serviceable hints. He would break it in *au naturel*, he said, and J. O. smiled grimly as the bad pipe went on crackling and Huntingdon's tongue began to blister.

Presently Huntingdon decided to give his new treasure a little rest. So he laid it down, and tried on the smoking-cap, a proceeding which caused Mr. Atkins to remark that he looked like a Chinese Mandarin. Mr. Huntingdon did not object to his colleague's playful sally, as he felt that a Mandarin, in spite of the fact that he had not enjoyed a university education, must be a very respectable sort of person.

"If you walked through Ardenwood in that," added Atkins, with a grin, "they'd throw rice at yer. Ha! Ha! Fancy old 'Untingdon 'urrying 'ome like a duck in a 'ail-storm!" concluded the waggish music-master, with a wink at little Green, who could not restrain a smile.

Mr. Huntingdon hastily removed the cap from his head. He did not mind being called a Mandarin, but he did mind being resembled to a duck waddling out of a pond in search of shelter from the fury of the elements. Besides, he observed Green smiling, and he did not appreciate such mirth in an unwhipped cub from a grammar school. So he took the smoking-cap off and pitched it on to the table, whereupon Atkins seized it and put it on his own head.

"'Ow does it suit me?" he enquired of Green, "what price my

> 'One little, two little,
> Three little, four little,
> Five little, six little WIVES'?"

he sang, as he performed a step-dance on the hearth-rug.

"Here—that'll do!" cried Huntingdon irritably, as he rose and grabbed at the cap. But Atkins, avoiding him, skipped round the table.

"No, you don't, Father William!" he cried, "I'm going to walk round the playground with it on and see who'll have a fit first."

But before Atkins had time to carry out this intention, the door opened and Johnson appeared, bearing a silver tray with four notes on it.

"With the Headmaster's compliments, gentlemen," said the butler, gravely.

Then he approached Mr. Samuels, and indicated a note on the tray which was addressed to the second master. Samuels opened it, read it, crumpled it up and threw it into the fireplace.

From him the butler progressed to Huntingdon, Atkins and Green.

Huntingdon opened his note deliberately. When he observed its contents his face fell—the starch and dignity seemed to go out of him, and, for the moment, he was an ordinary man with ordinary feelings. Huntingdon read his note several times, but Green only read his once ere he replaced it in its envelope and put it in his pocket.

Atkins was the only one to give voice to his emotions.

"Well, 'ere's a nice go, and no error!" he exclaimed, and Huntingdon nodded ruefully. After all, it was no slight thing to receive notice to go at the end of his second term at a school. It does not do in the scholastic profession to chop and change about. Headmasters like to engage a man who has served under former headmasters for substantial periods. True, the circumstances in this case were explanatory and reasonable, but Huntingdon had only kept his last post for a term, having left it because he wasn't able to cope with his turbulent charges (although his headmaster, in giving him notice, had wrapped up his reasons for so doing in vague and delicate language), and here he was "out" again, which would mean that he would write many letters during the short Easter vacation and scatter copies of his testimonials broadcast over the scholastic earth.

"This is what mine says," continued Atkins, "and I suppose all yours are the same:

> 'DEAR MR. ATKINS,—
> It is with much regret that I have to inform you that I shall not be able to avail myself of your services after the end of this term. It is my intention to dispose of the school at once—in fact, its sale is already being negotiated by a scholastic agent. In lieu of the usual month's notice, I shall have pleasure in paying you an extra month's salary on Friday next. With every good wish for your success in the future,
> Yours faithfully,
> THOMAS ADDERMAN.'"

Atkins gazed at the letter with undisguised dismay.

"This is about the fourteenth time I've 'ad the chuck," he observed lugubriously, "and although I've generally tumbled into something else pretty easy, it isn't a nice feeling to go 'ome with."

It was Mr. Atkins's plan to wait until the holidays had ended, and then snap up a vacancy

as an emergency man. Sometimes such suddenly-obtained engagements lasted several terms, but as a rule the music-master found himself under the necessity of looking for something else at the end of the particular term he had been engaged for.

It was not likely that Green would experience much difficulty in obtaining a new billet at a modest salary, for junior masters—who will do a lot of miscellaneous work for a little money, and not be too particular about the food they have to eat or the bedrooms they have to sleep in—are in considerable request in the many small private schools in which this land abounds.

Mr. Samuels had gone on with his writing.

"You don't seem to care much, Samuels," said Atkins, "I suppose you knew of it before?"

"No—this is a surprise to me," said Samuels, in an offhand tone

"Don't you mind getting the sack, then?" demanded Atkins.

"I do not regard this as what you are good enough to describe as 'the sack,'" was the second master's frigid rejoinder.

"It comes to that, anyhow, old man," rejoined Atkins, irritably, "whatever the reason is, we've got to pack up our traps and *walk*."

"*I* have not mortgaged my salary to that extent," said Samuels pointedly.

It was common knowledge among his colleagues (because he insisted on telling them) that Atkins had had to "draw on the guv'nor"—as he put it—several times during the term in order to liquidate card debts incurred at the Ardenwood Conservative Club. He had not, of course, mentioned the exact nature of his liabilities to the headmaster, but it was possible that Mr. Samuels had.

The latter did not like Atkins's free-and-easy outspokenness, and had more than once hinted to the Head that a new music-master would be a desirable acquisition. But the Head, for reasons of his own, had not taken the hint.

"Why!" cried Atkins suddenly, "you didn't get one, Jones!"

"No," said J.O., "it was an unnecessary formality in my case."

"Oh, of course, I remember now," returned Atkins.

"Of course," said Jones, "it is quite possible for you men to apply to the new proprietor for re-engagement."

"By George! I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Atkins.

Huntingdon visibly brightened up as well. It was not improbable that the man who bought the school might like to keep on the old staff.

Samuels looked up from his writing.

"As I shall probably buy the school myself," he said, "I may as well set all your minds at rest on that point. I shall engage an entirely new staff."

"You buy it!" cried Atkins. "Why, if you can buy a school, why are you 'ere?"

"That, Mr. Atkins, is my business."

"Well, old man," returned Atkins, jestingly, "*why not* re-engage us? You might do worse."

"Hardly," returned Samuels. "For instance, the music-master I engage will be a gentleman."

Atkins flushed.

"Anybody 'ud think you'd bought the school by the 'igh-and-mighty way you talk, Samuels."

The second master rose from his chair. "As I do not propose to lose any time, I may as well make Mr. Adderman an offer for it at once."

And he walked out of the room.

Atkins winked at Huntingdon as Samuels closed the door behind him.

"Bluff," he grinned.

"I don't know," drawled Huntingdon, who had by this time got over his temporary discomposure. "He has no doubt got a relative in the money-lending line."

"Some one with a nose lookin' at 'is chin, eh?" cackled Atkins. "Well, Samuels can buy it for all I care. *I* don't 'anker after working under 'im. If he gives me any more sauce, though, I'll punch 'is 'ead for 'im, parson or no parson."

So saying, Atkins picked up the morning paper and ran his eye over the police intelligence, in which he was always interested. Huntingdon refilled his new pipe, and the other two went on with the work they were doing.

Mr. Samuels had been gone about ten minutes, and it was close on school time, when there came hurried, shuffling steps in the corridor without. A second later Johnson, looking white and frightened, entered the room without ceremony.

He walked straight up to J. O., with no eyes save for him.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Jones," he cried, "come to the study!"

"Eh! What's the matter?" asked J. O. in surprise.

"*The guv'nor's gone stark, raving mad!*" ejaculated the butler.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE THREAT.

SOME weeks previously Mr. Samuels had become possessed of certain information which rendered it unnecessary for him to court the goodwill of Master Tom Adderman any longer. In brief, Mr. Samuels had found out that the school was "For Sale."

This piece of information Mr. Samuels

"THE GUV'NOR'S GONE STARK, RAVING MAD!"

kept strictly to himself. With the boys he was pleasanter and more lenient than ever; he forgave them their punishments with easy generosity; he hardly ever kept anyone in, and when he did it was only for a very short time. He made an exception, however, in Tom Adderman's case, for, finding that the school was pleased when Tom Adderman was jumped on by a master (for Tom had reached the height of unpopularity by seeking shelter in his father's study instead of fighting a boy whom he had insulted), Mr. Samuels suddenly turned on his old toady, mouth-piece, favourite—call him what you will—and gave him a thumping dose of lines which astonished Master Tom as much as it infuriated him.

Now note what happened. Tom had never had any respect for Mr. Samuels, and so he did not trouble to execute the imposition. When Mr. Samuels demanded an explanation of this disobedience, Tom was familiar and saucy to his erstwhile patron, whereupon Mr. Samuels boxed his ears.

Then Tom turned on Samuels like a kicked cur: he retaliated with a volume of venomous abuse, and passionately declared that he would "pay him out." By way of reply, Mr. Samuels doubled his lines and kept him in during the whole of the next half-holiday to do them.

Mr. Samuels knew that the school would enjoy Tom's discomfiture: the school did. But, all the same, Samuels could not oust Jones from the position the latter now held in the school. Save among the black sheep, Jones was the hero of Adderman's. The fact that he was leaving at the end of the term increased his popularity tenfold. They wished to make much of him while he was still with them: too soon his handsome face, burly form, and genial voice would be matters for remembrance only.

Tom Adderman, one day, told Jones how sorry he was for his conduct at the beginning of the term, and thereafter became one of J. O.'s firmest allies. During the various talks Tom had with his father, he referred constantly to Jones's kind-heartedness and other good qualities. Mr. Adderman in this wise came to think differently of Jones. He obtained from his son the actual wording of the little speech Jones had made in Hall after the semi-final, and found that it differed materially from the garbled report supplied to him by Mr Samuels. The Head encouraged his son to talk about "J. O."—for this was Jones's nickname in the school now. And if, during these conversations, Master Tom could manage to say anything disparaging about Mr. Samuels, he invariably said it.

The upshot of all this was that Mr. Adderman decided to give J. O. a little surprise on the last morning of the term, when he would be handing the masters their cheques. Jones, he determined, should receive an extra month's salary as well as the other men. And an excellent testimonial.

This idea tickled and pleased the invalid as he sat all day in an easy chair in his study. It did not occur to him that J. O. might decline to

[NOTE.—Unfortunately, we had no time to get the above picture altered before going to press. The Common Room table, of course, would not be laid for breakfast, as the masters breakfasted in the Hall.—ED.]

accept the additional sum. He often pictured to himself the gratified expression which would light up J. O.'s face (the headmaster had come to think of him as "J. O.," just as the boys did) when he saw the amount of his cheque.

Meanwhile Harper transacted Mr. Adderman's correspondence, and continued to look after the accounts: the masters received their "notices" in his handwriting. The signature, "Thomas Adderman," was the Head's only contribution to those epistles.

Soon after the letters had been given to Johnson to deliver in the Common Room, Mr. Samuels entered the study.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" he said to the Head.

Mr. Adderman motioned to him to approach.

"On business," added Samuels, looking pointedly at Harper.

"I should prefer Harper to remain," murmured the Head, "indeed, I should prefer you to state your business to him. He is my confidential secretary."

"No," said Samuels, brusquely, "it must be stated to you. I understand this school is for sale. I am willing to make you an offer for it."

The Head sat up. When in health he had possessed very keen commercial instincts: it was only when his grasp on business matters was slackening that the tradesmen had tried to take advantage of him.

Samuels' cool precision acted as a tonic on the Head. He sat up and pointed to the chair on the other side of the hearth.

"Sit down, Samuels. This is a surprise to me. You wish to make me an offer for this school?'

"I do."

"And the amount?"

"One thousand pounds for the goodwill. I will pay you rent for the land, buildings, and furniture."

Mr. Adderman smiled. The merchant part of him was now quite awake. So he smiled when Samuels named his figure.

"I consider that a fair offer," added Samuels.

The idea slipped into Mr. Adderman's temporarily alert brain that Samuels might be endeavouring to emulate the example of Melrose and Co., and presume upon his illness to "rush" him into accepting an absurdly low price for the school.

"I must tell you, my dear Samuels," said Mr. Adderman, smoothly, "that the minimum I will take *for the goodwill alone* is three thousand pounds."

"Ridiculous!" cried Samuels.

"It may seem so to you," returned the Head, "but I like to think that I am the best judge of the value of my own property."

"My offer is one thousand for the goodwill," returned Samuels, who fancied he knew where he could obtain this sum at short notice.

"Then," said the Head, "I fear it is of no use to prolong this conversation."

Samuels rose to his feet.

"You decline my offer?"

"Absolutely."

"Then listen. I shall immediately start a school in Ardenwood. I shall inform the agents that I am doing so. I know the house I can have—I have been offered one. Anyone who comes to look over this school will hear that I am starting a school close by, and the value of this property will immediately depreciate. I have a list of all the boys' parents, with their addresses, and shall circularise them *at once*, stating my intentions."

Mr. Adderman was leaning forward with a strange light in his eyes.

"Where did you get that list? Have you been obtaining each boy's address, while I have been sitting here ill, with the object of undermining me——"

"No—your 'confidential secretary' supplied me with the addresses," interrupted Samuels, with a sneer.

"You are lying!" cried the Head, hoarsely.

"*Look, then!*" shouted Samuels, drawing a roll of manuscript from his pocket and unfolding it. The Head recognised Harper's handwriting, and saw the triumphant sneer on Samuels' face. His brain toppled over. He saw Samuels' scheme succeeding—saw himself ruined—saw chaos, misery, disease, death, following one upon another—saw all this in a mad red haze as he flung himself upon Samuels with the snarl of a beast, groping wildly for his false colleague's throat.

Johnson, passing by, heard the tumult, looked into the room, and then ran for J. O. When Jones came hurrying in with the butler, Samuels was lying on the hearthrug, black in the face, with the Head's fingers fastened round his neck. Harper was pulling desperately at the assailant, but his efforts availed nothing. Mr. Adderman, just then, was as strong as three men.

Jones lost no time. He sprang forward, dropped alongside the writhing forms, and, seizing Mr. Adderman's wrists, thrust his head and shoulders under the other's body, thus practically tearing the struggling forms apart, leaving Samuels, three parts strangled, on the hearthrug. Flinging his arms round Mr. Adderman, Jones next endeavoured to thrust him into the big easy-chair he

had quitted, but the other, filled with demoniacal force, got his hands on to Jones's face, and wrenched and tore and scratched at him like a tiger-cat. They went down together, crashing against and upsetting the desk in their fall. Jones fell underneath, and the Head, quick to see his advantage, pinned him to the ground by pressing his knees upon his arms, and then thrashed and buffeted his face. Johnson, shaking in his shoes, endeavoured to assist Jones, but the Head sent him spinning back against the mantelpiece with a ferocious blow across the mouth with the back of his hand.

Of a sudden the Head stopped beating Jones and glared round at the door, where was a frightened, white-faced throng of women and boys, Lucy and Miss Peters among them. He must have seen a face there which he had cause to remember with dislike, for with a fierce cry he sprang off Jones and bounded towards the door. Jones was at his heels in a few seconds. The group had scattered like chaff before a tempest, and Mr. Adderman was flying down the passage when J. O., catching him up, resolved upon desperate remedies. He himself was four stone heavier than the headmaster: he leapt forward and fell plumb upon the elder man, bringing him to the ground with a crash and imprisoning his arms as he did so.

But further effort was unnecessary; the Head made no resistance. His skull had met the stone floor as he went down, and he now lay at his captor's mercy, stunned and motionless.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAMUELS AND A CITY MAN.

WHEN the Head's doctor descended from Mr. Adderman's bedroom, he found Jones and Harper getting the study into something like order.

"Well, my friend," he said, laying a fatherly hand on J. O.'s arm, "I rather fancied I should be wanted again pretty soon. The brain is a delicate bit of mechanism to play with."

"How is Mr. Adderman?" enquired Jones.

"Quiet—quiet and harmless. That rap on the skull knocked all the mischief out of him and probably prevented him from doing a deal of damage."

"How will he be—after this?"

"Rather less dangerous than a lamb. That's my opinion. I'll get a specialist to look at him just to satisfy his family, but I've seen cases like this before, and I feel pretty confident that I'm right. His brain went *snap* when he got nasty first of all." (Jones had given the doctor a rapid summary of what had happened when the latter arrived at the school.) "When you brought him down you did him no harm beyond quieting him."

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked Harper, "that Mr. Adderman has gone out of his mind?"

"Well, I don't like to put it as strongly as that. He's suffering from brain-collapse. He won't be able to do any more work, but he'll be able to talk to you pretty sensibly—to tell you the way to Ardenwood, we'll say, or discuss the weather—or anything that won't tax the intellect, in point of fact."

J. O. and Harper looked very grave.

"Cheer up!" cried the bluff old doctor, whose hearty manner and jolly face had saved the life of many a despondent patient, "it might have been much worse. And now, my friend," he added, turning his *pince-nez* on Jones, "it seems *you* want patching up a bit."

J. O. had a black eye and a swollen lip, his cheeks were decorated with deep scratches, and his head ached and throbbed after the pounding Mr. Adderman had given it.

"I'm all right, thanks, doctor," he replied.

The doctor wasn't so sure, and gave the bell-rope a tug.

"A brandy-and-soda, please," he said to Johnson, when the butler appeared, "and make it pretty stiff. You feel better now?" he asked Jones, when Johnson had brought the medicine prescribed and J. O. had swallowed it.

"Fit as a fiddle," replied J. O.

"Then I'll be trotting," said the cheery old gentleman, "because I've got to send a nurse up to look after Mr. A. By the way, I was the first masculine acquaintance Miss Lucy ever made," he went on, "and so I've presumed on 'auld acquaintance' to give her some advice. As a consequence she's wired to her uncle to come down and look after matters a bit—sharp City man who won't stand nonsense. He'll break up the school, pay off the staff, and all that. Help him all you can, Mr. Jones——"

"Harper and I will give him all the assistance in our power," J. O. assured the doctor.

"Ah! 'Harper' is it?" chuckled the doctor, "heard of you down in the town. Ha! Ha! Well, well, well—I must be going! Adieu, adieu!" and with this parting speech the good-hearted old gentleman ambled out to his gig.

Mr. Adderman's brother arrived that night, and, after paying a visit to the sick-room, went to the study. He held a conversation of some length with Harper, and then sent for Mr. Samuels. When the second master answered the summons, he found, sitting in the Head's chair, not a weak, querulous, elderly man, suffering

from a nervous disorder, but a keen-looking, smart, middle-aged individual in the best of physical and mental health.

The Head's brother was a merchant—as the Head should have been—and a successful one. He had learned to sum up men quickly.

Samuels found himself looking into a pair of steel-grey eyes set beneath black eyebrows.

"When my brother was—er—taken ill to-day, Mr. Samuels," said the City man, "I understand that you were making him an offer for the school?"

Samuels did not altogether appreciate the way this brusque City gentleman opened the ball. He feared he would be a more awkward customer to tackle than the man who now lay upstairs in a semi-comatose state.

"That is so," said the second master, "I *was* making him an offer."

"I understand from Mr. Adderman's secretary that you mentioned one thousand pounds as the amount you would be willing to pay for the goodwill of the school?"

Samuels bowed.

"That was the sum I named."

"My brother refused your offer?"

"He did not seem disposed to accept it."

"He told you, in fact, that the goodwill was worth at least three thousand pounds?"

"He mentioned some such sum," acknowledged Samuels.

"And then," continued the man from the City of London, "you threatened to start a rival school in Ardenwood if your offer was not accepted?"

"I hinted——" began Samuels.

"Do not beat about the bush, sir!" thundered the Head's brother, "you *threatened* him. You knew he was ailing and not in a fit state to hear such words uttered, and yet—you *threatened* him!"

"That was fair business," said Samuels.

"That may be your idea of it, Mr. Samuels. I will not tell you what I think of your methods, because you can easily guess my sentiments. But before we go further, may I ask how you came to know, some time before you received information on the subject from my brother, that it was his intention to sell the school?"

Samuels had no idea that this was a trap—that the man before him had been leading up to it all the time.

"I was informed by Paine, the agent."

The City man looked fixedly at the other.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Think again, Mr. Samuels."

"Paine thought I might like to buy the school—as he knew I was looking out for one—and therefore informed me of the fact as soon as he heard from Mr. Adderman."

"You found out that the school was for sale," said the merchant, calmly, "by looking over my brother's shoulder at a half-written letter which lay before him while he dozed."

"That is untrue!" exclaimed Samuels, "I was in here one day when he fell asleep at his desk, but I did not for one moment dream of committing such a dishonourable action as——"

The City man put up his hand.

"Enough. I will prove I am right."

"You have some lying witness, I suppose?" snarled Samuels.

"No—a silent one. The best I could wish for—*the letter itself!*"

And he held up an unfinished letter wherein Paine, the agent, was instructed to dispose of Adderman's School at the best terms possible.

"This letter was never sent to Paine. When my brother awoke he put it away in a drawer, and afterwards, owing to the weak state of his mind, thought he had sent it to Paine. He was still under this impression when he gave the staff notice. To-day Harper, his secretary, found that letter in the drawer among other papers. A wire to Paine confirmed us in supposing that he had never received instructions to sell Adderman's School. So, Mr. Samuels, it is not possible that you could have had information from Paine."

Samuels turned white. The merchant regarded him with cold scorn

"Adderman's School is not for sale, then?" muttered Samuels, presently.

"Adderman's School is certainly *not* for sale!" replied the City man. "On the other hand, it will be carried on as usual, and a salaried headmaster will do my brother's work. I am to-night instructing Paine to select a man. The post might have been yours, Mr. Samuels, if you had acted honestly by your chief. As it is—here is your cheque. You need not trouble to stay at the school an hour longer than you care to."

And the City man turned his broad back on Mr. Samuels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TERM-END.

ON the following day Mr. Samuels left Adderman's very quietly without saying good-bye to anybody. He told Johnson to take his luggage down to Melrose the stationer's.

The butler stared at him.

"I am staying in the town for a few days," explained Samuels, shortly.

WATCHING THE RAPID MOVEMENTS OF HIS LODGER'S PEN WITH MAUDLIN SATISFACTION.

Johnson did not hurry himself over this errand—in fact, he did not present himself at the stationer's with the luggage until the afternoon was well advanced. The boy wasn't in the shop, so Johnson rapped loudly on the counter. This apparently having no effect, the butler made his way round the counter into the back parlour. Here he found Mr. Samuels busily at work directing envelopes. At the same table was seated Melrose himself, a bottle and glass by his side, watching the rapid movements of his lodger's pen with maudlin satisfaction.

"I've brought your things, sir," said Johnson.

Samuels started slightly as he looked up, and hastily covered up his work with a large sheet of blotting-paper as he rose from his seat.

"Oh, thanks," he said, and handed the butler a sixpenny bit.

Johnson surveyed the coin with disgust. He had fetched and carried and run about for Mr. Samuels all the term—and this was his reward!

Just then the draught blew away the blotting-paper and sent one of the printed sheets that were under it fluttering to Johnson's feet. The butler picked it up, and, as he did so, he observed the opening words. A moment later Samuels snatched the document out of his hands.

On his way back to the school Johnson met Harper, to whom he imparted the information that Mr. Samuels had "put up" at Melrose's and was sending round papers to people informing them that he was going to start a school in Ardenwood.

"I heard rumours of some such thing at the *Spies* last night," said Johnson, "so somebody must have been giving it away. I believe 'e's getting the leading tradesfolk to stand in with him."

Harper merely smiled.

That night the Mayor of Ardenwood, Mr. Moses, and the two Harrisons met Mr. Samuels in Melrose's back parlour. Mr. Samuels provided drinkables and cigars, and, having thus mellowed his visitors, unfolded his plans.

It was his intention to start a school in Ardenwood, to be called "Ardenwood College." He was informing the parents of all the boys at Adderman's of his intentions, and, as he was very popular with the said boys, and as things were all at sixes and sevens up at the school, owing to Mr. Adderman's illness, he had every reason to hope that the majority of the boys would be transferred to *him*.

However, he had no capital to speak of, so he had decided to call the leading tradesmen together and suggest that they should form a small company among themselves to run the college. They would, of course, enjoy the monopoly of supplying it with such goods as they vended.

This, in brief, was Mr. Samuels' scheme, and

the Mayor thought there was a good deal in it, but would like to know how many parents had consented to send their sons to Mr. Samuels before he definitely decided to put down any money. The others echoed his ideas.

"We'll leave it at that, then," said Samuels, "I may tell you that I expect to get at least *fifty* of the boys now at Adderman's."

Then they turned to the drinkables again, and waxed very merry over the little stories they told each other. Whenever Samuels got a chance he dilated on the glorious future of this school he was going to start, and when the party broke up they all felt that Adderman's wouldn't have a dog's chance when Ardenwood College had got fairly going.

"And that 'Arper feller won't walk about with his 'ead in the air quite so much!" cried Mr. Moses.

"Pokin' 'is nose into other people's businesses!" added Melrose.

"I'll warm his jacket for him the first time I meet him," vowed young Harrison.

"You'll be sorry to hear that your dear friend Jones has been dismissed!" purred Mr. Samuels.

"Jolly good job," said Harrison, "I hope he'll be sacked from every job he ever gets!"

And with these nice sentiments these worthy men retired to their couches. Mr. Melrose, however, sat for some time longer at his table, sipping gin-and-water and occasionally chuckling over the castles in the air he built of seeing Harper having his jacket warmed by young Harrison.

Meanwhile, the bugbear of certain Ardenwood tradesmen—James Harper, to wit—lay asleep up at Adderman's with a sweet and innocent smile on his face.

Breaking-up day had arrived, and Miss Peters was dealing out travelling money and bidding the boys cold farewells. The good lady had been up since half-past six, for the first boys to go caught the 7.13 train from Ardenwood to London.

Lucy Adderman found Miss Peters thus employed when, at eight o'clock, looking as fresh and dainty as a daisy, she entered the Hall and approached the top table.

The questions Miss Peters put to the young travellers were short and sharp—not unlike the questions a female warder would put to a woman convict who was being released from gaol.

"What is your name?"

"Turner, Miss Peters."

"Is your luggage labelled?"

"Yes, Miss Peters."

"What train do you go by?"

"The 8.10, Miss Peters."

"What is your fare?"

"Thirteen and sixpence, please."

Having received these replies, Miss Peters would consult a list which lay before her, and, having made sure that the boy under examination was entitled to thirteen and sixpence, she would gloomily hand over that amount.

"Good-bye, Turner."

"Good-bye, Miss Peters."

Then the youth would scuttle off, rejoicing at having come through the ordeal without having provoked a rebuke as to his attire or his hair.

The boys at Adderman's stood very greatly in awe of the matron, whatever may have been the attitude they adopted towards the headmaster and his staff. She was as stern and ice-like in her demeanour to the Sixth as to the First, and if the Sixth did not tremble in their shoes whilst they stood facing her (as did the First), they were at least very glad to get away from her unsympathetic presence and piercing, hawk-like gaze.

Miss Peters had one of those natures which appear to be bound by an eternal frost. She never pitied anyone and never asked for pity; she was a relentless task-mistress; she seemed to be made of leather and to be capable of doing an endless amount of work, and she tried to make others work as hard as herself.

But the last few days had tried Miss Peters's cast-iron resources to the utmost. She had worked incessantly. It is the duty of a matron to see that a boy's clothes go back home with him in a good state of repair; thus term-end meant to Miss Peters and her maids a great and prolonged bout of sewing and darning, of clothes-sorting and box-packing, and, in the case of the matron herself, label-writing and train-hunting.

Miss Peters and her assistants had sat up till three that morning completing their onerous duties, and at last even strong cups of tea failed to keep the girls awake. So the matron grimly bade them begone to their beds, with a stern reminder that they were to be up again *at six* without fail.

Perhaps those who will not spare others do not deserve to be spared themselves, but when J. O. Jones came into the Hall, pink and fresh and wholesome from his bath, he did not fail to notice the difference between Lucy's rosy countenance (possibly a little rosier than usual at that moment for reasons best known to herself) and the matron's white, drawn face, looking more than customarily harsh on account of the dark shadows lack of sleep had left beneath her eyes.

J. O. never mumbled a crust; his teeth made

short work of it. Nor did he hesitate when he thought he would do anything. He saw how tired Miss Peters looked, and so he bustled through the throng of boys that surrounded her, scattering cheery remarks in all directions, and brought up at the matron's chair.

"Now, Miss Peters, suppose I relieve you for half-an-hour! You look as if you want some breakfast. I can easily give these fellows their money, and I promise not to make any mistakes."

A term previously Miss Peters would have gruffly declined such an offer, but then there was no Mr. Jones at that time to make it. Miss Peters, living her solitary life, and thinking her solitary thoughts, had been watching the passage of events and making up her mind about the people with whom she came in contact.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," she said, in her usual stiff voice, "I shall be glad of a little rest."

Lucy, watching from a short distance away, noticed with a woman's quickness that the rigid expression on the matron's face softened just a trifle, and that the elder woman's tired eyes had suddenly become suspiciously bright.

J. O.'s advent seemed to lighten the atmosphere.

"Now, you fellows, get back a bit! Six paces, please. Jordan, you untidy young dog, go away and do your boots up. I should give you fifty lines if you hadn't got to catch a train."

Jordan retired with a pleased blush. He had got a good deal to tell Phyllis about Mr. Jones, and was in a hurry to get home as much for this reason as for any other.

J. O. looked at the list.

"Bull!"

Bull came up.

"Eighteen shillings, isn't it? Train 8.20. You'll have to cut for it. Hurry up!"

But Bull hesitated.

"Good-bye, sir!" he said.

J. O. understood. Two months ago Bull had been one of the hottest anti-Jonesites. Things had altered a little since then, however.

"Good-bye, Bull," he said, shaking hands with the big boy, "pleasant holidays to you. Now cut off sharp or you'll lose your train. Fairbrother!"

Fairbrother was travelling with Bull, and it was running it close to linger, but he, too, was intent on shaking hands with Jones, as was each fellow who came after him, and so, what with counting out money and shaking big hands and middle-sized hands and little hands, J. O. had a busy half-hour of it.

He paid off quite a detachment during that period, however, and then Miss Peters returned to her post.

The popular train of the day was the 9.42, which ran from Ardenwood to the great and important railway centre of Jesseville, whence the boys caught trains to all parts of the country.

They cast wistful glances at J. O. as he sat at his breakfast. They did not like to go round and wish him good-bye, as your school-boy—bless him for it!—is a modest fellow as a rule, and doesn't court the eye of publicity. Still, a lot of fellows would have liked a last word with J. O., whom, as far as they knew, they would never see again.

Jones finished his breakfast, put on his hat, and, to the surprise and delight of the fellows who were travelling by the 9.42, appeared on the platform some three minutes before the train was due to start.

Generally the railway officials found it a hard job to get off on time, owing to late arrivals and fellows dashing out to buy papers and refreshments. J. O. saw the worried look on the station-master's face, and made a friend of that functionary for ever by whipping the fellows into their compartments with characteristic vigour. Then he shook hands all down the train.

"Good-bye, Seymour! Good-bye, Evans—I'd chuck that cigar away if I were you!—good-bye, Smith! good-bye, Lunn! good-bye, Brown—you'll never keep your wind if you smoke cigarettes—good-bye, Jordan—boots done up?—my signature for your sister?—Oh, yes, give me a letter to write on!—good-bye, Oliphant—hope they'll play you for the county at cricket—good-bye—good-bye. . . ."

And so the train rolled out of the station amid a chorus of shouts and decorated with waving handkerchiefs, after which J. O. thoughtfully retraced his steps to the school.

It didn't take him long to pack his portmanteau.

"I've a good-bye or two to say on my own account," he murmured, as he made his way (with some hesitation) to the drawing-room.

It was empty.

Jones waited. Nobody came. At length, very unwillingly, he retired to the Common Room. It was empty. Jones had had his cheque the night before. There was no reason why he should wait. His colleagues had all gone.

He went to Miss Peters's room. It was empty.

Coming out, he encountered Johnson.

"Where is everybody?" he asked the butler.

"Miss Peters is lying down, sir. Master 'Arper is a-dodgin' round somewhere—I don't know where. Miss Lucy is sitting in the guv'nor's bedroom. 'E doesn't like 'er to leave 'im."

J. O. reflected. He had a very great desire to say good-bye to Lucy, but circumstances had

intervened. He could not send a message up to her. What right had he to do so—a dismissed master! Still, it was hard to go without seeing her—without a word of farewell.

Whilst Johnson waited in the passage he went into the drawing-room and wrote a little note to Lucy. This he gave to Johnson, with a substantial tip

The butler did not half like taking the tip, but he had feelings himself, and, therefore, respect for Jones's, so he pocketed the money.

"I don't want anything for serving you, sir," he said, slowly, "so I shall give this 'ere to the Cottage 'Orspital."

"Nonsense," said J. O., "keep it, man."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Johnson, a little unsteadily, "it isn't nonsense. It's a pleasure to wait on you, sir. You've come among of us, and somehow you've showed us how a man can do his duty. We've learnt what the meaning of the word *gentleman* is, sir, since you've come among of us."

J. O. felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"That's all right, Johnson. Did you order me a cab?"

"Yes, sir; a cab will be here in time to take you to the station. But as I was saying, sir——"

"Suppose you go and get my portmanteau," said J. O., hastily.

The butler hobbled away, and presently returned with the luggage. The cab rumbled up, and J. O. got into it.

"Good-bye, Johnson," he said, putting out his hand.

The hard-worked servant pressed it, and turned away. He, poor fellow, had seen many ups and downs; so roughly had Life used him that a little kindness like this unmanned him. He was fifty, working for modest wages, and beginning to feel rather tired of running hither and thither. He turned away, and Jones, rolling off in his cab, kept a brave face, but—it was a bit of the hardest luck he had ever had, to have found the drawing-room empty, like that.

CHAPTER XXX.

HARPER'S HINT.

THREE mornings after the interview between Samuels and the City man, Harper walked into Mr. Melrose's shop and asked for a pennyworth of nibs. The shop had only just been opened. It was an early call; indeed, Harper hadn't had his breakfast.

A postman came in hard upon his heels.

"Gentleman named Samuels live here?" enquired the postman.

"'E's our lodger," grinned the boy.

"Well, give him these letters, please. The persons they're addressed to can't be found." And he handed the boy a dozen missives peppered with inscriptions such as "Not known," "Try 24, Acacia Road," "Not known at Acacia Road," "Not known at Sutton, Surrey; try Sutton, Yorkshire," "Opened in error by T. Bull, Kingston," etc., etc.

On each, finally, had been stamped the official "*Return to Sender*," and back they had come to the emporium of Mr. Melrose, stationer, of Ardenwood.

Pocketing his pennyworth of nibs, Harper retraced his steps to the school, in, to judge by his face, a very amiable frame of mind.

Just about the time of the afternoon delivery of letters, on the same day, Harper again presented himself at the stationer's and asked for a penny bottle of ink. Curiously enough, the postman followed him in with another large packet of letters bearing the disagreeable official legend referred to above.

On the next morning—Friday, breaking-up day of Adderman's School—Harper once again appeared at the counter, and this time all he required was a penny exercise-book.

He found the stationer himself at the counter. Mr. Melrose glowered at the parlour-boarder as the latter put down his penny.

"You're quite sure I'm not over-charging you for it?" demanded Melrose.

"Quite!" replied Harper, "though I've no doubt you'd try to if we hadn't met before!"

At that moment—so carefully had Harper timed his visit—the postman entered, and for the third time deposited a bundle of disfigured and much re-addressed envelopes on the counter.

"Mr. Samuels, please," he said.

The boy took them into the back parlour. A few seconds later he came flying into the shop, and the bundle of letters came flying after him. And following the bundle came Samuels, livid with rage.

He had heard Harper's voice.

"Oh, I'm glad you're here—I want a word with you!" he snarled, "those addresses you gave me were all bogus—*you made them up!*"

"Now I wonder how you discovered that!" said Harper, gently.

Samuels came round the counter and confronted the parlour-boarder, and Melrose, seeing that he might be able to get even with his tormentor without incurring much harm himself, came round too, and placed himself in the doorway, so as to cut off Harper's retreat

"I'll teach you to play off your jokes on *me!*" said Samuels, viciously.

Harper retired briskly, vaulted over the counter, and shut down that part of it which lifted up.

"Boy, kick him out!" yelled the stationer. The boy advanced on Harper—deceived by his slight appearance—and was rewarded with such a cuff that his head ached all that day

"Call the police!" yelled Melrose to the blubbering youth, "go round by the side passage."

"Ah! there is another way out?" said Harper, "many thanks!"

And he glided out of the shop into the parlour. Simultaneously Melrose and Samuels rushed into the street to cut off his retreat by the side entry, and as they did so Harper re-entered the shop, vaulted back over the counter, and walked coolly up the High Street, the while Melrose and his lodger were awaiting his appearance in the entry. When the stationer and Samuels discovered how they had been baffled, Harper was fifty yards away, and neither of them cared about giving chase.

Later that day Mr. Samuels shook the dust of Ardenwood off his feet, and, using language not usually associated with the holy calling he had espoused in addition to scholastic work, went up to London to look after another mastership. And he did not trouble to inform the Mayor, or Mr. Moses, or the two Harrisons why his scheme for the formation of a college at Ardenwood had dissolved into thin air; he left that pleasant duty to Mr. Melrose.

As for Harper, about noon he made his way to the station on his bicycle, by a circuitous route. When Jones arrived, the parlour-boarder raised his cap.

"I thought I should meet you here, sir," he said. "I trust you don't object to my coming to see you off?"

"On the contrary," said J. O., "I am very pleased to be seen off. I was feeling rather lonely."

"If you don't mind," said Harper, "I will travel about four miles down the line with you—to the first stopping-place. The fact is, various friends of mine are looking out for me in Ardenwood. They are under the impression that I shall be going home to-day, like the other boys, and so the youths in their shops have been instructed to give me a warm reception as I go by. I came to the station by a roundabout way, and I shall return to the school along by-roads. My dear friends in the town will consequently be looking out for me all day."

"How do you get to know things of this sort?" asked Jones, laughing.

"The amiable but thirsty Johnson," explained Harper, "picks up information at the *Two Spies*."

"Well," said Jones, "and what are you going to do—shall you stay on at Adderman's?"

"Practically," replied the parlour-boarder. "You see, it's like this. Mr. Adderman and Miss Lucy are going for a long sea voyage, when the Head is well enough to travel. I am going with them to see that they are not robbed by their cabin stewards and people of that kind. I shall pay for myself, of course. I am pretty well off, you know."

"Your guardian has given his permission?" queried J. O.

"He *will* give it. The dear old man always lets me do what I like. I came here because I wanted to."

"And will you return to Adderman's with Mr. Adderman?"

"Probably!" said Harper. "Let me see, I suppose the voyage will occupy about six months. I shall get a good deal of fun out of it, I expect. After the voyage I shall come back to the school and resume my post as his private secretary. I don't mind the work—it amuses me. Well, here's our train. Third smoker, I suppose?"

Jones nodded, and they got in.

"What I particularly wanted to see you about, sir," continued Harper, as the train moved off, "is this. I think it will be worth your while to call at Paine's—the agent's—on your way through town. Mr. Adderman's brother will be at Paine's this afternoon to arrange about engaging masters for next term."

"You think that I might perhaps be re-engaged?" asked Jones.

"From what Mr. Adderman's brother said to me," replied Harper, "I should say it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. However, you will see what Paine says."

"I am very much obliged to you for giving me this hint, Harper," said Jones.

"Don't mention it, sir," said Harper, "it's none of my doing. Our worthy friend, Dr. Thornton, had a long talk yesterday with Mr. Adderman's brother, and I daresay your name cropped up."

Jones's spirits improved. He did not want to go home and tell them that he had lost his post. He could easily imagine the expression that would come over his father's face on hearing it. He felt he would be willing to return to Adderman's at half his present salary—if only he could keep his post.

The train rolled onwards, and presently the first stopping-place hove in sight. Harper shook hands with Jones, and got out. He stood by the open window then.

MISS PETERS, AS A RULE, PLAYING PROPRIETY BEHIND A BOOK.

"By the way," he said, as the train was moving off, "I almost forgot. I have a note for you from Miss Lucy. Good-bye, sir!"

He flung the note in, and disappeared. J. O. read the note and re-read it many times. He was glad nobody else was in the compartment, for Lucy's little letter of farewell made the landscape through which he was passing seem dim and blurred to his honest eyes. We will not pry into its contents, for it is no business of ours what Lucy had to say to J. O. But we may be sure that it was everything that was tender and true and womanly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROSES.

MORE than a year has elapsed since J. O. Jones took that little railway ride with Harper. To be exact, fifteen months have raced by—the months always race when you are very busy—since J. O. travelled blithely home to Middlebury, and, having been met at the station by sister Essie in the pony-cart, informed his family that he had been appointed headmaster of Adderman's School at a salary of three hundred pounds a year.

The Rev. Peter Jones stared incredulously at his youngest-born son.

"Is this really so?" he demanded.

"Well, pater," returned J. O., "I shouldn't say so if it wasn't."

"Do you think it will last?" asked his father.

"Yes, I intend that it shall," was J. O.'s alert reply.

"I suppose your playing for England had something to do with it?" suggested the Rev. Peter Jones, who, it must be remembered, had no knowledge whatever of the qualities J. O. had proved himself to be possessed of during the past three months.

"Oh, I daresay," said J. O., carelessly.

"Well, I congratulate you very heartily, John, on your appointment," said the Vicar, "it just shows how useful athletics may prove to a man."

"Rather!" said J. O., slily, "I kept the fellows in order by kicking footballs at them, you know."

"Dear me! a curious school!" observed the Vicar, going off to his study to grapple with his Easter bills.

But Essie knew better. J. O. paid her back the ten pounds she had lent him, with a brotherly kiss as interest (receiving two back in return, so somehow he is still in her debt), and after she had been to stay at Adderman's (at Lucy Adderman's invitation) on the return of the travellers from foreign parts, she was able to give her father some authoritative reasons for J. O.'s appointment.

"It wasn't altogether his football, then?" said the Vicar.

"It wasn't his football at all, papa; it was because he kept the boys in order and made them respect him in spite of the fact that it was one of the most disorderly schools in England when he went there. Miss Peters, the matron, and Lucy Adderman—such a pretty girl!—told me *all about it*, papa!"

"Indeed!" said the Vicar, "well, I must admit that I had no idea John was a disciplinarian—or anything else, for that matter. Three hundred a year! Dear me! he ought to save quite two hundred of it."

But fifteen months have elapsed, and certain persons have observed that, when he has done his work, J. O. frequents Mr. Adderman's garden with great persistency. For Mr. Adderman is now mild and gentle, and devotes most of his time to the cultivation of roses. And sometimes J. O. and Lucy walk round the garden with Mr. Adderman, and sometimes they sit on a garden seat in the shade of a great tree, Miss Peters, as a rule, hovering about them or playing propriety behind a book.

But at times Miss Peters knows how to efface herself, for she is now far less grim than she was of yore. Perhaps it is that, old maid though she be, she has taken J. O. into her heart. Certain it is that, since J. O. has been at Adderman's, Miss Peters has shown herself to be more human than anyone ever thought she could. Perhaps J. O. was the first person to understand that, beneath the matron's harsh exterior, there lay much that was really womanly and gentle.

During the Easter holidays, whose beginning has already been recorded, Mr. Adderman, with Harper and Lucy, started on a long sea voyage. Under these bracing conditions, as far as his body went, Mr. Adderman rapidly regained his health, but it soon became apparent that he would never be able to resume his scholastic work. The old, irritable, nervous brain-worry had gone, leaving him as tractable as a child. When six months had gone by he expressed his desire to return to Ardenwood. His brother and solicitor, who were now in charge of his affairs, were at first against such a proposal: but the medical men said that no harm could come by it, the patient being perfectly docile.

Back to Adderman's, then, went its former headmaster. Jones had had a study of his own prepared for him, so his erstwhile chief returned to his old room, and passed his days either there or pottering about in the garden among his roses.

Many years before, ere the cares of a school came upon him, Mr. Adderman had been a great cultivator of roses. It was fortunate that his old passion returned to him at this epoch. In the summer he grew and tended them in the open; in the winter, under glass. He exhibited them and won prizes for them, and such victories brought him much innocent joy. He loved to wander about in an old straw hat and an old grey coat. He was not always with his roses. At times he would watch the games or walk about the country. Sometimes he would take some of the boys and show them his flowers, and more especially his roses.

Two years since, many of the boys at Adderman's would have openly jeered at this harmless old gentleman with the straw hat and mild face. They would have made raids on his flowers, played practical jokes on him, and teased him with rude jests when he appeared among them.

But Adderman's had changed. J. O. Jones was headmaster. Once only had a boy ventured to make open fun of Mr. Adderman—and Jones had seen him. Five minutes later that boy came out of Jones's study with a very white face. Ever afterwards their former headmaster was treated with respect by the boys he had formerly governed.

Living this quaint, quiet, peaceful life, Mr. Adderman's mind gradually grew stronger to the extent that he was able to converse rationally with those about him on ordinary topics. Sometimes he even took a class of little boys in such simple subjects as handwriting or dictation. He was delighted when J. O. asked him to do so—though he never proposed it himself. But there was one thing which Mr. Adderman could never get out of his head. He was positive that Jones had bought the school, and that he—its former head—owned nothing but the roses and other flowers in the garden.

When fifteen months had gone by from the time that J. O. was appointed headmaster, Adderman's had shaped into a very different place. Jones had re-engaged Huntingdon, Atkins, and Green, and had found a capable man to take Samuels' place. He expelled six boys during his first term's headship, and he refused to accept as pupils several boys who had been expelled from other schools. Thus working for the school's good, slowly and surely he raised the tone of Adderman's. At the end of fifteen months Adderman's was no longer spoken of as a disreputable place: it had a fine Eleven (led by Oliphant), and there were over a hundred boys there.

One day, when the summer term was drawing to its close, J. O. asked Lucy to marry him, and Lucy's reply was such that J. O. felt that he ought to tell Mr. Adderman of their engagement.

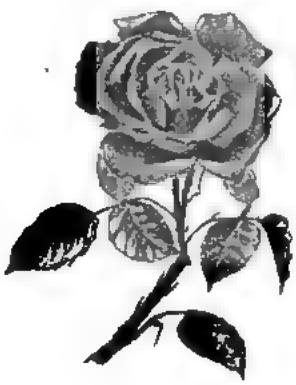
Then Mr. Adderman, hearing of it, went forth into his garden. He took his pruning knife and approached his best rose-tree. On this tree were two white roses—the finest of all the fine blooms in the garden and very dear to their master's heart.

Presently, spying J. O. and Lucy coming towards him, he cut off these two very beautiful flowers, and then, when J. O. and Lucy halted by his side, he handed a rose to each of them.

Then he put their hands, which held the flowers, together, and gently laid his own hand upon them.

"I have nothing but my roses now," he said, "and I have given you the best of what I have. They are my wedding-presents to you, with my love."

THE END.



THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

CYCLING AS MEDICINE.

IT is not, of course, primarily to my younger readers that this article is addressed. Youth and health ought to go together, and I trust that in the case of most of you they do. But there are, I know, thousands of readers of THE CAPTAIN for whom youth is a happy memory of something past. Although I wish all the heartiest of health, yet there can be no harm in old and young alike having some knowledge of the curative value of the exercise of cycling should the frame have got out of condition and the general state of bodily affairs be more or less seriously "off-colour."

In the early days of cycling the pastime was much looked askance at, on the ground of its supposed prejudice to health. Medical men, very few of whom had at that time tried it, almost unanimously decried the new form of exercise, and predicted all sorts of evils as likely to result from indulgence in its delights. Many kinds of muscular ailments, nerve ailments, and injuries to the heart, the spinal column, and the visual organs were foretold, and we were taught to look forward to seeing an enfeebled generation of worn-out wheelmen who should succumb to what was slightingly termed the new craze.

But with increased knowledge and experience, for the doctors quickly acquired both, there came a broader view. Medical men themselves began to be seen passing to and from their consulting rooms and surgeries upon the maligned vehicle, and they soon arrived at the conclusion that the machine was not so infernal after all. They even began recommending it to their patients, both for preventive and curative purposes; and since the "boom" of a few years ago brought the bicycle into universal recognition among the aristocracy, the rational use of the machine as a restorative for indisposition as well as a tonic at all times has become increasingly fashionable. Yet there still remain, especially among novices and non-riders, many ill-defined misgivings as to the relationship between cycling and health. I have of late years received a very large number of inquiries on the subject, some of them naming specific disorders, and asking timidly whether cycling is not injurious. In cases where I have not been sure I have invariably sought professional advice, but in almost every instance it has turned out advisable to recommend correspondents to adopt cycling, or to revert to it, whichever the case may have been.

The prejudice against cycling on grounds of health owed its rise to the outrageous scorching and indefensible postures of that thoughtless section of cycling youth who were supposed by the uninitiated to be our typical representatives. Hundreds of those riders have undoubtedly done themselves bodily harm, while at the same time they have inevitably brought the whole sport and pastime of wheeling into discredit. You see, they were so much more in evidence than the quieter riders who indulged in their riding pleasures after the fashion which I have never tired of advocating. The fly-away contingent were what is spoken of as "asking for" bent spines and injured hearts, and many of them, as the result of their folly, acquired either one or the other, or both. But, while this has been so, I venture to assert that there are hundreds of thousands of persons of both sexes who can look with thankfulness to the art of cycling as having given them a personal

standard of health and stamina, and a degree of soundness of constitution, which, before they cycled, had been strangers to them.

Who, knowing all the facts, could expect it to be otherwise? The most important organs of the body derive direct or indirect benefit from the exercise. Those who do not know, commonly suppose that the parts of the body above the waist have practically nothing to do. But there could be no greater mistake. The lungs are powerfully stimulated by the motions set up in the body of the cyclist, and it must be remembered that this takes place when he is in the open air. If the rider sits in an easy, natural, nearly upright pose, and if the dress allows of the proper abdominal breathing I some time ago described, this incitement to full, deep breathing is a most healthful thing. Some authorities have held that the principal cause of consumption is re-breathed air. It is obvious that when spinning along easily in the open country the rider can be subjected to no such risk as that of breathing the same air twice. Always assuming that the matters of dress and posture are right, the increased breathing of pure air is nothing but a benefit. As regards posture, we are not without our indebtedness to girl riders. When bicycling first became popular among girls—now quite a number of years ago—our streets and roads began to be filled with cycling figures which, on the mere score of novelty, were bound to command a certain amount of attention, and which, to the credit of their owners be it said, were calculated to do much to counteract the general uninformed notion of the non-cycling public that the pastime demanded the adoption of an unnatural posture.

If it had been so, no lasting good could ever have been hoped of it. But we who know, know that it is not so. Cycling, when pursued as a rational art and pastime, will bring with it nothing but physical good. It stimulates the circulation, promotes the healthy and regular breakdown of tissues which the body has used up, and which Nature desires to be rid of, accelerates the action of various organs of the body, and at the same time sharpens and gives a healthy tone to the appetite, and so paves the way for that rebuilding which Nature as imperatively demands. It may be useful, in dismissing for the moment these great generalities, to refer to a few of the specific cases upon which I have been at various times during recent years consulted.

Riders have asked me whether cycling is good for the eyes. Now, in the old days of solid tyres and more or less bone-shaking ironmongery, I could not have replied that it was. But all that has long since been changed. We no longer have the conditions of the railway train, as it may still be found upon uncivilised lines, with little or no upholstery and with a minimum of spring furniture between the wheels and the frame.

To read poor type while being jolted along at speed in such conveyances was and is undoubtedly injurious to the eyes, owing chiefly to the continual necessity of minute muscular readjustment in order to keep the visual lenses in touch with the matter to be read. The old "ordinary" entailed a strain somewhat of the same nature, although by no means so pronounced. In these days it is different, and cycling on a modern pneumatic-shod machine is proved to be positively beneficial to the eyesight. The common-sense reason advanced in explanation of this is that the change from the study of very near objects, as, for example, in the ordinary act of reading, to the study or quiet contemplation of the more distant vistas which Nature presents, is a restful and a beneficial change. At any rate, you do not hear of the rational cyclist injuring his eyesight by pursuit of the pastime which he loves.

Frequently, too, I have been interrogated on the subject of varicose veins. Now, these arise from various causes, and are by no means so difficult to treat as was the case a generation ago. A very old dictum in dealing with them is that sitting or recumbent postures are preferable to the erect attitude, the reason being that in the case of the latter the column of blood to be supported by the valves and pulses is longer and heavier than in either of the other two sorts of position. It follows by the same argument that, in cases of varicosity, cycling is better than walking, since it approximates to the sitting posture, and I have known medical men advise patients who were troubled in this way to cycle, instead of walk, such distances as they had to compass. Of course no one would look for anything like an instantaneous cure from the cycle, unless the disorder were some exceedingly simple, and I may even say silly, thing such as "the dumps." I am not subject to the dumps, but on the rare occasions when I have foolishly given way to them I have found a smart spin out in the fresh air of either summer or winter—shine, or rain, or snow—to be a remedy little short of magical. One realises once again a healthy and joyous relationship with Nature, which relationship

is entirely incompatible with any form of despondency. Shadows and darkness flee away

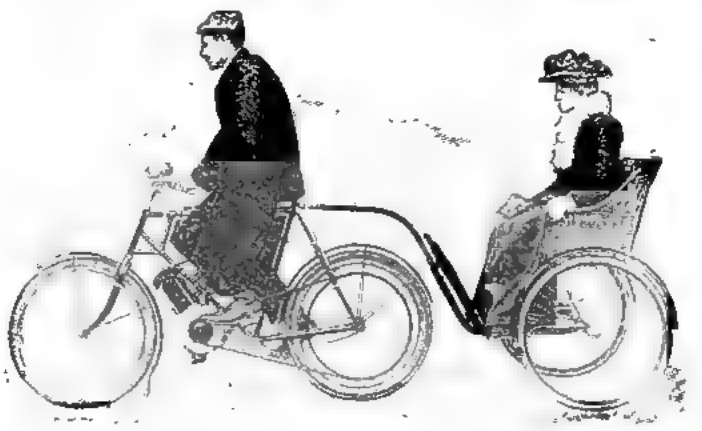
"On the long brown road
Where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by!"

So wrote one of the few true cycling poets we have ever had. I wonder why there have been so few.

People who thought they were suffering from graver ailments than those mentioned above have often written for counsel. There is the terror of heart disease, although in many cases there is no reason why it should be regarded as a terror at all. Heart troubles are classed by practitioners into two main groups—disorders which are organic, and those which are simply functional. These pages are not the place in which to explain the different groups of symptoms by reference to which it is quite easy to distinguish the one class of diseases from the other. Naturally any one supposed to be suffering from weakness of the heart in any form would seek professional advice. But the important thing is this, that whereas the more serious forms of heart trouble are rarely benefited by cycling, yet the moderate and sensible use of the cycle is found in general to be highly valuable in the others. There is a placidity, a repose about the exercise which qualifies it as a curative agent of high order.

The "cure by cycle," for these as well as other troubles, is, as has been suggested, nearly always gradual in its action. It may be effected in a day in some cases—say, for example, in the case of cramp, which is commonly only a manifestation of defective circulation; and I have suggested above that there are little matters mainly connected with transitory morbid moods in which the disease, if it may so be styled, can be dispelled in an hour or even a few minutes. But in graver circumstances patience will naturally be called for.

The sufferer may even be unable to ride at first. In such a case the newly popularised trailer is the very thing. It may require a strongish friend to undertake the haulage, but there is the satisfaction of knowing that his labours are of a healthful kind. The trailer is an ideal vehicle for such as are precluded from cycling themselves. One need only premise that the tyres should be in perfect order, and just blown out sufficiently to give easy running with no possibility of jolting on the rim. Unquestionably the best tyres on the market at the present time are the Dunlop, the Clincher, and the Palmer. There are several cheaper, but there are none better than these; and bearing out what has been previously said of machines in general, it is true also of the tyre, that any firm which has spent great sums in first proving the validity of its patent rights, and afterwards in advertising its wares to the public, will be the last firm to commit the folly of betraying its clients by supplying them with wares of a quality which is inferior to that which they have been led to expect to receive. I have spoken of well-tyred trailers before, and have shown pictures of them. Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, London, E.C., have a good series of trailers, the prices of which scale up from £5 19s. 6d. to ten guineas.



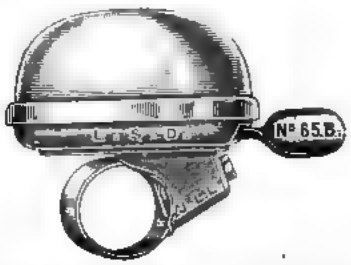
ONE OF GAMAGE'S TRAILERS, WHICH ARE BECOMING SO POPULAR. THEY CAN BE FIXED TO ANY MACHINE, AND COST FROM £5 19s. 6d. UPWARDS.

What has been said about the condition of trailer tyres applies equally to the tyres of the cycle when it is used as a means of curing nervous disorders, and notably in cases of insomnia. For insomnia cycling is the sovereign remedy. The easy, gentle, and smooth exercise; the more than normal supply of ozone to the lungs; the general placidity which is induced by rational cycling—all combine to bring about conditions favourable to healthy sleep. Some other morbid, or semi-morbid

states of the body not infrequently disappear as by magic under a simple cycling *régime*. Anæmia is one of them. It has been in very numerous instances cured by the use of the bicycle. It is not to be denied that walking might, and often does, achieve the same desirable end. But walking is a remedy less easy

THE TRILBY BELL (MESSRS. GAMAGE).

to apply, because it is less attractive. Pedestrian exercise does not command so wide a range of scenery and surroundings, since its radius is naturally only one-third or one-fourth of that which the cycle is capable of compassing with the same effort, and in the same time. Hence the patient, who may be the victim of such concomitants as lassitude, irresolution, or, at all events, want of enthusiasm, may find no particular attraction in the idea of



THE L.S.D. SPECIAL CYCLE BELL (MESSRS. LUCAS).

tramping over old familiar ground; whereas the bicycle invites to regions always new, and promises the possibility of a body refreshed and a mind made vigorous by contact with the varieties of Nature. May all of us regain, maintain, or build up that fine standard of health to which cycling is so well proved to be capable of administering.

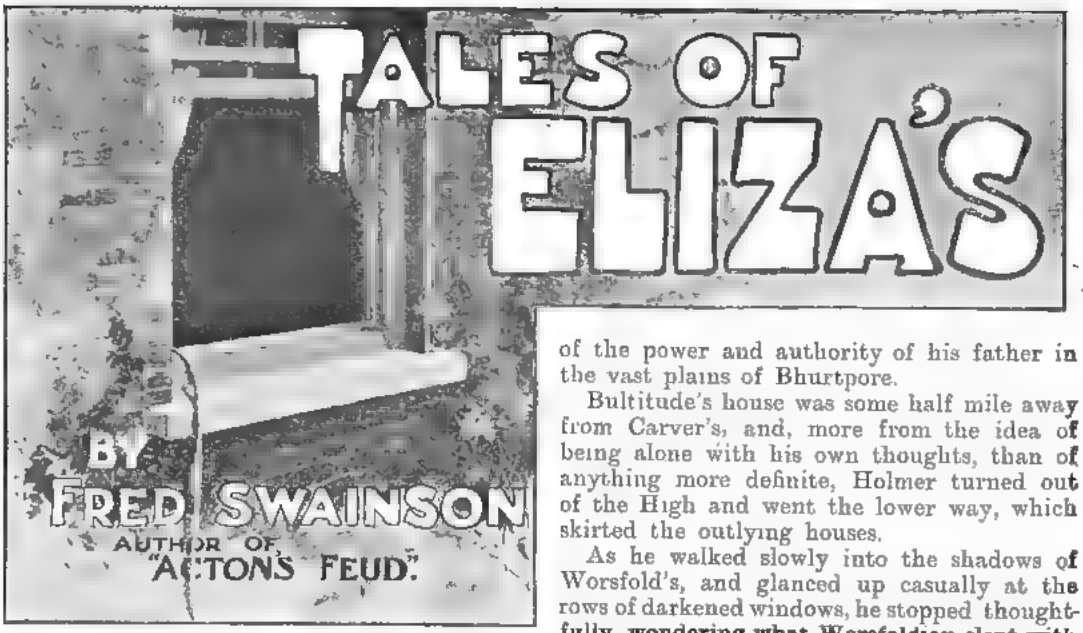
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rita (CAMBRIDGE).—Robinson's patent barley is a first-rate thing for cyclists. It makes a better drink than that obtainable by the old method of adding crude oatmeal to water, though that was good in its way. The barley is mainly designed, perhaps, to act as a preparation for invalids. But "what's good for the sick is good for the well"—is a saying which certainly applies here. There are few things more important than the choice of suitable drinks while cycling, for drink most cyclists must. The barley water made from this preparation is admirable. **J. R.** (PURLEY).—Clean the ball races by all means. Do this with some non-mineral oil, such as pure sperm or highly refined neatsfoot. If the races are made quite clean, and you are convinced that the oil holes are also free, you will find it most convenient to lubricate after fastening

THIS TYRE, WITH THE DUNLOP AND THE PALMER, ARE UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

up again. This should be done with oils of similar character to those named above. Owing to the large circulation of THE CAPTAIN, and the necessity of getting to press several weeks in advance, this reply cannot appear in the issue of the month you mention in your letter. **T. P.** (DUDLEY).—It all depends upon the nicety of the adjustment of the bearings. If this is all that it should be, an oiling every two hundred miles, and a light one at that—a mere drop—will be sufficient for most parts; and an oiling every hundred for the hardest working parts, such as the pedals, the crank bracket, and the rear wheel hub. After lubrication, wipe all oozing oil clean away, or it will assist the dust to collect, and the dust will, in turn, exercise a capillary action, and tend to suck oil out of the cavities. **A. H. M.** (LLANGOLLEN).—(1) It is a moot point. Toe-clips endow each foot with the power of working all the way round the circle, since they confer a slight lifting power on the up-stroke, and a very considerable power of "kicking forward" at the top. But it is questionable whether this is more advantageous than the employment of the vigorous downthrusts of ordinary pedalling, which are alternated with brief momentary rests during the up-stroke. The use of toe-clips leads some riders into a slovenly style of pedalling. When it does so the clips are a positive disadvantage. The argument that they keep the feet from slipping the pedals has nothing in it. With correct ankling the phenomenon of pedal slip will not occur. As I have said, there are arguments on both sides, and I do not like to be too emphatic. But I do not like toe-clips, and, personally, I never use them. (2) Antirustine, as previously recommended in this corner.

H. P.



No. VI.—MARTYN'S ONE TUNE.

I.

ARTHUR HOLMER did not know whether to be glad or sorry when Carver asked him to dinner, so he compromised matters by being very nervous. His Royal Highness the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, who was dining at Carver's, had asked specially to see him, and, because the Maharajah was a very, very great personage in a very, very great country, Carver sent the Elizabethan captain an invitation, which was of course a command disguised. Holmer knew that his father kept native rajahs more or less in order somewhere in India, but he did not know that the rajahs loved him for it. But he of Bhurtpore, a tall, black-bearded Rajput chief, somehow contrived to let the Elizabethan see that, if he did not love British residents as a rule, he had a very great respect indeed for Sir Richard Holmer. And the son, looking into the dark eyes of the man who spoke so steadily of his father, felt a tingle of pride. For the tall swarthy alien spoke as though he also was one in authority.

He left Carver's when the clock was booming twelve from the school tower, and, as he stood in the High in the crisp November night, he thought that above all things he would like to make his own term of authority at Eliza's in its own little way a simulacrum of the power and authority of his father in the vast plains of Bhurtpore.

Bultitude's house was some half mile away from Carver's, and, more from the idea of being alone with his own thoughts, than of anything more definite, Holmer turned out of the High and went the lower way, which skirted the outlying houses.

As he walked slowly into the shadows of Worsfold's, and glanced up casually at the rows of darkened windows, he stopped thoughtfully, wondering what Worsfoldian slept with his window wide open, for, as a rule, in the pre-Workingtonian days the fellows of the house were not noted for any special love of fresh air. "And in any case," thought Holmer, "I'd shy at having all this November chill crowding into my den from the bottom sash. Worsfold's got an original up there. Hullo! he's on show, too."

As the Elizabethan captain stood looking up, he could distinctly see a white face at the black void above, and the next moment he saw someone clamber noiselessly out on to the window sill, softly lower the sash behind him—this made not the slightest sound—and then, apparently, glide slowly off into space.

"Interestin'," said the captain, keeping himself in the black shadow-pool of a big beech which flanked Worsfold's. "He's sailin' down quite nicely, too."

The figure could be seen descending slowly but easily, but when it was about eight feet or so from the ground there was a short, intense pause. Then Holmer saw someone uncurl from some invisible support above, hang with outstretched arms whilst he might count five, and drop lightly to the ground.

Holmer strode swiftly out of his shadow, and laid a hand squarely on the fellow who had come so slowly and so quietly to earth. "Hullo! who are you?"

The newcomer sprang back, as though the captain's touch had stung him, but Holmer's grip was firm, and he spun him round. When he saw the face, he put his hands calmly back into his coat pockets, and said quietly,

"Oh! Martyn! What does it all mean, Martyn?"

"Holmer!" said Martyn, in blank astonishment.

"More or less at your service," said Holmer. "What were you going to do?"

"That's my business," said Martyn, anger vibrating in every tone of his words.

"A little mine, too," corrected the captain, gently.

"Not a bit of it," said Martyn. "Good night."

Before Frederick Martyn could move one bare yard from the wall, Holmer stood in front of him, and said grimly, "Martyn, you've just got to explain."

THE CAPTAIN WATCHED THE WORSFOLDIAN GO UP HAND OVER FIST.

"I say, Holmer, you are a choice hypocrite. What's the difference between you and me? Where are you cutting to yourself?"

"Bed," said Holmer, laconically. "Been to Carver's. Jolly pleasant evening."

"Then that's just what I'm going to have, if you'll get out of the way."

"Worsfold doesn't know, of course," said the captain.

"Would I bark myself against his bricks for sheer love of the thing if he did? You're an intellectual for Eliza's figure-head," said Martyn with a little jeer.

The jeer made no impression on Holmer. "Where were you going?"

"I am going, exactly, to Hurlstone; why? Some friends of mine are giving a dance. When? now; return a trifle before the milk when you're just opening your virtuous eyes to another blue day. You can't want to know more than that. Sorry I can't tell you whom I'm dancing with."

Holmer's eyes glittered ominously in the dark, but he said quietly: "You see, Martyn, Carver did not appoint me captain of Eliza's to nod pleasantly, or to shut my eyes, when I come across a fellow who is crawling down a rope at midnight. So you'd better get up again, and leave Hurlstone severely alone."

Martyn said drily: "I'm going to Hurlstone to-night, even if I'm booted out of Eliza's to-morrow. I don't care a— anything you like—for an ultra-pious prig of a captain, either."

Then Holmer said: "You

must see, Martyn, that if I knock you down, as I will unless you're inside your own room in three minutes, that I shall have to ring up Worsfold, and you'd then be cut adrift—without your precious dance. As a mere matter of policy, your best plan is to go back."

Holmer's voice did not seem angry; he spoke in a quiet, argumentative fashion, but there ran through his few words a certain determination which told as unmistakably as tells a steel core thrust through an oaken stick.

Martyn half pulled off his coat in his fury, whilst Holmer eyed him coolly with the vague disdain of a man meeting something unexpectedly unpleasant. Martyn measured himself against the captain, his own case against the other's, and he knew well enough, despite his bitter anger, that Holmer had him in a cleft stick. He backed to the wall, and in the dim light contemplated his unlooked-for adversary from shoes to cap, then instantly made up his mind to the inevitable. "You have me fast, Holmer; I think I'd better postpone Hurlstone."

"Thanks," said Holmer, simply.

The captain watched the Worsfoldian go up hand over fist, and, when Martyn was in his room, Holmer heard him say cheerfully, "Heads below there, captain. The trophies are with you to-night. My turn next."

A rope dropped at Holmer's feet.

"Take it with you, please. Then you'll feel safe. Good-night."

Holmer saw the window pulled down, and then, gathering up the rope, he went on his way thoughtfully to Bultitude's. "I'll speak to Jack about him," he said, as he got into bed.

On the morrow Arthur Holmer and John Heron came back from footer dead-beat but cheerful. The fellows had cheered them off the ground, and the pink—the hunt-coat pink—might be the blushes still mantling on their faces or the kind of colour a man will capture when he has been playing a hard, grim back-game for seventy minutes out of ninety. And the cheerfulness was because eleven surprised and disgusted Carthusians had gone back to town with an unmistakable one to nil defeat.

When a school possesses one good—really good—back, it may be considered fortunate; when it possesses a pair, it is blessed indeed. And the Elizabethan captain and his chum John Heron made such a pair as a rhapsodical Bultitude junior might christen "dream-like."

In their degree there existed between them the perfect understanding, the Howarth and Holmes dovetailing work, A.M.'s and P.M.'s working harmony, the Fry and Oakley compact, and the school, lining the ropes and following the game with bated breath, had watched with amazement and delicious joy the Carthusian attack splitting on the rocks of Elizabethan defence.

Do you know the joy of life when, at the end of the ninety minutes, you have played your game of the season? The great day comes when your pace is the couple of yards faster and your necessary turning room half a dozen inches less; the very little that means so much. You step on to the field without an atom of doubt; you believe in yourself and look the opposition in the face without an inward qualm. Then, your placing is true to a hair; then, you can keep the ball low in the true Oakley fashion; and, when you rush into that little crowd of forwards sweeping swiftly for your goal, you have the faith and strength to move mountains, and you come through the ruck with the ball at your toes. You get possession by the ninety-ninth chance, and your most awful risks under stress are metamorphosed into the veriest sureties. Your reach is inches longer, and, when you have to stake all on a lunging, flying kick, you gather the ball sweetly on your instep, and lift it mightily three-quarters of the field. Then, you are lighter, speedier, trickier, deadlier, surer; your ordinary game is as twilight to the blazing midday sun. From the first call of the whistle to the stringing rush to the pavilion, when all is over, you have held up your end like a Viking on the long ships

Holmer's and Heron's day coincided. They played such a game as Elizabethans had not seen before, and held at bay a side which had run the school halves to a stand-still; and they remained unconquered at the close. Then the frenzied Elizabethans lost their usual Horatian calm and balanced judgment, and signified what feelings agitated their bosoms.

Holmer and Heron were both in Bultitude's house, and Bultitude wouldn't have parted with them for any six you could have picked elsewhere. The pair had, for two years past, made Bult's shine in a perfect blaze of glory. "Wisden" had embalmed their doings in special spice, and their names in cloudy incense, and the remembrance of some frenzied slogging against time at Lord's, when the opposition bowling was tied into knots, is one of the peculiar treasures of

Eliza's. And when the elms were leafless and the skies grey, and the pair strolled easily, hands in pockets, upon the field, and drifted behind to back, there was not one Elizabethan who would not have considered himself clothed in glory if he had received a tithe of the admiration offered to them. They were both in the Sixth, monitors, great in the schools, and thick with the beaks Carver, in the current legend, spun a penny when he appointed Holmer captain. There was only the spin of the coin for it. Heron and Holmer were as David and Jonathan; you saw them in the High, in the Pool, at the wickets, in the schools, in chapel, on the river—together. For the rest they were decent good-form Elizabethans, popular even out of the philathletic set, and feared in a real healthy fashion by the little knot of rowdies and bullies which Eliza's—like every other public school—had to carry as the usual handicap.

Young Matthews, Heron's fag, had prepared the school backs a square meal; there was a fearsome number of rounds of buttered toast, piled up like a peat stack, and from the array of potted flesh and fish arranged symmetrically on the board, it was apparent that Patrick Matthews had looted at least two corridors of Bultitude's. A kettle spouted merrily on the fire, and Heron's teapot gaped for the tea.

The chums eyed the spread with satisfaction. "Pat's usual winning banquet. The little beggar comes out strong on an occasion. Suppose you saw the match, young 'un?"

"Rather!" said Matthews, his voice almost breaking with admiration. "I said to Phil when Holmer——"

"No poetry," said Heron, cutting across the coming rhapsody and winking at his chum, "though Arthur did trot about to some purpose. Pearl of fags, such a thing as a tub?"

"Rather!" said Matthews promptly, "knew you'd want it. I told Mary to stoke for it. The towels are there."

"Come on, Jack," said Holmer laughing. "Let's eat clean as Pharisees. Patrick, your *forte* is the commissariat. I'll speak to Kitchener about it."

"Thanks," said Matthews, gurgling. "And, I say, Heron, when you rolled over Ryd——"

The chums beat a hasty retreat, and Matthews, after casting a last look round, cut away to his friend Phil.

The captain and Heron came back pink still, clothed, and ravenous. When the loaf finally gave out they pushed back the table and drew up their chairs to the fire. Outside the day had passed into night, and the darkness had brought down a good steady rain which, although it made all things without miserable enough, heightened by contrast the joys of Heron's den. The school groups on the wall, footer, cricket, and house elevens, a good print or two, a photograph of mamma and Dora, a bookcase, books mellowed from much use, a complete set of Kipling—more mellowed still—, a carriage clock minus the minute hand on the mantelpiece, gloves, boots, dumb-bells in a piled heap in a corner, a fishing rod atilt the bookcase, and some chessmen peeping cheerfully out of a biscuit box, gave the room a habitable, bachelor, *sans cérémonie* look.

"I say, Jack," said Holmer, looking thoughtfully into the fire, "you know Martyn of Worsfold's rather well, don't you?"

Heron looked up quickly.

"I know his people. Why?"

"Know what sort of a fellow he really is?"

"I'd like to know, Arthur, more than a little. As a matter of fact, his people asked me to look upon him with a friendly eye."

"I'd get that eye on him, Jack, pretty soon. He's been in hot water too often lately."

Heron shifted uneasily. "I believe half of his appearances before the beaks is sheer *braggadocio*. He's one of those fellows who find our jog-trot too humdrum, and he kicks over the traces just to see what it looks like from the outside."

"Don't understand the breed, Jack," growled the captain. "Can't he work?—he's only in the Fifth—or can't he play? If he wants to do something in the Hercules sublime strain, why doesn't he clean out the Worsfoldian stable? There'd be nothing common nor humdrum in that. Do you know, Jack, I think him the usual rogue. A little cleverer, perhaps."

"I don't, Arthur. For one thing. He is not mean enough to lie."

"No, he doesn't lie," said Holmer, slowly, thinking.

"And there's always hope for that kind."

"Well, Jack, I'd give him a broad hint, the broadest you've got, that he must draw in his horns. Would a thrashing do him any good?"

"No," said Heron, hastily.

"I'm not so sure," said Holmer, grimly. "I've felt inclined to try that, once."

"I'll see him. I think him not so bad at bottom."

"You're an awfully decent fellow, Jack. *I* don't like him."

Then the talk shifted on to other matters—the match, and the school's chances for Aldershot; finally, the chums tried a game of chess. Holmer routed Heron with ridiculous ease, but Jack was preoccupied. He was wondering what Martyn had been doing.

II.

A WEEK after the match Heron went to Worsfold's, and found Martyn in. It was a pouring wet afternoon, and Martyn had stoked up a rare fire, and was reading, luxuriously sunk in the depths of an arm-chair. It was rather like Martyn, that he should ignore the Elizabethan prejudice against arm-chairs. "Hullo! Heron," he said, as Jack came in. "Glad to see you. What blows you down to Worsfold's? Have *you* got a down on arm-chairs. No? Well, sit here."

Heron sank into the chair, whilst Martyn drew up another. Martyn, in common fairness, did not look the usual rogue. He had a rather good face, and a suggestion of cheerful independence helped out his good looks. A mocking grin lurked about his mouth with the sort of mockery that jeered at himself with the rest of the world, and his eyes had the sharp, alert look of the clever fellow. He looked very wide-awake indeed. He was well made, had a good pair of square shoulders, and his whole appearance belied his reputation of the non-athletic sort.

"Just had a letter from your people, Frank"

"In which they shed tears over my last stringing-up?"

"More or less. After all, Frank, why don't you quit fooling?"

"And become one of the Holmer-Heron gang? With all due respects to one of the partners, no—o thanks," said Martyn, his mouth twitching sarcastically. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Jack, of course, but, as a mere matter of curiosity, has Holmer anything to do with your coming out to Worsfold's?"

"No," said Heron, slowly. "Not directly. He told me he wished you'd draw in your horns, of course, and, 'pon honour, Frank, why don't you?"

"Say anything about our last encounter, Jack?"

"No. What was it?" asked Heron, looking up quickly.

Martyn reeled off a concise account of his meeting with the captain, and Heron got angry. "That sort of thing is beyond a joke. You'll be kicked out of Eliza's as sure as your name's Martyn. And would one expulsion be cheap at the price of half-a-dozen Joe-and-Jerry midnight strolls? I don't want to throw your mater at your head, but you haven't yourself to consider only. You're a fool, Frank."

Martyn, who liked Heron, did not wince at this clinching noun-substantive. "You can't see what a dull hole Eliza's is, Jack. You're in the cricket-cum-croquet set, the kids stare at you as you go a-linking with the ineffable Holmer up the High, you're well in with all the beaks, hand-in-glove with all the heavy-weight Sixth, and they all call you 'old man.' I'd murder anyone who called me 'old man' in the usual unctuous snuffle."

Heron looked a trifle bored.

"And the perfect embodiment of all this goodness, greatness, and muscle—the Elizabethan Washington—is Holmer, who exudes virtue at every pore."

"Did he exude virtue at any pore when he asked you to go back up your rope?" asked Heron, grimly.

"Not a bit," said Martyn, cheerfully. "He talked about knocking me down. This so surprised me that I went back."

"Can't understand why you hate Arthur: he——"

"He's too good: too white: too altogether the just-what-he-ought-to-be. He jars on an imperfect animal like myself. I think I'd like him better—no, dislike him less—if he and I had to meet each other in a quiet little corner and let a little blood. It would clear my head a bit."

"Heaven send that day soon," said Heron, fervently. "Meanwhile, Frank, I'd not irritate the beaks any more. Carver's back's waiting for your last straw."

Martyn yawned, and changed the subject, but when Heron rose to go, he said, "You're a decent fellow, Jack, to come and bother your head about me, but I don't think I'll trouble Carver—ever—in the export department. But I make no promise about the sublime Holmer."

"For so much, thanks," returned Heron. "As for Holmer, remember, Frank, he's got the deuce of a right."

"The impeccable couldn't have a left like ordinary folks," said Martyn, with a cheerful jeer.

Heron felt satisfied that, at any rate, he had done no harm in calling.

A few days afterwards, Carver put Hurlstone out of bounds—in the official notice it merely said that the school had to content themselves with their own bank of the Lodden—but it was the annual Hurlstone fair that this notice covered. The three days' fair was always a thorn in Carver's side. Holmer prepared for the usual skirmish with the black gang. He dropped a hint that he, personally, would give an eye to their doings, and Hawkes, Benson, and Isaacs, who made a permanent black spot on Eliza's decided that Hurlstone was too risky.

"Personally, I don't see any heinous crime in breaking glass bottles, and having a turn-up in the booths, but an order is an order: anyhow, for us," said Holmer to Heron, as he prepared for a stroll Hurlstone way. "I'm glad this is the last day. Hawkes and Co. have lain low so far."

Holmer strode out into the November drizzle, and headed for the Hurlstone bridge. He returned, just on the point of dusk, along the towing path, congratulating himself that a miserable day had come to an end. As he squished back along the sodden path, comparatively content, his eye caught sight of a boat about half a mile down the Lodden. It was being rapidly rowed across, and it was only when Holmer saw a fellow, who had, evidently, also seen him, spring out and scramble up the bank, and head for the school, that he noticed the Elizabethan cap on his head. There was no mistake about the cap—dusk or no dusk. Holmer made sure of this in a long, steady look, and then he ran swiftly down the path. "Hawkes returning cunningly from the beastly fair, of course." Holmer felt chagrined that he had been so neatly outwitted. When he came to the place, the boat had been rowed back again, the boatman was quietly mooring it to a stake, and the late passenger was running like the wind for the school. Holmer could see him well ahead, striding along in beautiful style, and even from the half-mile distance the captain knew that nor Hawkes, nor Benson, nor Isaacs had that long, loping stretch, which fairly matched his own. And he thought he'd seen those square shoulders

HOLMER SAW A FELLOW SPRING OUT AND SCRAMBLE UP THE BANK.

somewhere. The captain did his level best to run down the Elizabethan ahead, but, try as he might, he could make no appreciable headway. When, finally, the speedy runner struck out of the path, across the fields, and into the High, Holmer, thoroughly blown, gave up the game, and walked moodily home. "Well, the rascal, whoever he is, is about the sweetest miler in the school. He has the real, genuine lift. Who is it?"

Just turning out of the field, the captain saw some one walking slowly towards the school. He had no doubt who this was. Holmer would have sworn to Heron's back view at a thousand yards. "Jove! that's Jack. My speedy friend, I have you now! You really shouldn't have passed Jack. I have you now—for a bad quarter-of-an-hour after tea, and, by the special favour of the gods, for the Open Mile in April. Jove! the bell!"

The evening call-over bell was sounding from the clock tower, and Heron had already quickened his pace, as Holmer broke into a sharp trot. "I'll see Jack after tea."

When Holmer turned into his friend's after six, he had the somewhat grim look on his face which always settled there when there was a bad time ahead for some member of the black gang. He said eagerly, almost fiercely, "Who was that fellow who passed you, old man, when you heard the call-over bell? Swinging along at the deuce of a pace."

Heron looked up anxiously, and said, "Oh! What's the matter?"

"I spotted him being ferried over from Hurlstone, and I hunted him home. He had the legs of me. Who was it?"

Heron was silent for a strained and intense moment. "I can't say."

"You didn't see him, then?" said Holmer, in a fog.

Heron moved his feet uneasily, and did not speak for another strained moment. "Yes, I saw him."

"Then ——"

"I can't say who he was."

Holmer paled, as though to match his chum's colourless cheeks with his own. He got up, and looked out of the window, and stared into the wet, dripping streets, though he saw only a blur of lamps, swirling gutters, and streaming roofs. At last he turned round and said in an odd, flat voice, "Why?"

"Because he's a friend."

Holmer's white face flushed with a sudden gust of anger. "Friend! You've found a beauty, Jack. I can't share you with him." This last in a flicker of scorn.

Heron said quietly, but steadily, "I'm awfully sorry, Arthur."

"Is that your last word, Jack?"

"I can't say who he was."

The chums looked each other squarely in the eyes: they were both standing, and the few seconds that they tried to imagine what was to happen next, seemed minutes. The captain moved to the door, and said, "Good night, Heron."

And Heron, like an echo, said, "Good night, Holmer."

The door closed gently on the old friends.

The next day St. Elizabeth had a shock. Holmer and Heron had quarrelled. They were not seen linking together down the High, they had moved their places in the Sixth, and, when Bultitude's turned out for a game, Heron had stayed in his den, and Holmer's exhibition was a mere travesty of his usual form. What was it all about? Bultitude's fellows were buttonholed and questioned, and some weird romances held the field for a day or two, but no one was remotely in the secret. Elizabethans felt the severance of David from Jonathan as though some landmark had been removed from their little world. Heron and Holmer had passed in a day from an institution to a mystery. The school at first almost refused to believe the evidence of its own senses, but, finally, it had to acquiesce sorrowfully that they did not speak as they passed by. If by chance the pair was seen in the High, fellows watched with blank amazement how they stalked formally past with a stony, straight-ahead stare, and then the lookers-on turned to each other, and said, "See that? What is it?"

Heron and Holmer were the most miserable fellows in Eliza's. "That fellow *was* Martyn," said the captain, as he glowered into the fire after tea. "If I'd only the slightest clue, I'd catch the beggar by the throat and throttle the truth out of him. Oh! it is he. He said he'd score next time." And, as he thought of his old chum down the corridor, he murmured bitterly, "He has."

Heron, in the early days, hated the sight of Martyn. His friendship with Holmer had struck its roots deep into his being, and the sudden wrench had almost maddened him. What was Martyn but a conceited, smiling sharp? He had done nothing since he came to Eliza's but sail as near the wind as he dare. Why should one sacrifice oneself for such a fellow! Of course, Holmer couldn't

stand . . . etc.! Heron used to think until he felt dizzy, and then he'd get out his books and study fiercely without comprehending a word he was reading.

And when Dora came down with mamma she lifted his sorrow to its very climax. "Where's Arthur Holmer, Jack?" said Miss Dora, in a tone that showed she had rather expected to pour tea for four in her brother's study.

"Oh! he's in his own den, I suppose," said Heron, flushing hotly.

"You've quarrelled," said the young lady in disgust. "Your fault, Jack, I'm sure."

"Dora!" said her mother. "But, Jack, why didn't you bring young Martyn?"

Heron's flush deepened to purple. "Martyn be hanged!" he sputtered. "I'd sooner ask——"

"What, with him too!" said Dora. . . . "I've put three lumps of sugar in your tea, Jack."

In a word, Eliza's, whether that meant Bultitude's, school, footer, or anything else, was mere flatness where it wasn't sheer penance. Heron thought it remarkably like riding a stale horse. And Holmer thought in unison.

III.

I SAID before that no one in St. Elizabeth's had any certain idea of what was the mischief between the old chums, but there was one fellow who had a pretty shrewd guess. This was Martyn.

The Fifth-former had expected a visit from Holmer immediately after tea on the evening he had afforded him such a gruelling race, but Holmer came not. Martyn knew Holmer well enough to know that the captain would not pass over a deliberate score in silence, and, though he was pretty sure that Holmer could not be certain whom he had been running down, Heron had seen him (Martyn). And Holmer would ask his chum who the bounds-breaker was. And, of course, —here Martyn smiled sardonically—Heron would say. He would answer off-hand: "Oh! Martyn."

Since nothing happened, Martyn had two hypotheses open for argument. Either Holmer had not asked, or Heron had not told. Martyn dismissed the first without deliberation, but the second claimed his attention. When he heard that the old chums had quarrelled, he felt that his idea was confirmed, and their behaviour towards himself made conviction doubly strong. Holmer's colour heightened ever such a little as the Fifth fellow went by, debonair and smiling, and Heron avoided him as though he had the plague. The captain's anger amused Martyn, and its slight exhibition made him tingle with unhallowed joy, but his feelings towards Heron were quite different. As he thought of him, as decent a fellow as ever trod Elizabethan roads, his sarcastic smile became wry. He felt sorry for him. "Wouldn't have thought that anyone could have liked that ultra-pious Holmer to that extent. The thing is becoming tragic. Wish I'd . . ."

At the end of a fortnight Martyn got impatient. "Why the deuce doesn't Holmer come and knock the truth out of me? Guess he is just a trifle afraid to tackle me on the confess-or-die plan." (This was exactly the position.) "Well, if the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But it will mean the deuce of a mill."

Mahomet's visit to the mountain entailed a visit to O'Rourke in the "gym." *en route*. "Dermot"—the Irishman loved to be called so—"I have a mill on with a fellow in a week, and I don't want to be slain under ten minutes. Is there any hope?"

Dermot at the end of five minutes said there was no hope. "You should have come to me before."

Martyn asked quietly: "Ever heard of anyone coming out top by a fluke?"

"Often," said Dermot, "especially if there's slogging. There's always a chance. Come to me for a week, and we'll do our best."

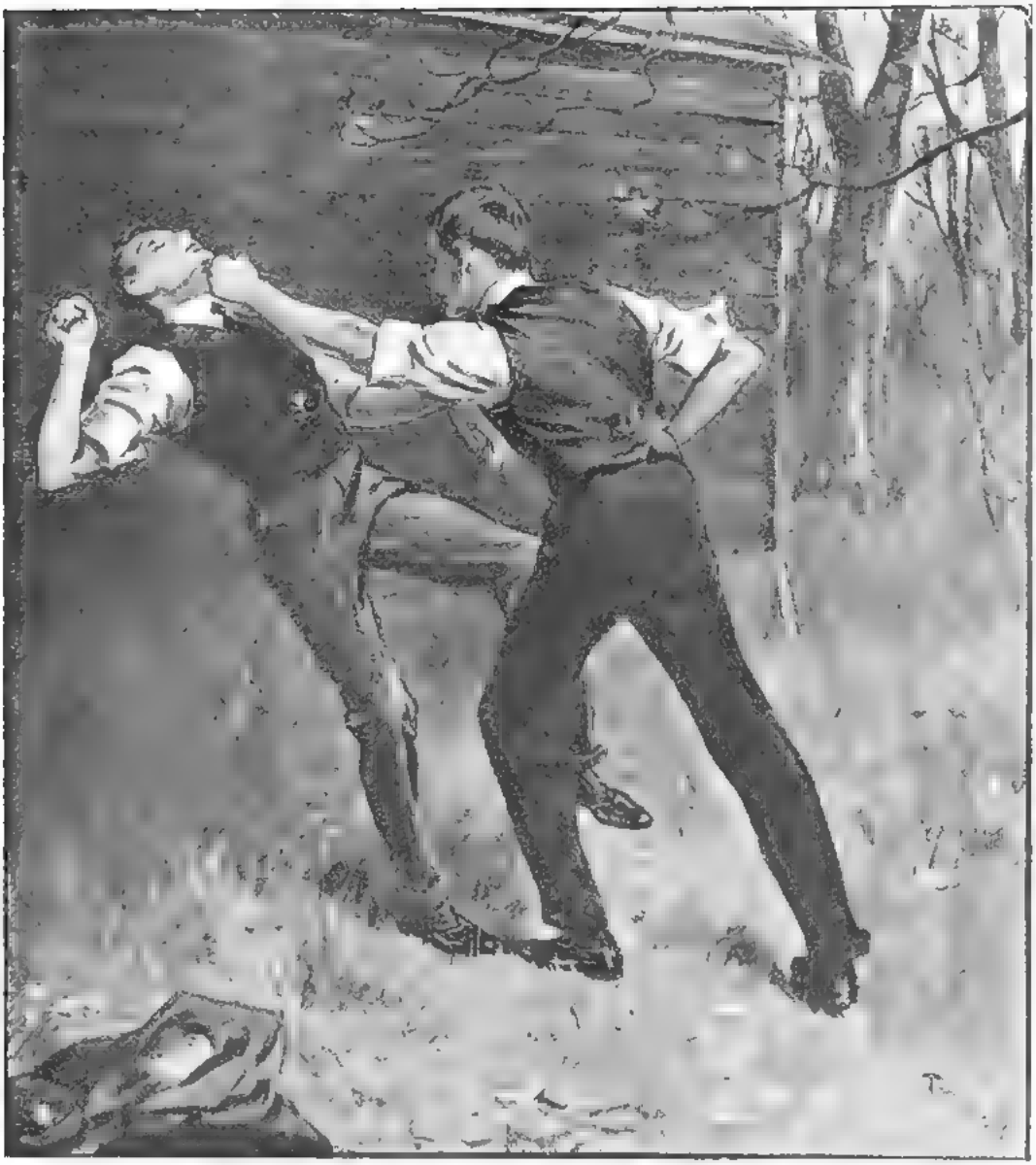
Martyn haunted the "gym." for exactly six long days, and an enthusiastic Celt showed a cool, collected, clever youth, in a manner of speaking, how to play a tune—one—before he could play his scales. Martyn then went out with Dermot's modified blessing. "Your hands and feet and everything are all wrong, of course, and you're no pup of mine. But I'd give something to have a clear three months with you. I think you're booked for the hospital, but——"

On a wet and drizzling Saturday Martyn waylaid Holmer as the captain was coming moodily out of the fields into the High. He was going on with a slightly quickened step, when Martyn said coolly: "I'd like to have a word with you, Holmer."

Holmer stared.

"Suppose we walk back a little . . . as far as the boathouse, for instance."

Holmer's eyes read something in the other's face, and without a word he turned back. Under the lee of the boathouse, screened by



HE SPRANG IN LIKE LIGHTNING.

the dripping trees, Martyn stopped. He said quietly: "It was I, Holmer, whom you hunted the other night. Hurlstone, etc."

"Then you'd better get out of your coat," said Holmer grimly.

It was a strange mill. No seconds, no time, plain cut-and-thrust-help-yourself fighting. Holmer, besieged by a whirlwind of emotions, lost his head ever so little, but Martyn was cool, nay, ice cold. So much depended on that. He made Dermot's eleventh hour preparation go a tremendous way, and he waited with a kind of cool eagerness for his chance to play his one solitary tune. He received something to make the time seem terribly long, too. But all things come to the man who can wait—long enough.

In this case it was something under ten minutes, but it came. Martyn saw reproduced before his eyes for the *n*th part of a

second one of Dermot's hypothetical cases when there was a chance for a clear knock-out. He sprang in like lightning, and dropped the Elizabethan captain cleanly upon the torn, muddy turf. The long left-handed drive landed square—true to a hair—on the very point of the jaw. Yet, under given circumstances, Martyn stood as little chance against Holmer as you, dear reader, would against the Public Schools' heavy-weight champion.

The oddest part of this story is that, when Holmer got up, dizzy and sick, Martyn helped him gently into his coat. "Holmer," he said, "on my honour I'm sorry my rotting has led to this. Will you believe it?"

Holmer put out his hand, and Martyn of Worsfold's shook.

At Bultitude's Martyn hunted out Heron, and when he went back to Worsfold's with a variegated but cheerful countenance, he left the chums *vis-à-vis* as in the old times.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Sept. 15th.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Hidden Towns**" (THIRD SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**Landscape Photograph.**"—Three prizes of 7s. will be given for the three best photographs. Prints may be of any size and on any paper.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"**The 'Captain' Board Puzzle.**"—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a black diagram. All the competitor has to do is to cut out this diagram and divide it into four parts, in such a way that it will form a square with the figure 9 in the centre. Paste on a sheet of notepaper and post to us in the ordinary way, stating name, address, class, and age.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve

No. 4.—"**Story of a Tree.**"—Imagine yourself to be a tree, and tell the story of your life. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. Limit of words: 400.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**Jokes.**"—We offer three prizes of 5s. for the three best jokes. The one condition we make is that the jokes must not have appeared in print before, but must have been heard or thought of by competitors. Only one joke must be sent on a postcard, but a competitor can send in as many postcards as he likes.

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 6.—"**Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition.**"—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (*a*) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (*b*) Photograph, or (*c*) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: January 12th, 1903, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. Mark Comps. "September."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

DEVELOPMENT.

AT this time of the year our readers will be having a number of exposed plates and films to develop. We, therefore, propose to give a few hints on this branch of camera work. We are often asked which is the best developer, and we will clear up this matter at once by saying that there is no best developer, though each inventor of a new developer claims that his invention is better than every one which preceded it. Our usual advice in answer to enquiries is that the developer recommended by the makers of the plates or films is the best for that particular kind, and we see no reason for departing from this advice. We will, however, on this occasion give formulæ for two different developers; first, a pyro-soda developer, and second, a metol-hydrokinone developer. The difference between these two developers is, first, that the first one is liable to stain the fingers (and the film, if left in too long), while the second will not stain either the film or the fingers. The second difference is that the first developer should be used fresh for every plate, while the second may be used for several plates in succession. To make up the first you will need:—½oz. metabisulphite of potash, 1oz. bottle of pyro., and about three pints of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool. You will also want some sodium carbonate crystals, or good clean crystals of ordinary washing soda will do quite as well, but you must take care to *avoid* household bicarbonate, as this is no use for developing; also, 1oz. sodium sulphite. If you have not scales and weights you can buy the exact quantities at the chemist's, but you must have a glass measure for measuring fluid ounces and drachms. You should not attempt to weigh pyro., but dissolve the whole of the ounce in the bottle in which it is bought. If you wish to use metol and hydrokinone developer, you will require ½ drachm metol and 1 drachm hydrokinone. 1oz. bromide of potassium should also be bought, and if you wish to avoid the trouble of weighing you can get all these chemicals in Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome's "tabloid" form, in known quantities.

To make up the pyro-soda developer dissolve ½oz. potassium metabisulphite in 6ozs. of luke-warm water, and pour this into the bottle containing the 1oz. of pyro; then add more water until the solution reaches the bulk of 9ozs. 1dr. This is a ten per cent. solution of pyro., every minim of solution containing one grain of pyro., or every fluid drachm containing six grains. This solution keeps well and is quite good even when yellow in colour. Take of this solution 1½ozs. and add water to make altogether 20ozs. Label this bottle "Pyro No. 1 Solution." In another bottle dissolve 1oz. of carbonate of soda crystals, 1oz. sodium sulphite, with sufficient water to make 20ozs. Label this "Sodium Sulphite No. 2 Solution." For developing take equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2.

1oz. of potassium bromide should be dissolved in 9ozs. 1dr. of water. This is a 10 per cent. solution of bromide and should be labelled "10 per cent. Bromide."

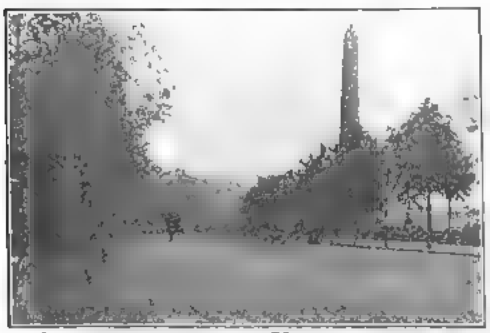
If the non-staining developer is preferred, take of metol 1dr., hydrokinone 1dr., potassium metabisulphite ½dr., water 20ozs. Dissolve in the order given. Label "Metol-Hydro No. 1 Solution." The No. 2 solution is the same as already mentioned. For use take equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2. This developer has the advantage that it may be used for bromide paper or gaslight paper.

We strongly recommend you always to use a developer of which you know the composition. We have no objection to made-up developers as such, if their composition is declared, but to use a developer, the composition of which is unknown, is to trust to one's good luck, when by working with a developer which one knows, and working by rule, the result may be certain.

We have already discussed the arrangement

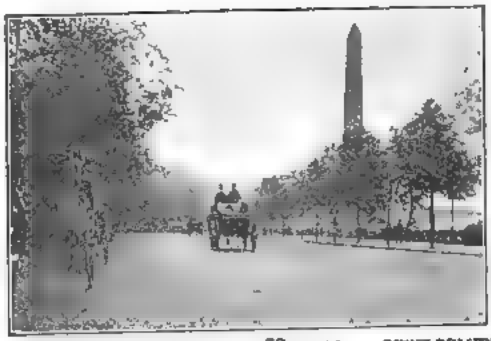
of the dark-room. To develop a plate, go into your dark-room and mix up sufficient developer to cover the plate, allowing 1½ozs. for a quarter-plate, and 3ozs. for a half-plate. There are two methods of judging when a negative is sufficiently developed. First, the old-fashioned rule of thumb method of looking *through* the plate against the dark-room lamp, and if you work with a standard light, and when you have learned by experience the kind of negative you desire, you can produce very good results by this method. The second method, due to Mr. Alfred Watkins, of Hereford, is that of timing the development by the time the image takes to appear. For the benefit of beginners we will give this method.

THE THREE SNAPSHOTS ON THIS PAGE SHOW THE EFFECT OF DIFFERENT TIMES OF DEVELOPMENT, EACH ONE HAVING THE SAME EXPOSURE, THE DEVELOPER BEING PYRO-SODA FACTOR 6.



NO. 1. IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED AT 60 SECS. (DOUBLE).

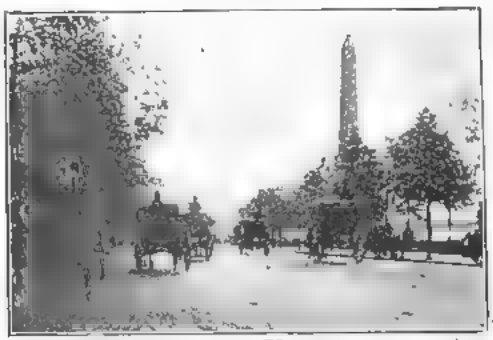
Mr. Watkins found that with a pyro-soda developer of a given strength a good negative was always obtained by allowing the plate to remain in the developer for a time equal to a given multiple of the time taken for the image to appear, this multiple varying with the amount of pyro in the developer. This multiple is called a factor, and we shall refer to it as a factor in future. The factor varies for nearly every form of developer; for instance, the factor for adurol is 5, while that for metol alone is 30, for amidaphenol 60, and for ortol 10. With the formulæ we have given the factor is from 12 to 14 for vigorous negatives. Having mixed up your developer, place an exposed plate face upwards in a clean developing dish, take out your watch, note when the minute hand touches an even minute, and pour on the developer, at the same time carefully watching the creamy surface of the plate. The moment any trace of the image begins to appear note how long



NO. 2 IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED AT 2 MINUTES (4 TIMES).

the developer has been on the plate. Multiply this by 12 with the developer we have given, and when that time, from the moment the developer was poured on to the plate, has expired, quickly pour the developer out of the dish, rinse the plate thoroughly from a jug or under a tap, and place it in the fixing-bath, which should consist of hypo. 4ozs., water one pint. Cover up the dish and allow it to remain until fixed. The time required for fixing is double the time taken for the creaminess to disappear. After this the plate should be thoroughly washed (in running water if possible), and put up to dry in the usual way. By working on this plan we think beginners will soon be able to make negatives of standard quality, and do much more even work than by working with no rule. We give three illustrations showing the effect of under, over, and correct development, the factors of the time of development being given under each. The longer the plate is left in the developer the greater the contrast.

We are indebted for many of the facts given in this paper to Mr. Watkins's *Manual*, and we should advise those who are interested to obtain this little shilling book, in which



NO. 3. IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED IN 4 MINS. (8 TIMES).

the subject is explained, with others, very fully.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. Maclaine (TRINIDAD).—To glaze your prints, the simplest way is to carefully squeegee them down on to a perfectly clean, ferrotype plate, taking care not to get any air between the surface of the prints and the plate. The prints should be immersed for five minutes in a five per cent. solution of alum, and then rinsed in water to ensure that they do not stick. They may also be glazed by preparing a surface of glass with powdered talc, and then squeegeeing the prints on. We will give fuller instructions for glazing prints in a future article.

Harold Birchall (MANCHESTER).—I am afraid I cannot help you to get through the nailed-up body of your camera to remove the dust from the lens. I would suggest, however, that you get someone to carefully remove one end of the camera, so that you may get at the back of the lens, or it may be possible to remove the lens itself. It is quite impossible to get clear, sharp photographs with a dusty lens. Moral: in choosing a hand-camera, if possible, get one which is so constructed that you are able to get to the back of the lens

S. G. Turner.—It is very difficult to say which is the best camera for a given price, as what will suit one person will not suit another, but I don't think you can do better than invest in a two guinea "Xit," which is a folding camera, and will take either plates or films in slides. If you prefer a camera of the ordinary box pattern, with a magazine of plates or films, one of Benetfink's "Lightning" cameras might suit you. For hints as to hand-camera working, see THE CAPTAIN for June.

Dora Wolferstan.—We are sorry we cannot get the article on touching-up into this number, but will endeavour to make that our next subject.

Carthorse.—Our article this month is a reply to your query.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF P.O.P.

The difficulties of producing satisfactory photographs in any quantities by the print-out process are so many, that the operation of only partially printing, and then developing prints, is, with many amateurs, a favourite one during the dull weather.

There are many satisfactory formulæ; but the following I can recommend:—

(1) *Print* till a faint image is visible in the high lights.

(2) *Wash* for 10 mins., and soak for same time in:

Pot. bromide	1oz.
Water	10ozs.

This may be used repeatedly.

(3) Wash again for 10 mins. and *develop*. Several may be developed at once in a porcelain dish.

Formulæ:—

A

Hydrokinone	70grs.
Pot. meta-bisulphite	5grs.
Pot. bromide	30grs
Water	20ozs.

B

Soda sulphite	1oz.
Caustic soda	60grs
Water	20ozs.

Take equal parts of A and of B.

CAUTION.—Do not develop too far, as *the prints gain very much in toning.*

(4) Wash thoroughly, and tone and fix in:

Hypo	1oz.
Gold chloride	1gr.
Water	8ozs.

Wash for three hours.

GRAEME D. WILLIAMS

STUDY OF A LION

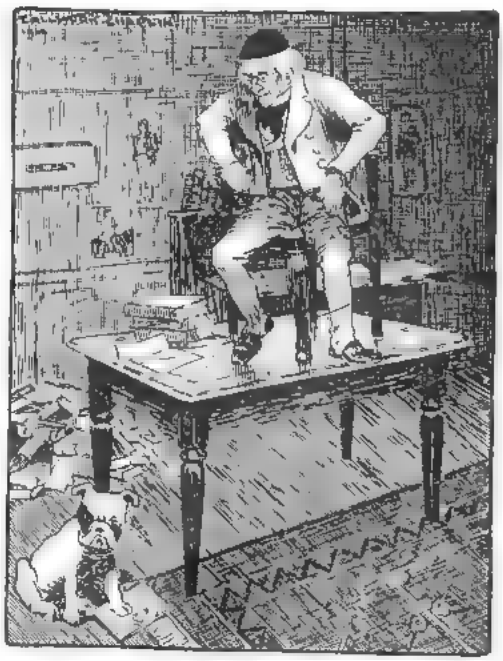
From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to ALBERT ALBROW, 105, Ellscombe Road, Charlton, Kent, for his carefully compiled essay on "The County Cricket Championship." I am also awarding a copy of "At Sunwich Port," by W. W. Jacobs, to R. C. Tharp, for his clever parody entitled "Ping Pong!"

The County Cricket Championship.

THE struggle for the County Cricket Championship began in 1873. From that date until 1886 the Championship was decided by the least number of matches lost. As this gave such manifestly absurd results, another system was tried, namely, one point for a win and half a point for a draw. This method was maintained until 1890, after which season losses were deducted from wins and drawn games ignored. In 1895 the present system was founded. The first two years saw Gloucestershire at the head of the table, but in the following one—1875—owing to some fine bowling by Shaw, Notts were enabled to occupy that position. The next two seasons, however, saw Gloucester again at the top. Lancashire came out champion county in 1878, while in the following year honours were equally divided between them and Notts. The latter county finished top in 1880, owing mainly to the excellent bowling of Shaw and Morley, and the batting of Barnes. Lancashire carried all before them in 1881, and won the Championship somewhat easily This, however, cannot be said of them in 1882, for they had a very hard struggle before they could shake off Notts and claim chief honours. There was not much difference between Notts and Yorkshire in 1883, but Notts fairly earned the title of champion county, which they kept for the following three years. During this period their position was only once seriously threatened, i.e., in 1886, by Surrey. Following up their fine performance in the previous year, Surrey went a step higher in 1887, and carried off the Championship. They had a splendid record, for out of the sixteen matches played twelve were won, two lost, and two drawn. Much of their success was due to the fine batting of K. J. Key and the bowling of Lohmann. Surrey did not have much difficulty in retaining their position in 1888, and at no time did there seem any probability of its being taken away from them. There was a keen struggle between Notts, Surrey and Lancashire in 1889 for the Championship, which ended in their being bracketed together at the head of the list. Although Surrey had to divide honours for the premier position in 1889, they made up



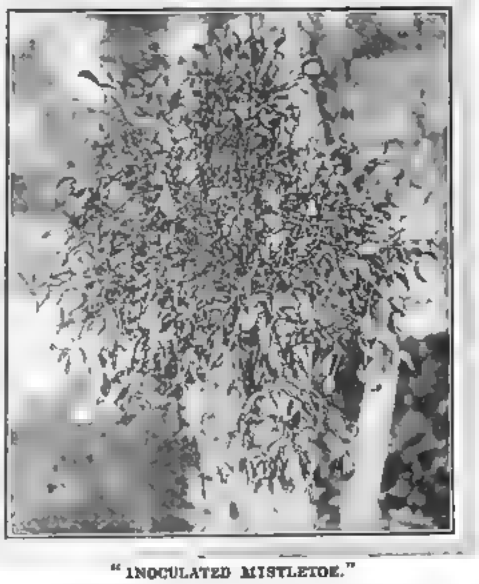
THE DOG HE LEFT BEHIND HIM. THE ONLY TIME ON RECORD THAT THE OLD FAG WANTED THE IDEA MERCHANT TO CALL AGAIN.
By T. Allwork Chaplin.

for it in 1890, when they finished absolutely first. Easily as they had won the Championship in 1890, Surrey finished with a much better record in 1891. Somerset, it may be mentioned, joined the first class counties this season, and finished fifth. The following season turned out for Surrey as fine a one as they had yet had, and they thoroughly deserved to retain the Championship. Their record in the county table reads: sixteen matches played, thirteen won, two lost, and one drawn. The batting of Abel and the bowling of Lockwood were the features of the season. The honour of champion county in 1893 fell to Yorkshire, who richly deserved their success. Surrey recovered their lost position in 1894, although they were hard pressed by Yorkshire before doing so. The county table was strengthened in 1895 by the inclusion of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire and Essex. Of these, Derbyshire finished highest. Surrey won the Championship after a close race with Lancashire. Yorkshire were proclaimed champion county in 1896, and, like Surrey in the previous year, were closely run by Lancashire. All through the summer of 1897 it was a race between Lancashire and Surrey for first place. In the end Lancashire came out champions. The leading county in 1898 was Yorkshire. Out of the twenty-six matches they played in the tournament, sixteen ended in victories, three in defeats, and the remaining seven in drawn games. Worcestershire were included in the county table in 1899, thus bringing the number up to fifteen. Surrey won the Championship this season. The position at the head of the counties in 1900 fell to Yorkshire, who went through the season without suffering defeat. The supremacy of the Yorkshire team was as clearly demonstrated in 1901 as in the previous year. Twenty victories, one defeat, and six drawn games was their season's record. It will thus be seen that the Championship has been won by Surrey no less than eight times, by Nottinghamshire six, Yorkshire five, and by Lancashire and Gloucestershire four each, while in 1879 Lancashire and Nottinghamshire were joint holders, the same remark applying to Surrey, Lancashire and Nottinghamshire in 1889.

ALBERT ALLSOW.

"THE CAPTAIN."

Photo by "G."



"INOCULATED MISTLETOE."

As mistletoe is very light and thin in its twigs, and waves in the least motion of air, it is difficult to produce in the camera. This is a very successful photograph of the "parasite" in question.

Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

(After Longfellow.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As o'er the table-net there passed
A ball which buzzed, 'mid wood and air,
A melody with stanzas rare—
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

Two brows were sad; each eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a droning insect call
The accents of that bouncing ball,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

In peaceful homes it saw the light
And changed the household inmates quite.
The players made their audience moan,
And from their lips escaped a groan—
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

"Try not that Pass!" the first one said—
Quick flies the ball and overhead—
The second's voice is deep and strong,
"That makes it 'deuce' if I'm not wrong,"
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

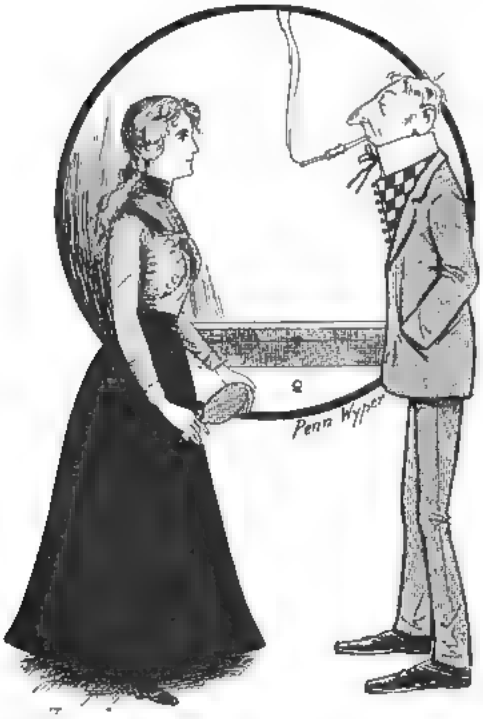
"O stay," the audience said, "and rest
Each weary head, each throbbing breast!"
A look was in each eager eye,
Of scorn—and then was heard the cry,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

"Beware the sideboard's tricky space!
Beware the carpet's foul embrace!"
This was the family's last good-night!
A sound replied, with speed and might,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

A housemaid, at the break of day,
Discovered them—but not at play—
Still grasping in each hand a bat
Which brought up memories of that
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

There, in the Study cold and gray,
Senseless, but satisfied, they lay,
And from the floor there seemed to come
That sickening but well-known hum,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

R. C. THARP.



CLARENCE: "My gweat friend Percy is in the Guards; he loves the deah old flag, dontcherknow."
GWEN (the railway magnate's daughter): "Which flag? The red or green?"

By Penn Wyper.

Bessbrook—"The Model Village."

I AM going to write about an almost unknown little town, which is in its own way more famous than any other town in the British Isles.

If we examine a map of Ireland, and cast our eye on the province of Ulster, we shall see, in the county of Armagh, about two miles from Newry, the little town of Bessbrook. A great poet visiting the place, which is known locally as "the model village," said concerning it, "Bessbrook shines out like a star in this sombre and commonplace world."

A RELIC OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. THE BEAUTIFUL STAINED-GLASS WINDOW REPRESENTING EDWARD VI. (THE FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL) AND THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA IN COURT DRESS.
Photo by "A Blue."

For in the town of Bessbrook, which contains close on 4,000 inhabitants, there is to be found no public house or pawn-shop; and, until a year ago, there were no police barracks.

Founded about fifty years ago by the Richardsons, a Quaker family, this little town has come on by leaps and bounds. It is the cleanest village, perhaps, in Ireland; the only hotel in it is run on strictly temperance lines, and, in proportion to its size, no town in Ireland, not excepting Belfast, has a better trade. This is due to an immense linen factory in its neighbourhood, for which workers have to be brought from miles around. It employs nearly 5,000 people.

It is all the more extraordinary that, among such a gathering, crime and drunkenness should be unknown.

The village is mainly composed of a large

square, from which several small streets radiate. In this square are beautiful grassy plots with flowers and neat walks, and a Bessbrook Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club make this also their head-quarters.

A beautiful pond, abounding with fish, with an island in its centre, completes this pretty spot, and any summer day you may see village fishers busily hauling forth roach, perch and trout.

Although religious and political feelings keep an even balance here, yet sturdy Protestantism prevails, and a nicely built Orange Hall adorns the town. It is unfortunate that, owing to some disturbances on one 12th of July, it was necessary to establish police barracks, the absence of which formerly completed the charms of "the model village."

ALBERT G. SCOTT.

Poles in Britain.

HOW many readers of THE CAPTAIN, I wonder, are aware that here in Great Britain there are several thousand German and Russian Poles, exiles who have found a safe haven in Great Britain, the notorious dumping ground for all kinds of political refugees and exiles?

These Poles, who in their own country are mostly engaged in agricultural work, find employment chiefly in the extensive coal-fields in the North of England and Central Scotland.

They are a bold, free-spoken, kindly, liberty-loving race, with flaxen hair and clear blue eyes, and everywhere take kindly to the conditions of labour in this country.

Yet they do not assimilate very closely with their British neighbours, preferring to live in little groups and colonies, where they retain many of the peculiar customs of their people.

They are noted as good workmen and very 'cute men of business, always counting their wages before leaving the pay-office window.

Sad to relate, their greatest vice is intemperance, and large quantities of ale and lager beer are consumed by them. Still, this large consumption of liquor does not seem to affect them very much, as no Pole is ever known to "lay off" work after an orgie, as is too often the case with the British working-man.

The Pole is very fond of lively company, and anyone passing by a Polish colony is sure to hear sounds of revelry, as they are excellent musicians and delight in comic songs.

Every possible occasion is seized upon as an opportunity for merry-making: a birth, a christening, a wedding, a birthday, all alike are celebrated in great style with music, song, and dance.

At Christmas I had the pleasure of witnessing a rather peculiar custom.

A large assemblage of Polish miners gathered and drew lots. The man on whom the unlucky piece of paper was fixed retired and dressed himself in the skin of a brown bear.

He then entered the room, and his appearance was the signal for derisive shouts and growls; then to my surprise the whole audience as one man rushed at him and buffeted him about unmercifully, finally stripping the skin (the bear-skin, of course) from his back, and trampling on it.

It was not until a day or two later that I gathered that the full significance of this strange rite was to show their contempt for the Russian Government.

HAL MACCRIE.

What is Life?

THE Swedes have a pretty parable that one day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, the long pause that ensued was broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch in these words, "What is life?"

They were all rather startled by the question, but a little warbler answered at once, "Life is a song."

"No, it is a struggle in darkness," said a mole, who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

"I think it is a development," said a wild rose-bud, as she unfolded her petals one by one, to the delight of a butterfly, who came to kiss her, and exclaimed, "Life is all enjoyment!"

"Call it rather a short summer's day," hummed a little fly as it passed by.

"I cannot see anything but hard work," was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought.

The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel had not at that moment the rain begun to fall, whispering sadly, "Life is made up of tears."

"You are all mistaken," called out the eagle as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings, "Life is freedom and strength."

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practically-minded bullfinch proposed that they should all go to rest.

And the night-wind rustled softly through the branches, "Life is a dream."

Silence lay over town and country, and dawn was near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and sighed, "Life is but a school."

And the youth returning from a night of revelry moaned in his heart, "Life is one long desire ever unfulfilled."

"It is an eternal mystery," whispered fitfully the new-born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon, and tinged with its glow the tops of the forest trees as it rose in the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world, "Life is a beginning."

GOLCONDA.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

Youngster.—Essay-writing of the "Margate Sands" type is all very well for practice, but very little good for publication. I accept essays that convey information, and tell me something that I did not know before. But they must tell it brightly and concisely, in good, readable English. A paper describing the scene at Margate in August is neither more nor less interesting than a snapshot of the same would be. You will have to be more original and more informative if you wish to win your way into these pages. There are certain germs of ability in your essay; that is really all I can say about it.

H. L. Dobrée.—You do not seem to have taken very much care with your essay on France. It seems to have been scratched off anyhow—mistakes in spelling, punctuation, etc., occurring, which you might easily have remedied by going over it two or three times very carefully. There are, however, one or two touches of humour in it. Next time take more pains.

O. de B.—War tales, missie, are now a drug in the market. Ask your brother what that means. In future try your hand at essays, and read what I have said above to "Youngster." You are young yet to write fiction.

H. F. G. Harvey.—What you say about Shakespeare is said well, but it has been said well before by hosts of writers. Let me see something that has not been said before, or, at least, something on a less-written-about topic.

D. J. B. Lloyd.—Your cricket calendar for August arrived too late. I wish you people would bear in mind that THE CAPTAIN goes to press four weeks before it appears on the bookstalls. Articles, poems, etc., intended for the Christmas Number should reach me early in October.

K. A. Gandy.—I don't understand photography myself, so I have handed your essay to the Photographic Editor. But as the worthy man has completed his September contribution, and is off to the seaside with his family, I expect he won't have anything to say to you till October.

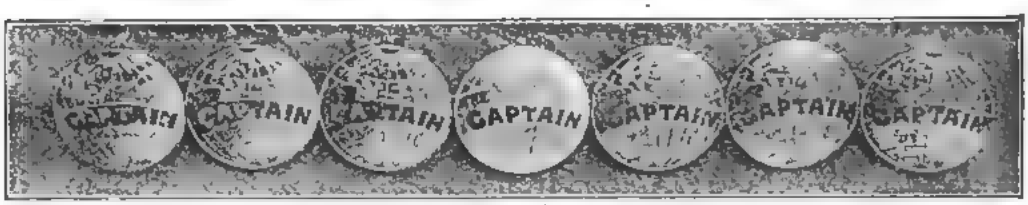
W. A. Oldfield.—Have accepted "Institute of Bankers' Examinations." I have a good deal of CAPTAIN CLUB matter in hand, so this article will have to wait a little time for space. Should like to see your suggested essay on "Doncaster in Race-time."

Fleur de Lys.—I may be able, one of these months, to find a corner for your "Games in France." Photos are hardly good enough for reproduction.

F. Kipping.—Certainly you may send for as many badges as you like.

Contributions (literary or artistic) have also been received from: W. Patterson, H. Greenwall, W. H. Wright, "Viator," "Cricket Mad," "Nobody Much," H. J. Fuller, P. S. Bell, C. L. Reimann, D. G. Duff, Norman E. Hill, J. M. Stirling, J. B. O'Neil, W. A. Adams, A. B. Rosher, Syd Smith, S. C. Stevens, Gratrix, H. L. Buzzard, H. Platt, S. C. Stevens, An Admirer of THE CAPTAIN (San Ferenado, Trinidad), O. Friederici, "Art Student" (Holloway), D. H. Deneslow, A CAPTAIN Well-wisher (Marlborough), H. Mark, W. O'Daly, W. Goudie, Maurice Perrott (S. Australia), A. Cannington (Cambridge), R. Dale, "Frank," "A Blue" (Tooting), Annie Martin, G. Whitelaw, A. H. Carslaw (Leith), A. P. Tully, H. F. Wileman (Blundell's), "Wild Irishman," F. Thompson, D. J. B. Lloyd, H. O. Foster, W. J. Levy, A. G. Scott, L. Reed (Malta).

A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The chief plum in the pudding which, in the hard, dry, unimaginative language we have to use, is called Volume VIII. of THE CAPTAIN, will be Mr. John Mackie's new romance entitled "The Rising of the Red Men." The author here swings the reader along with him just like Mr. Swainson swung him along in "Acton's Feud." In addition to the rich variety of adventure provided by Mr. Mackie, there is some rather out-of-the-way comedy supplied by an extraordinary dwarf named Pepin Quesnelle, and his bear. They are inseparables; whenever things are getting a little dull the dwarf and the bear have what is commonly called a "scrap" together, and the result is very lively indeed. I have never before come across a character quite like this dwarf. You will be able to make his acquaintance for yourselves in the second instalment of the story, as the dwarf does not appear on the scenes until the November number. Every month you will have a good big lump of "Red Men," which will provide you with excellent and solid enjoyment.

VOLUME VIII.

THE RISING OF THE RED MEN.
A Romance of the Louis Riel Rebellion.
By JOHN MACKIE.

TALES OF INDIA.
By F. P. GIBBON.

SCHOOL STORIES BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.
No. I. ROUGH JUSTICE.
By "VEGETUS."

HERA THE HINDOO:
HIS ADVENTURES IN LONDON.
By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.
No. I.—A MIDNIGHT CALL.

A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. *(Continued.)*
By J. E. PATTERSON.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.
By C. B. FRY.

"Tales of India."—Mr. F. P. Gibbon has written us a really fascinating set of tales about India, and more especially about the hill tribes of the frontier, and about those turmoils and troubles which vex the British military authorities in that area. But what gives this series its particular and special interest is the fact that Viscount Kitchener's next command is in India, and that he will probably be turning his attention towards the unruly spirits in the very part of India which Mr. Gibbon has written about. Kitchener conquered the Soudan, he has conquered the Boers, and there is no doubt that his is the strong hand which is required to put the finishing touch to the absolute conquest of India. You will find that he will sit down at his table and scheme out a network of forts which, when they are completed, will give those hill tribes very little chance of cutting any more capers.

"Hera the Hindoo."—The next contributor I have to refer to is Mr. E. Cockburn Reynolds, author of the extremely interesting "Jungly" tales which we have published from time to time. Mr. Reynolds's

new hero will be a mysterious Indian *fakir*, residing in Central London. There is no doubt that these *fakirs* are extraordinary people, and can do extraordinary things which are beyond the understanding of us Europeans. Some of their deeds are quite uncanny, though perfectly harmless. Mr. Reynolds, who lived for many years in India, and studied *fakirs* and their ways, is preparing a set of absorbing tales dealing with Hera and the strange adventures he took part in. I shall not be surprised if this series proves to be one of the most-talked-about things we have ever published in THE CAPTAIN.

"School Stories."—If you will kindly inspect the list in the middle of the previous page you will see that we are going to have school stories by various authors. The first one is about a big, rather rough school in Ireland. I am going to give you variety in this series, and I shall try and deal with all sorts and conditions of schools. I am open to accept stories for this series from anybody who can knock off a good yarn. Such stories should be three or four chapters in length, should be typewritten, and have thorough good plots. After all, the plot is the thing, really. If you have a good plot you can write about a Chinese school, or a school on the top of Mount Ararat. If you have a good plot, what does it matter where the school is?

Mr. C. B. Fry will contribute articles on the interesting subject of physical development. Mr. Nankivell will write upon items of interest to philatelists, and Mr. Haydon Perry will have an occasional article during the new volume on his own particular subject. The Photographic Editor will also deal out wise advice on making lantern slides and on other matters which occupy the attention of photographers in the dark days.

Humber Bicycle Prize.—Out of the large number of postcards received we selected the best twenty, and forwarded them to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, for final adjudication. Messrs. Humber decided to award the bicycle to David Pryde, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh (aged 17), and the six Consolation Prizes to: Charles Albert White, 39, Dudley Road, Tunbridge Wells (aged 14); B. Barnes, Christ's Hospital, Horsham (aged 14); C. Drew, Trafalgar Square, Truro (aged 18); William Logan, c/o Raeburn, 9, Oxford Street, Edinburgh (aged 19); Fred. Inkster, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh (aged 18); and D. M. Thomas, Vronheulog, Barmouth, North Wales (aged 16). The bicycle awarded is now on view in the window of the Humber show-rooms, Edinburgh, and the winning postcard, framed, is also exhibited there. We

FACSIMILE OF THE WINNING POSTCARD SENT BY DAVID PRYDE, WHO HAS WON THE HUMBER BICYCLE PRIZE.

congratulate David Pryde on his great skill as a penman. His competitors were hard to beat, the first twenty postcards being really admirable specimens of handwriting.

"Indoor Games."—The Competition Editor has sent me the following list of games mentioned by competitors. Some of them are not, truthfully speaking, games, but they are all "recreations." The first twelve constitute the winning list.

Ping-Pong.
Card Games.
Chess.
Billiards.
Draughts.
Bagatelle.
Reading.
Dancing.
Music.
Painting and Drawing.
Wood Carving and Fretwork.
Dominoes.
Theatricals.
Stamp Collecting.
Gymnastics.
Photography.
Games on Paper.
Carpentry.
Indoor Cricket.
Halma.
"Captain" Comps.
Table Croquet.
Proverbs.
Blind Man's Buff.
Ludo.
Tiddledy-Winks.
Race-Game.
"Lodgings to Let."
Story-Telling.
Debating.
Conjuring
Mechanical Model Working.
Smoking.
Table Golf.
Boxing.
Fencing.
"Draw the World Dry."
Musical Chairs.
Oranges and Lemons.
Badminton.
Swimming
Rinking.

"A Holiday Poem."—Mr. Arthur Stanley, a specimen of whose work appears on the back of the frontispiece, sends me the following lament on the end of his holidays at Cromer. I have forwarded to him a little of that earthly dross which even poets are not above accepting, and which may enable him to defray part of his expenses should

he see his way to put in another week at that delightful East Coast resort.

CROMER CLIFFS

(A MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS.)

I sing the poppy-spangled cliffs
Of soporific Cromer,
Whereon, inhaling grateful whiffs
Of ocean-born aroma,
Long hours in dreamful ease I sat,
Content to rest my eyes on
The sea and sky embracing at
The dimly seen horizon.

When Phœbus wished our land good night,
I often watched him peeping
Across the crystal billows, bright
With rainbow colours, sweeping
To shores the minstrels' vandal bands
Can never sing or act on,
As on the desecrated sands
Of such resorts as Clacton.

The local fisher, too—once more
I see his honest visage,
And idly watch him pull an oar
Extremely well for his age;
But, when I start to celebrate
His praises in a neat ode,
I see him mangling crabs for bait
Or jumping on a sea-toad.

Blest scenes of undisturbed repose,
Blest breezes breathing sweeter
Narcotic spells than even those
That bound the lotos eater,
When comes the parting hour, I think,
I'd give my key to Homer
Or Virgil—or a whole term's "chink,"
For one more week at Cromer!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

"Captain" Lifeboat.—I have not received very many letters in support of this idea, and as a lifeboat is an expensive article it would be useless for us to start a subscription list unless we felt sure that readers would support the movement in a substantial manner. I shall not, therefore, go on with the idea unless the letters I receive after this notice has appeared lead me to suppose that we could get enough money to pay for a lifeboat.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES RECEIVED:—Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine, Alleyn's School Magazine, Barrian, Barrovian, Bathonian, Bede Magazine, Bishop Otter College Magazine, Blue (2), Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine (2), Brighton College Magazine, Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, Camaraderie (2), Carliol, Clactonian, Clavinian, Compostellan, Cranleighan, Durban High School Magazine (2), Esmeduna, Glasgow Academy Chronicle, Haileyburian (3), Hurst Johnian (3), Ipswich School Magazine (2), Isis (6), Johnian, Kendalian, Leys Fortnightly, Lily, Lyntonian, Malvernian (2), Mill Hill Magazine, Morrisonian, Olavian (2), Oldham Hulmeian, Pembroke Dock County School Magazine, Review, Ruthin School Magazine, Salisbury School Magazine, Salopian, Sedberghian, Stanley House School Magazine (2), Taylorian, Tec., Tonbridgian, West Kentian, Whitchurchian, Woodbridgian, Young Natal (2). [A selection will be reviewed in our next volume.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Australian Emigration. (In reply to A. T. H., A. R. M., and others.)—A "farm," in Western Australia, we should call a "selection," and the owner would be a "cockie," which is short for cockatoo—and a "groper cockie" is a person who needs to be seen before the full humour can be realised of the situation that would be a "starting" point in life—under the eyes of the "cockie"! Western Australia, in brief, is not yet a farming community, save for small patches in the north-west, and there it runs to cattle. Beyond that, however, you need not fear failure in Australia, as you seem to be of the class for whom Australia offers such a magnificent field. Go without any London-coloured idea as to what you are going to do. Book by the White Star line to Sydney. You will call at the Cape, and then visit Albany (Western Australia), Adelaide (South Australia), Melbourne (Victoria), and Sydney (New South Wales), with sufficient time at each port for youngsters as alive as you seem to be to pick up a lot of information. Have enough funds for three months at £1 per week, and if nothing offers in Sydney you will have learned enough about Australians to know *why*—for nothing is more pleasant to an Australian than to give a hand along to anyone who shows he is worth it.

E. G. R.—I presume "an agricultural business" is what in Australia is known as a "produce store"—*i.e.*, purchase and sale of grain, roots, and fodder. New Zealand is the more agricultural, as an Essex man would understand it; but to learn the ways of an Australian trade a man could not do better than go to Sydney, N.S.W., where, in Sussex Street, he would find produce stores by the score, and, if he has any go in him at all, get a billet, or learn where he can get a billet, in the business. It will be enough to *learn* Australian trade ways first; when that is done the farming query will answer itself. Australia offers advantages not possessed by Canada and Africa—the latter demand capital. Australia is more democratic, more free, and, for anyone not afraid of life, *the* place in the universe. (N.B.—This information, as well as that on "Australian Emigration," has been very kindly supplied to us by Mr. G. Firth Scott, author of

"The Track of Midnight," and other Australian stories.—Ed.)

G. A. F. (Bingley).—(1) I take it that by "steward" you mean land-agent. A land-agent is employed upon a large estate to transact details of business with the farmers and to look after the property generally. A special training is necessary, an advanced course at an agricultural college being desirable, and you would require to pass examinations held by the Surveyors' Institution. The competition for land-agents is very keen, as no capital is required, and considerable influence is necessary. (2) To be an estate-agent you would also have to pass an examination at the Surveyors' Institution. The subjects set include science, book-keeping, building-construction, valuations, forestry, agricultural law, law of landlord and tenant, etc. For any further information I must refer you to the London Institute of Estate and House Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W.

F. L. C.—You can only conquer your nervousness when reading in class by fighting the self-consciousness which is the cause of it. Some fellows suffer from blushing, which is brought about in the same way. There is really no reason why you should feel nervous, as, after all, reading is at the most a very simple operation, and you must remember that a lot of other fellows have to do exactly the same thing. Take my advice, therefore, and throw yourself into what you are reading as much as possible, think about yourself as little as possible, and you will soon be all right.

Pierce Eye.—It is impossible for me to tell you how to spend your spare time profitably, as you mention nothing whatever about your abilities. I am afraid there are very few ways in which fellows like you can make pocket-money after business hours, and it seems rather a pity to spend such time over more work instead of devoting it to recreation and exercise. Sometimes fellows get work given to them by friends in business who want their books making up, or typewriting done, but even if you had such friends you would have to be qualified to help them in this way.

Imperial Yeoman.—The regiment with blue tunic, brown top-boots, and light brown riding-breeches (and probably a slouch hat), is the 1st County of London I.Y., 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. The minimum height for that corps is 5ft. 7in. The West Kent I.Y. of Maidstone, have a khaki uniform; for drill, and blue (Hussars' dismounted) uniform; the Middlesex Hussars, of Rutland Yard, Sloane Street, S.W., have a similar uniform. It may be the last-mentioned you are thinking of.

Vade Mecum.—Now, look here, my boy—don't you worry about those grey hairs. Don't dream of using hair dye. I'm sure I don't know what causes them. Worrying about The Captain has had something to do with mine. After all, it's nothing very awful. Think of the dreadful things other fellows suffer from, and be thankful that you are well and strong.

A. R. Riley (Dublin).—I don't think you could take a quantity-surveyor's post straight from a bank, as these posts are usually given to competent men, from 23 to 30 years of age, who have spent about five years in the office of an architect, builder, or surveyor, but if you think of leaving the bank (where I should advise you to stop, however, if you prospects are satisfactory), I will get all the information for you.

H. F. G. has discovered a mistake in the new coins, on which appears the name "Edwardus." As there is no "W" in Latin, H. F. G. says very reasonably that it ought to be "Eduardus." H. F. G. is no doubt technically correct, but probably "Edwardus" appeared on previous "Edward" coins, and it is customary to follow precedent in matters of this kind.

H. Waugh (Gosforth).—You will find the following books very useful: "Simple Electric Working Models: How to Make and Use Them," and "Elementary Engineering." They are both published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C., and cost 6d. and 1s. 6d. respectively. The postage would be about another 3d.

Agnes H.—It is very kind of you to wish to write to those Australian girls, but it is against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. Doubtless there would be no harm whatever in your case, but if I made a practice of doing so, it might lead to harm, for which I should be held responsible.

"England for Ever!"—Your writing will do for office work. The best way to keep yourself in touch with the English language is to have a good English book by you. That is the way to learn how to express yourself well—viz., by reading good English.

Sydney Smith (Sydney, N.S.W.).—You seem to be an enterprising young man. Next time you quote a story from *us* in your lively little "Kat" magazine, just make your acknowledgment of source a bit bigger. I could hardly see it.

A. R. W. Hedges.—This number finishes a volume—the seventh—which commenced with the April number. You can obtain all previous volumes and numbers for 6s. 6d. and 8½d. each, respectively, post-free.

What's Your Name.—(1) You can apply for more Captain stamps whenever you want them. (2) You can't beat a good steel pen for acquiring a decent style in handwriting. (3) Yes.

Ursula Barrington.—When I was having a tidy-up the other day I came across your birthday-book. Please send me your address and I will return it to you. **Tom Ashton.**—See The Captain for January, 1901, for particulars concerning the Club. **T. J. Beeman.**—Thanks for stamps. I am sorry I cannot put you in communication with any of my readers, as it is against my rule to do so. **"Old Boy."**—Before you decide to become a tea-planter, read a letter we published on the subject last September. **Jay Tee.**—Stick The Captain stamps on your letters to your friends. **A Black Heathen.**—All readers of The Captain may enter for the competitions, whether they are members of The Captain Club or not. **Mastiff.**—We enjoyed your jolly letter. **J. R. Campbell.**—Stamped envelope must be enclosed for Captain stamps. **"Some One" and Many Others.** The author of "J. O. Jones" thanks you for your kind letters. After the hard work entailed in writing a story of this kind, it is very encouraging to him to receive such appreciative messages. **"Cally."**—No. I. of "A Boy's Life at Sea" appeared in our issue for January this year. **Literature.**—Study best models and work very carefully.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Well-Wisher," W. J. Carter (appointed official representative for Henley-on-Thames), C. Messer, Alex. Thomson, "Robinson Crusoe" (all three clubbed), "Napoleon" (thanks for suggestions), "Louis H. Bertrand," C. A. G. Hutchison, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Humber Bicycle."—See "Editorial."

No. II.—"Hidden Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: R. Harold Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Winifred Turton, Arnewood Towers, Lymington, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Morris, Gertrude Willett, Mary P. Dunnill, Mabel Copley, E. W. Peters, Robert E. Young, Ethel J. Shelton.

CLASS II (Age limit: Twenty.)

TEN SHILLINGS divided between: E. Backhouse, 54, Draytongardens, West Ealing; and Lily Parsons, 34, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Duncan M. Neilson, 39, Well meadow, Paisley, N.B.; T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; and John W. Hays, 6, Lake Bank, Station Town, Wingate, co. Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Chawner, H. W. Fox, Florence Hoatson, Jennie Clasper, Archie R. Taylor, Bee Rogers, Chas. L. Cregoe, W. A. Oldfield, Dorothy M. Falkner, Claude P. Gough, A. B. Newcomen, G. Mathew.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Ashley Cottam, 4, Glaslyn-road, Crouch End, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Jack V. Pearman, 53, Broad street, Chesham, Bucks, and W. J. Carter, Brighton House, 3, Bath-road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Llewellyn Watkins, Wm. Hollingsworth, Joseph Carley, G. R. Porter, C. H. Probert, E. C. Crowther, D. Walters, Charles L. Widlake, Richard Pocock, Victor H. Oxley, A. Thompson, K. E. Hobart, Magnus Hembrow, H. R. Clarke, Frank V. Edwards, James Raeburn.

No. III.—"Eleven Best Cricketers in the World."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

SEVEN SHILLINGS divided between: Fred Ashton, 79, Trafalgar-street, Oldham, and R. Harold Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. Mosely, W. Pollock, Grace Adames, John Kennedy, R. A. H. Goodyear, G. W. Berry, R. A. Howe, John L. Turner, Alice M. Chestnutt, George Booth, E. A. Miller, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Charles Masefield, Rosehill, Cheadle, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Albert Albrow, 105, Ellscombe-road, Charlton, S.E. Ben Cox, 10, Whitehorse road, West Croydon, S.E., and H. G. W. Adamson, 18, Woodberry grove, Finsbury Park, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hunt, W. D. Newton, Oscar Adamson, A. L. Drew, B. Wreford, D. A. Brown, Maurice P. French, F. F. Burley, A. Rofe, Arthur J. Strickland, V. Proctor, A. W. D. Dewar, E. Bell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: T. E. Bowen, Gore Court, Sittingbourne, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Leslie Evans, 11, Hervey road, Blackheath, S.E., and F. Cooper, 26, Hatherley grove, Westbourne grove, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Young, G. H. R. Laird, Agatha Scott, H. S. Scott, H. Bourchier Wrey, W. R. Cairns, J. F. Macdonell, Francis G. Turner, John W. Birt, A. H. Scott, G. P. Hornby.

No. IV.—"Twelve Most Popular Indoor Pastimes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: D. J. Wathan, 52, Arkwright-street, Bolton, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Alfred H. Paul, Angleside, Blythwood road, Crouch Hill, N.; and Frank B. Morton, 61, Castle street, Southwark, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edwin H. Rhodes, Wm. L. Taylor, Kathleen Startin, W. A. Cragg, Frank Woodford, Matthew W. Bell, May Watkins, S. G. Harris, John S. Kennedy, George R. Booth, Stella Brown.

CLASS II (Age limit: Sixteen.)

PRIZE divided between: A. Westwell, Peel Brow, Ramsbottom, Lancs., and G. A. Taylor, Gorshead, Kilmington, Axminster, Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts., and Michael S. Smith, 102, Shirland road, Paddington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Naylor, G. F. Whale, H. M. Bateman, Lucie Lloyd, E. M. Taylor, Wilfrid Hill, J. S. Tombs, Gertrude Dutton, D. Robinson, P. R. Laird, R. J. Carroll, N. Rudd.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

PRIZE divided between: G. E. Laird, 11, Bellevue-crescent, Edinburgh, P. Jewitt, 50, Shirlock-road, Gospel Oak, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jeanie Ritchie, Reggie Chapman, George Reid, J. P. Harrison, J. M. Bannetyne, H. A. Cooper, Harry C. Mackay, Olive Lawford.

No. V.—"My Favourite Character in Scott."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: C. V. H. F. Thompson, Cranalagh More, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Wolferstan, W. J. White, W. L. Adams, John C. Peters.

CLASS II (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Reginald Barnard, 729, Old Kent-road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. Richardson, 20, Park Mansions, S. Lambeth-road, S.W.; W. Wylie Stuart, 312, West Princes street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Katherine Hyde, Gertrude Sterling, James Weir, Myrtle Francis, Charles E. Green, Edith M. Pippett, G. Charlton Anne, Reginald Myers, W. E. Roberts.

CLASS III (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Frances Mary Wilson, 16, Lynnwood avenue, Benfinck road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Marguerite Schmidhalm, 4, Maley avenue, West Norwood, S.E.; R. W. Bullard, 9, Sylvester road, Walthamstow, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Ursula Snowden, K. R. H. Jones, E. M. MacGregor, Ethel Chapman, W. H. L. Gronow, J. Dunn, Joseph Carley.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE JULY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—A list of the Hidden Towns will be found on an advertisement page. Picture No. 11 called forth some humorous definitions, among the names applied to this picture were Ayr (the majority had this), Ilfracombe, Blackpool, Peterhead, Hindhead, and Wigan, its real name, of course, being Bushey, which only twelve competitors out of a great number had right.

No. III.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:—1, McLaren (captain); 2, Ranjitsinhji; 3, Trumper; 4, Jackson; 5, Hill; 6, Lilley; 7, Hirst; 8, Rhodes; 9, Fry; 10, Braund; 11, Trumble.

No. IV.—The "O F" is referring to this Competition in his Editorial Notes. The first twelve in the list he gives is the winning list decided by the votes of competitors.

No. V.—Such excellent essays were sent in that the difficulty was to make sure of choosing the best. The favourite characters in Scott appear to be "The Knight of the Leopard," Wilfrid of "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Quentin Durward," "Rob Roy," "Jeanie Deans," "Rebecca the Jewess," and "Roderick Dhu."

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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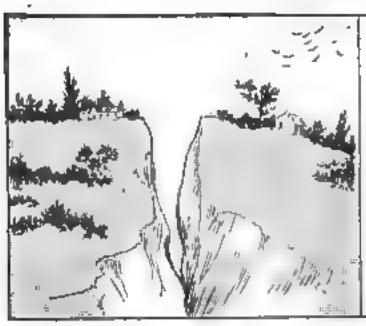
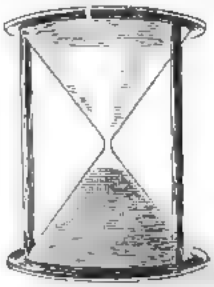
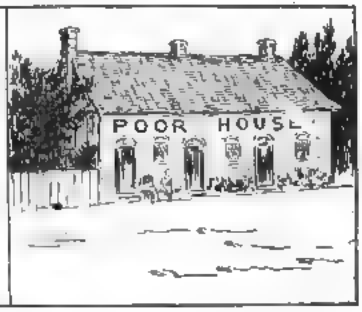
"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, PAGE 562.







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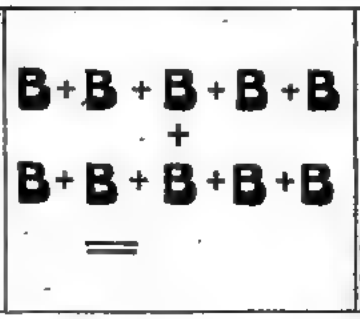

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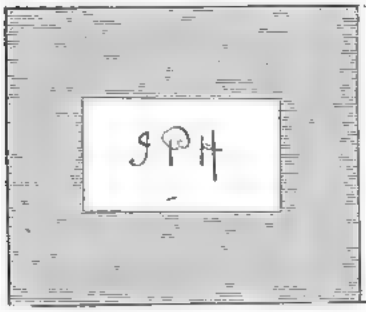

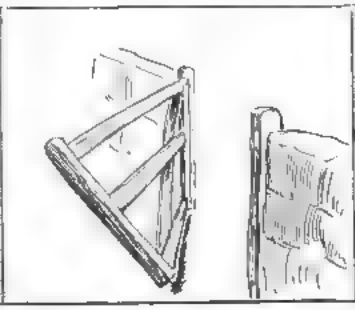

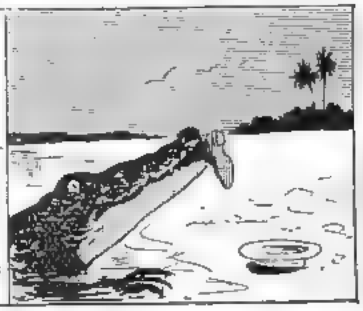

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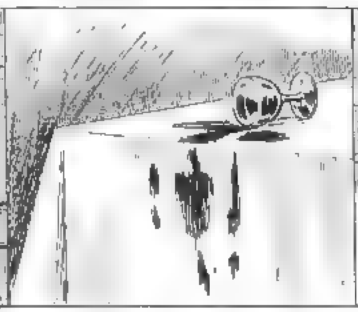

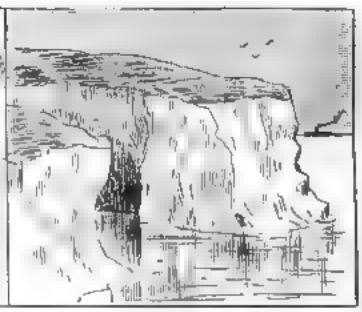

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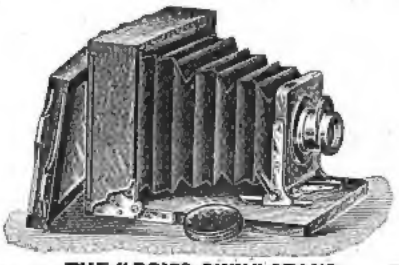

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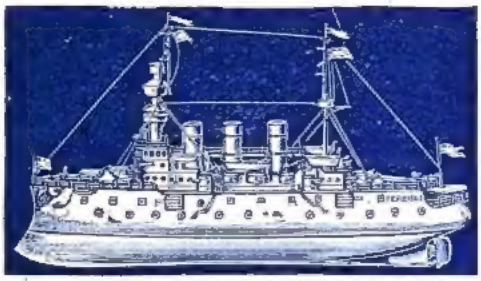

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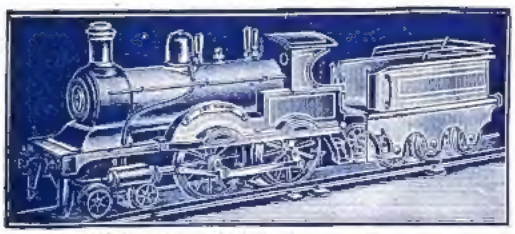

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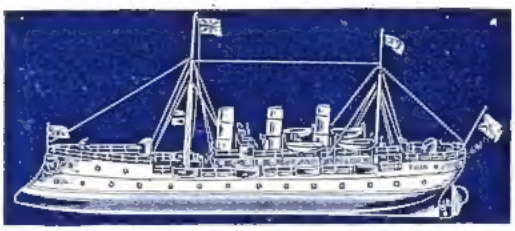

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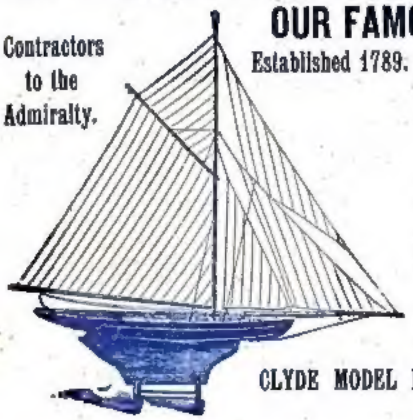

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